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R. Cooke sculp.

His present Majesty.

WILLIAM IV.th

at 44 Years of Age.

From a Picture by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

ASTOR LIBRARY

VOL. XVIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
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1831.

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PREFACE.

"If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good (book) needs no (preface) :—yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good (books) prove the better by the help of good (prefaces)."—*As you like it.*

ODDLY enough, the first page of each volume is our Prologue, and, following the course of time, our Preface is our Epilogue. Would that all our Correspondents and Friends, or a reasonable number of them could meet and speak it in character. If they will so arrange it, we will contrive to rebuild the Coliseum for their accommodation; or, as the journey to Rome may be objectionable, (unless a rail-road be then completed,) probably the Government, in consideration of our annual consumption of paper, will oblige us with the loan of one of the metropolitan parks for the rehearsal of our next Preface. We hope the day may be fine for our *fête littéraire*; but at present we feel that we must be content by our own fireside.

We close this our Eighteenth Volume with the persuasion that no exertion has been spared in its progress to study public approbation Our sale—a tolerably good *meter* of their favour—discovers no coldness; but, as old folks say, is "on the rise." Throughout these pages we have endeavoured to identify their interest with the public taste, and by attention to living literature, to exhibit—*veluti in speculum*—a claim to our title—THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

In our course we have been much aided by the Communications of several hands. To all of these we present our acknowledgments; though, in many instances, we have not awarded them the palm of adoption.

We may be excused alluding to an attempt made in the present volume to present the reader with an accurate picture—literary as well

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as graphic—of the recent Coronation. The reference is not, however, made so much with a view to court special approbation, as to remark the extraordinary change which the lapse of ten years has produced in the literature of this country. The Coronation of the late King, it is true, was described in sevenpenny newspapers; but no record of that event was, soon after the time, to be purchased for Twopence. This simple fact speaks more than we could write on the next page; and, we may say of literature, as has been said of vegetable nature in unexplored regions, it is difficult for a man to conceive what there may yet be in store for him. This occurred to us as we sat munching "hard-boiled eggs" in the grey of morning to witness the impressive ceremony in Westminster Abbey. All its details will, we trust, be found correct; while we know that neither pains nor expense was spared in arriving at completeness.

As we publish on the exit of one year and the threshold of another, perhaps, we cannot better conclude than by wishing ourselves many new volumes, and our subscribers happy years to enjoy them. Mr. Hazlitt objects to bell-ringing the old year out and the new year in—

"Why dance ye morris o'er the grave of time?"

and he would probably deem this an act of profanation. We will, therefore, take Time by the forelock, and promise the reader a hearty commencement of our ensuing volume, stimulated as we are by approbation of its predecessors.

December 29, 1831.

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THE FRONTISPIECE.

(With Anecdotes.)

"Look here upon this picture."—HAMLET.

We have selected the prefixed Portrait as a retrospective Memorial of the youth of the most popular Monarch that ever swayed the British sceptre. It represents his present Majesty when a boy of about fourteen years of age, and serving on board the King's ship Prince George, commanded by the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear-Admiral of the Blue. The Prince, it will be seen, is habited in the costume of a Knight of the Order of the Thistle.

The Print whence this Frontispiece was immediately copied is a well-executed mezzotinto Engraving by Valentine Green, and published by him in the year 1780. The original picture was painted by B. West, Historical Painter to his Majesty (George III.)*

As we have already given a copious Memoir of his Majesty,† it is not our intention, on the present occasion, to present the reader with more than a few characteristic anecdotes of the young Prince, especially at the period when the preceding Portrait was painted. First is his Royal Highness'

PREDILECTION FOR THE NAVY.

Amongst the anecdotes that are told of the prince's boyhood, there is one peculiarly expressive of his character, and his early attachment to the sea. The three brothers received from the hands of the Queen a weekly stipend, which they were at liberty to expend agreeably to their several tastes—an admirable mode of discovering the tendency of individual genius. At four years of age Prince William purchased a ship—the first act of free-will, perhaps, he exercised, and for some time he scrupulously dedicated his weekly allowance to the necessary completion of the embellishment, rigging, and furnishing of his vessel. When the gallant craft was deemed sea-worthy, the prince's maiden experiment in navigation was appointed to take place in a large swimming-bath at Kew palace, and the Prince of Wales, and the Bishop of Osnaburg, (his royal highness was not created Duke of York till 1789), were invited to be present. When the ship was fairly launched on the miniature waters, the Prince William, with an enthusiasm natural to his zest for the exhibition, expatiated with childish fondness upon certain parts of the nautical arrangements, and a slight contention, originating in some puerile difference of opinion, gradually arose between the brothers. As the dispute increased, the Prince of Wales haughtily reminded his younger brother that, however assured he might be of the correctness of his assertions, he should at least utter them with more temperance before his future Sovereign. "Well, George," retorted the young sailor, the royal blood mounting to his cheeks, "who knows but I

* It was painted by West during the progress of the great pictures of Events in the Reign of Edward III. Mr. Allan Cunningham, at this date, says, "The King, the Queen, the young Princes and Princesses sat for their portraits, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups—forming in all nine pictures, for which West received two thousand guineas—a royal price when we consider the charges of Reynolds and Gainsborough at this time. They were well conceived and prettily drawn, but want soul and substance, and seem the shadows of what is noble and lovely. There is no deception—they are flat, and the eye seems to see through both colour and canvass: but time and frail materials may be mainly blameable for this."—*Lives of British Painters, vol.* 2.

† See MIRROR, vol. x.

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may be a King as well as you; I'm sure I look as like a King as Frederick does a bishop. And if ever I shall become a King, I'll have a house full of ships, *and no other King shall dare to take them from me!*"*

A MIDSHIPMAN.

In the year 1779, while yet but fourteen years of age, Prince William Henry swung his first hammock on board the Prince George, a ninety-eight gun-ship, under the command of Admiral Digby. This vessel had been only lately built, and was named in honour of the Prince of Wales. A description with which we are favoured of the royal middy, by one who had the honour of a berth on board the same ship, and who was then of the same rank, confirms the popular confidence in the affability, kindness of heart, and unostentatious simplicity of the Sovereign. He was furnished in all respects as scantily as any youngster of the mess; and the only particulars in which it appears he derived, or desired, any special advantages from his rank were, the privilege of dining at the admiral's table, and the use of a separate cabin, with some other trifling distinctions, which were more cheerfully offered than willingly accepted.

The prince's manners and personal appearance were much in his favour. He was of a very athletic make, well proportioned, and with an agreeable countenance; his humour was rich and pleasant, his temper equal, and his general demeanour plain and affectionate; there was not the least indication about him of the pride of birth or of prospects; and on all occasions he exhibited the determination to act like a sailor, and to maintain that character as the distinctive mark of his life. As Admiral Digby was personally responsible for the care and well-being of his royal pupil, he of course restrained his conversational intercourse within a certain limit; not so much as to curtail his freedom, but sufficient to preserve him from the moral dangers that frequently assail a young officer on shipboard. Some few escapades were unavoidable, and perhaps acted with a wholesome influence upon the mind of the prince. On one occasion, he and a brother middy happening to quarrel upon deck, the latter boldly exclaimed that "only he was a prince he would give him a good threshing." The former instantly tore off his jacket, which was distinguished by some little ornament of lace on its collar, and replied, "You will give me a threshing?" at the same time, flinging away the jacket, he continued, "there goes the prince—now try!" The juvenile combatants immediately closed, and some blows had been already exchanged when they were separated by the officers, who did not approve of that mode of settling the argument. Some blood was lost, but no honour on either side, and the prince and his opponent became greater friends than ever. At a later period, a duel between his royal highness and a brother officer was prevented by the discovery that the cause of the supposed offence given by the prince was in reality an act of generous interference with the Admiralty, to save the gentleman who challenged him from the consequences of youthful error.†

Still more characteristic is the following from the last published *New Monthly Magazine*:—"By the way, as anecdotes of the King are multiplying with a rapidity that promises to leave his historians very little to say, we may as well relate one of our own, which is both new and true, particularly as it represents the subject of it remembering the time when his title of Prince was insufficient to protect him from the penalties of transgression, and when the future monarch had no influence upon the fate of the midshipman. What we have to tell happened after dinner, when some of the company near the King were speculating upon the age of one of the oldest admirals on the list who was seated at the other end of the table. One of the party guessing him at a certain age, 'Oh!' said his Majesty, 'he must be more than that;' and then glancing down the table at the subject of the conversation, 'let me see,' he continued, 'it is now two-and-forty years ago, since he *mast-headed me* one cold winter's night in the Channel; and I recollect,' he added, 'that I richly deserved it.'"

RECENT INTERVIEW WITH THE KING, (1831.)

In the following "the time is out of joint" with our Portrait; but the account is so amusing, not only for the interest of its subject, but for the simple style in which it is narrated, that we must reprint it. It first appeared in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, whence it was transferred to the *Times* London journal, and subsequently to other newspapers: but it merits still more permanent place.

* From a laborious Memoir in the *Atlas* newspaper.
† Ibid.

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The following are extracts from a letter of Dr. Burns, of Paisley, giving an account of his visit to the King, on Tuesday the 22nd of November last. It is a pleasing proof of the King's accessibleness, and of the cordial interest which he takes in all his subjects:—

"Having communicated to Mr. Young, Lord Melbourne's private secretary, the wish of the publishers of Wodrow's *Church History* to have the next edition of it dedicated to His Majesty as the first had been to George I. and that His Majesty would be pleased to accept a copy of the work, in the course of a few days I had an answer from Mr. Young, stating that his Majesty had most readily acceded to the petition, to have the work inscribed to him, and that he had ordered Sir Herbert Taylor to say that His Majesty would be glad to see me at the Pavilion at Brighton, and to receive the copy of the work which had been prepared for His Majesty's acceptance. Accordingly I went down, and after breakfasting on Tuesday, I had a card from Sir H. Taylor, stating that His Majesty would see me at half-past one. We drove up to the grand entrance. Afterwards the chief page made his appearance, and conducted me into a large and handsome saloon, where he told me to walk about for a few minutes till His Majesty was disengaged. I did so, and the page having soon returned, told me that Sir H. was in the anteroom, and was ready to introduce me to His Majesty. On going in to Sir Herbert (who is a very tall and gentlemanly looking man, a general officer), he told me that kneeling was dispensed with, and that I might just do as I would in the presence of any nobleman or gentleman of rank. He led me into the presence chamber, a large and elegantly furnished room, announced my name, and then retired, leaving me thus alone with the King. His Majesty was sitting at a table, but rose and returned my obeisance just in the way that one gentleman is accustomed to do to another. I then walked up to him with my volumes in my hand, and addressed him nearly as follows:—'I have the honour of laying before your Majesty a work, which was published more than a century ago, and dedicated to George I. This is the second edition, with the life of the author, notes, and other additions; and your Majesty has here a specimen of the progress made in typography in the west of Scotland. The work is a national one, and has been highly approved by Mr. Fox, Mr. Chalmers, and others, as a correct statement of facts, illustrative of a very important period of our history. I have the honour of requesting your Majesty's acceptance of this copy, and to return your Majesty the best thanks of the publishers, and of myself, as editor, for the condescending manner in which your Majesty has been pleased to permit the new edition of the work to be dedicated to your Majesty.' By this time his Majesty had got hold of the volumes, and was busily employed examining the page, contents, plates, &c., with all which he expressed himself much pleased. On turning up successively the engravings of Sharpe, Claverhouse, Lauderdale, Carstairs, &c. remarks were made on each, and the King seemed to be very well informed in their respective histories. 'The work,' he said, 'contains, I think, the history of the persecutions in Scotland in the days of Charles II.' 'Yes, please your Majesty, it is the history of the eventful period from the restoration in 1660 till the revolution in 1688.' 'A very valuable record it must be,' he added. After speaking a little more upon the subject of the book, the King asked, 'Pray, Sir, what situation do you hold in Scotland?' I told him. 'Please your Majesty, I am one of the parochial ministers of Paisley, so well known for its manufactures, and where, I am sorry to inform your Majesty, there is at present very great distress among the operatives, 2,000 or 3,000 of whom are out of work.' His Majesty asked the cause, when I adverted to several causes—such as the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by the delay in the settlement of the reform question, the prevalence of disease on the continent, and the restraints on trade by quarantine, the trade being overdone with us, and the periodical results of speculation, &c. 'Have you many Irish in Paisley, and are they mostly Roman Catholics?'. I told him we had a great many Irish

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families, that the greater part were Catholics, particularly those from the South and West—that it had a good many Protestants and Presbyterians from the North—that there are many poor amongst them—and that we felt the burden of supporting the poor of a country which has no system of poor-laws for itself. His Majesty said, 'That is a great evil, and something must be done by the legislature; but they must take time to deliberate on a matter of such consequence. The ministry are determined to do nothing rashly, and they have had many things to occupy their thoughts of late. I remarked that His Majesty's time must have been for some time past very painfully engaged with those matters; when he said, in reply, that he personally had not felt the burden so much, but that those who were his advisers had certainly done so. I expressed a hope, that with the blessing of Divine Providence, matters would soon be brought to a bearing, and the nation's best interests effectually secured, to which he accordingly assented. There was also a good deal said on the subject of the state of the poor in England, the objections to the theory and management of the poor laws, &c. and His Majesty showed that he understood the subject well, and entered fully into the objections against the system of paying the price of labour out of the rates, and thus degrading the labouring population of England into paupers, and representing those moneys as given to the support of the poor, which are in fact appropriated to far different objects. 'You manage these things better in Scotland.' 'Please your Majesty, our poor do not expect so much as the English poor. I observed a case in court, the other day, where the dispute lay between 5*s.* a head for each member of the family, and 2*s.*: and the judges decided on a medium, 3*s.* 6*d.* In Scotland, in place of 12*s.* or 15*s.* for this family of poor applicants, the sum allowed for one member of it would have been held quite sufficient.' 'In Paisley you are all, I presume, of the Church of Scotland?' 'Please your Majesty, we have many Presbyterians, dissenters from us, yet our Dissenters differ from us almost wholly on one point—the law of lay-patronage. Our standards and mode of worship are the same. We have also an Episcopal Chapel in Paisley, to the building of which, if I am not mistaken, your Majesty was pleased to contribute; and I have to inform your Majesty, that when I left Scotland a few weeks ago, the erection was in progress, and it will be a very great ornament to the town.' 'Your people in Paisley, I think, are mostly engaged in weaving?' I told his Majesty that weaving was our great staple—that about a hundred years ago Paisley began its career as a manufacturing town—that successively linen, thread, silk, gauze, and cotton in all its forms had been prominent—that like Spitalfields we feel deeply the depression of trade—yet that unlike Spitalfields we had not so near us the wealth and the resources of the metropolis. I noticed, however, the great kindness of the London Committee in 1822 and 1826, in contributing to our fund to the extent of 16,000*l.* or 18,000*l.* The King spoke of there being no predisposition to riot either in Englishmen or Scotsmen, and this led us to notice the causes of excitement, such as poverty, evil-advisers, bad publications, &c. After again thanking His Majesty for the honour done me, and expressing my fear of having intruded too long on his time, His Majesty replied very graciously, and I retired. Sir Herbert was still in the ante-room, and asked me to take a sight of the apartments in the Palace—a suite of rooms, said to be unequalled in Europe for splendour; they exceed all my ideas of magnificence; yet, to attempt a description, would be vain. I saw in one of the rooms the full-length portrait of the King, on which Wilkie is at present engaged—a very exact likeness; and as His Majesty had been sitting, or rather standing for it in the morning, I saw him not in the morning costume, but in full dress: he has not the portly (august) appearance of George IV., yet reminds me of a respectable and good-looking country gentleman. After regaling myself with these interesting sights, I bid adieu to the palace.

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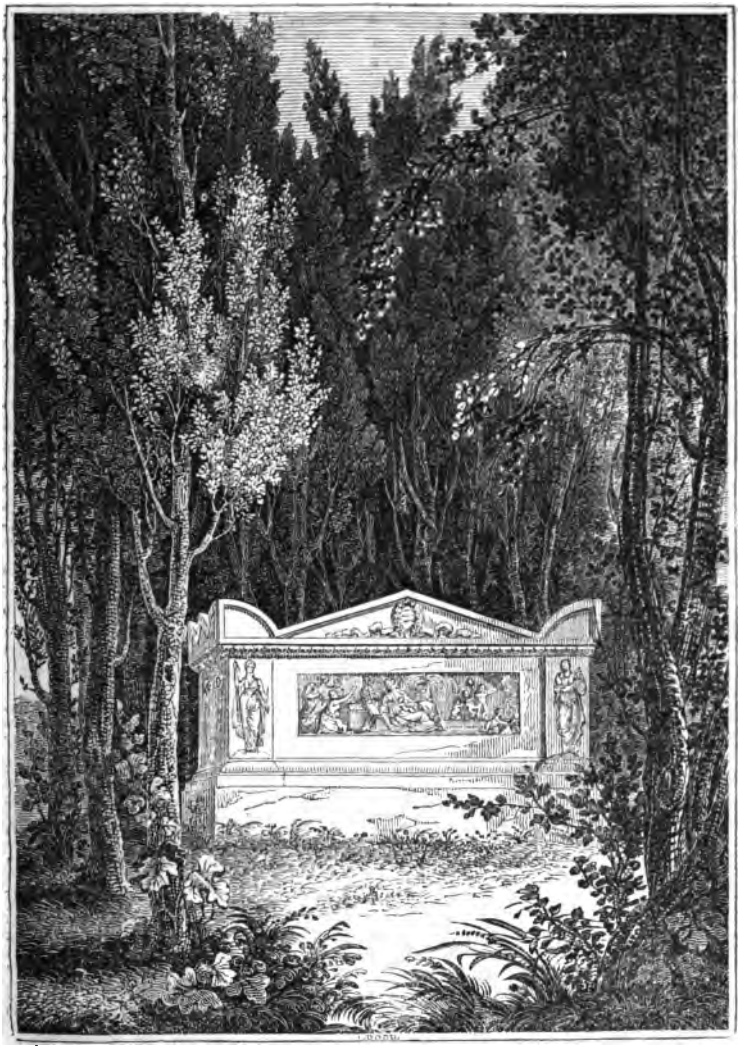
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 497.] SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831. [Price 2d.

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB.



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TOMB OF ROUSSEAU.

WHO has not heard of the romantic genius of ROUSSEAU?—one of "the illustrious" of the last century, in the literature of French philosophy. Again, who has not lamented that his sentimentalities are so disfigured with self degradation and bad passion. His picture of himself in childhood, represents him as of a warm and sensual temperament, and replete with mental and corporeal susceptibility. His whole life is *a romance* darkened over with woes of his own infliction, and only made tolerable to himself by uncurbed license and extravagant conceit. It was a dream harrowed up with many horrible wakings. His fine talents were prostituted, politically and morally, to purposes which seemed only framed to divert mankind from the pursuit of happiness, and exhaust them with fond excess. Yet such a man desired to be buried in a GARDEN, a place which "fills the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and lays all its turbulent passions at rest." *

ROUSSEAU, it appears, died at Ermenonville, July 2, 1778, and was buried in the Isle of Poplars, about ten leagues from Paris. Jaded nigh unto death with the controversies which he himself had provoked, and the strife which he had stirred up, in 1775, he consented to renounce all further discussion on the topics which had involved him in so many hostilities. He had before tried this relief in solitude, but like all misanthropes and solitudinarians, though always praising this ascetic life, he could never bear to be long out of the general gaze. Suspicion of a supposed confederacy—a sort of revenge which growing years had brought him to fear from the world, which he had abused—led him, in March 1777, to accept the invitation of the Marquess de Girardin, to reside with his wife in a small house, near the latter's beautiful seat of Ermenonville. Here Rousseau died of apoplexy, having requested his host to bury him in his garden. Girardin, who entertained a kindred love of gardens, complied with this request, and caused the monumental tribute in the Engraving to be erected to the memory of Rousseau.

Girardin, it may here be mentioned, wrote *De la Composition de Paysages*.†

He kept a band of musicians to perambulate the charming grounds of Ermenonville, performing concerts sometimes in the leafy orchestra of the woods, at other times on the water, and at night adjoining his hall of company. How must this minstrelsy have enchanted these romantic regions.

Our Engraving is copied from a large print published at Paris in 1781, when the original was engraved by Godefroy, of "the Imperial and Royal Academy of Vienna," from a drawing "after nature," by Gandat. The French subscription of the print may be rendered thus:—On the tomb, beneath a palm, the emblem of fecundity, is seated a woman, supporting with one hand a babe she is suckling, and placing the other on "Emile," (one of Rousseau's finest works;) near her are mothers offering fruits and flowers upon an altar erected before a statue of Nature; on the other side, one of their children is setting fire to swaddling clothes, bands, and stays,—the encumbrances or fetters of early life; whilst other children are dancing and playing with a cap of liberty, placed on a pole. Beside this bas-relief, at the right end pilaster is a statue of *Harmony* playing a lyre, and at the corresponding end is a figure of *Eloquence*, holding a flute and a thunderbolt, the emblems of sweetness and might. Upon the pediment is a coronal wreath encircling the words "*Vitam impendere vero:*" (a Life of Truth.) Upon the opposite side of the tomb is engraved this epitaph—"*Ici repose l'homme de la Nature et de la Verité,*" (here rests the man of truth and nature,) and upon the pilasters corresponding with those seen in the Engraving, are sculptured *Nature* represented by a mother suckling two infants, and *Truth* by a female holding a torch. On the pedi-

* Addison.

† There are attractive pages in this little volume of the Viscount's which would have interested either Shenstone or Gainsborough, particularly the pages 59, 143, 145, and 146 (of Mr. Malthus's translation); for in these pages "we feel all the truth and energy of nature." A short extract from p. 131 will enable the reader to judge of the writer's style—"When the cool evening sheds her soft and delightful tints, and leads on the hours of pleasure and repose, then is the universal reign of sublime harmony. It is at this happy moment that Claude has caught the tender colouring, the enchanting calm, which equally attaches the heart and the eyes;—it is then that the fancy wanders with tranquillity over distant scenes. Masses of trees through which the light penetrates, and under whose foliage winds a pleasant path; meadows, whose mild verdure is still softened by the transparent shades of the evening; crystal waters which reflect all the near objects in their pure surface; mellow tints, and distances of blue vapour; such are in general the objects best suited to a western exposure. The sun, before he leaves the horizon, seems to blend earth and sky; and it is from sky that evening views receive their greatest beauty. The imagination dwells with delight upon the exquisite variety of soft and pleasing colours, which embellishes the clouds and the distant country, in this peaceful hour of enjoyment and contemplation."—*From Mr. Felton's delightful volume "on Portraits of Authors on Gardening."*

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ment are two doves expiring beneath two torches smoking and partly extinguished under the foot of the Urn of Julie (*Julie, ou la nouvelle Heloise*, another of Rousseau's works;) at each end of the tomb is a lacrymatory vase.

The tomb merits such detail, since there is harmony and classicality in its design. Our engraver has endeavoured to make these little points of art as clear as his space would allow, and, we hope, has succeeded, as well as in the distinct foliage of the poplars.

Votive tombs, tablets, &c., to Rousseau, were not uncommon some few years since. In the Earl of Harcourt's garden, at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire (laid out in some parts under the eye and fine taste of the poet Mason), on a bust of Rousseau are these lines:

Say, is thy honest heart to virtue warm?
Can genius animate thy feeling breast?
Approach, behold this venerable form;
'Tis Rousseau!—let thy bosom speak the rest.

Perhaps we have been somewhat harsh in our strictures on Rousseau; but here is a passage from his biographers, compiled in Gorton's Dictionary:—"With the exception, possibly, of Cardan, no writer ever related circumstances so humiliating and degrading of himself; but while ostensibly executed as a self-imposed task of contrition, it was evidently a tribute to vanity and self-importance. Although abounding with excellent analyses of sentiment and action, it is dangerous, for the manner in which the virtues and vices are constantly confounded, not to mention the disgusting nature of a species of mental exposure, as nauseous as a similar display of bodily infirmities would be, if made with equal minuteness and as little necessity. A sense of shame has many beautiful uses, and a cynical contempt for it has a very equivocal pretension to the name of philosophy. Another posthumous work, entitled 'Les Rêveries du Promeneur solitaire,' which gives a view of his thoughts and sentiments at a later period, is also a very characteristic production, and with several other smaller pieces in vindication of himself, may be studied with a view to a due understanding of this moral and literary phenomenon, who after all was possibly moved by two or three very simple springs of action, from first to last, the principal of which was, utter and entire self-engrossment. To the list of his writings already enumerated, many more might be added, which equally mark his peculiar warmth and energy of style, and vigour of thinking. Rousseau exercised great influence over the theoretical opinions of the age, at the period of the French Revolution, when his 'Social Contract' was a favourite political authority. His reputation has since greatly declined; but while the French language exists, he must always be regarded as one of the greatest authors to be found in it."

TIGER HUNTING IN THE EAST INDIES.

Extract from a Letter containing an Account of the Death of Lieut. Mc Murdo, killed by a tiger, near Jaulnah, September, 1830.

(From W—— B——, M.A.)

As you will probably like to hear the particulars of poor Mc Murdo's death, I give them to you as related by those who were with him. On Saturday last, the Potail of Mallegaum sent in to say, a tiger had been marked down, and three officers, Mc Murdo, of the H. A., Craigie, of the 28th, and Brett, of the 31st, went out to kill it. On arriving at the ground they learned there were three tigers, and their lair was pointed out by the villagers. After beating for some time, the tigers were on foot, and Brett mortally wounded one of them, which, after a short struggle, died in a bush. They followed the others, and Mc Murdo got view of one of them, about sixty yards from him, which he fired at, but missed; the villagers from the hills marked the brute into a clump of bushes, on the edges of a nullah; the circumference of these bushes was not more than sixty or seventy feet, and though they beat all round them, and thrust in sticks and the muzzles of their guns, the animal never moved. They then proposed going on further to look for it, and poor Mc M. said, "Stop a moment till I put another ball in my gun." They were all three close together, and about a yard from the bush. Craigie and Brett stepped aside to look at the tiger's foot-prints, when suddenly they heard a tremendous roar, and looking round, saw the brute with Mc M. in his grasp; he fell instantly. Craigie fired both barrels into the animal, which rolled over with Mc M. into the nullah. Brett ran up, missed with one barrel and hit him on the head with the other. So instantaneous was the spring, and so close was Mc Murdo, that he had no time to use his gun; in fact it was all over in a few seconds. Craigie and Brett had now to re-load. They saw the poor fellow in the nullah, (which was very shallow) making all the resis-

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tance that man could make; his left arm thrust down the brute's throat, his right having been mangled in his vain attempts to extricate himself. Whilst his companions were re-loading, a bold fellow, a native, ran in, picked up Mc M.'s gun, and fired the barrel that was primed into the animal, which then rolled over a few yards from the poor fellow; presently they heard him cry out, "Oh God! oh God! Craigie, Craigie, he is coming at me again!" Craigie and the villagers then attacked and despatched the beast with stones. The whole sad business happened in much less time than the recital can give you an idea of. Poor Mc M.'s state was most dreadful; his left thigh crushed to atoms, both arms dreadfully mangled and lacerated, two claw-marks on his face, and his side much bruised. He was a man of the most immovable nerve, and his courage was beyond everything daring. He had killed two tigers before, on foot; one of them by a shot which laid the animal at his feet, almost touching him. When the first tiger on Saturday was wounded, it was struggling in a bush, and Mc M. went up and finished it, with as much coolness as if it had been a wounded hare. When it was pulled out, he gave a jump in the air, saying, "By Jove! what capital sport we shall have if we can but get them all three." He was constantly out after wild animals, and meeting with adventures; was a capital and fearless horseman, and invariably a foremost rider in our hog-hunts. He so entirely retained his presence of mind in this struggle with the tiger, that he knew every shot that was fired, and when he spoke of the stones hitting it, the poor fellow smiled. He told Craigie to go and examine the beast and see if he had not hit him, when he took the shot at a distance. He said that for a month past he had an impression that he should meet with some accident, "But I had no idea it would be so bad as this, for I suppose I must lose my leg." His firmness never forsook him for a moment; after about two hours he complained of thirst, and spasms in the stomach, and was evidently sinking fast. He asked Craigie to loosen the silk handkerchief which had been applied as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding in the thigh; this, however, could not be done; he then became insensible, breathed hard for some time, then more and more faintly, till he expired, without a groan or struggle, before medical aid could reach him. You may imagine how so fatal an adventure has affected all here, though from his extraordinary daring, he was a man not unlikely to come to a premature end. There was a strength of nerve in him, as if nature had made him without the sense of fear; for, however critical his situation, he seemed unconscious of danger.

WE MET AT SUNSET.

(For the Mirror.)

We met at Sunset's gorgeous hour
Beneath the whispering tree,
And as the last beam kiss'd thy bow'r,
Thy blue eyes glanced on me!
That glance around my heart has thrown
A charm of deepest pow'r,
Which makes it think of thee alone
At Sunset's gorgeous hour.

We met at Sunset's gorgeous hour,
Thy maiden lips were mute,
But lightly passed thy fingers o'er,
The rich strings of the lute;
I felt the fairy waves of song
Sustain me with their pow'r,
And still the charm will haunt me long
At Sunset's gorgeous hour.

Deal. G. K. C.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

POPULAR TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

In Macedonia, near Eccisso Verbeni, is a lake, of which the people have a tradition that it was caused by taking great stones out of the side of a mountain; whereupon there issued out such a flood of water that the country around was inundated, and a lake formed. It is reported of Thessaly, that the whole country was under water until a passage was formed for the river Peneus by an earthquake.

Near the Mountains of Risgeburg, or Giant's Mountain, about the head of the river Elbe, a spirit, by name Rihensal, is said to infest the country. Such reports are common in places where mines exist. A spirit is reported to haunt the silver mines of Brunswick; and another to be in the tin mine of Slackenwalde, in Bohemia, and to walk in the shape of a monk, who strikes the miners, sings and plays on the bagpipes, and doth many such tricks.

It is asserted in Wales, that the knockers, a class of aerial beings, bore, blast, and labour briskly in the mines; and were heard at work in some at Llanvihangel Ysgeiviog, in Angleseа, in 1799. In Cornwall it is believed by the workmen, that the Jews formerly possessed the mines; and the tools which

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are found in those which have been neglected, they call "Allan Sarisin."

Of a mountain of Norway, called the Gate Field, which is always covered with snow, there is a tradition that the inhabitants having spent the Sabbath in rioting and debauchery, a snow storm came and buried the church, to which a party had gone to a wedding. On this mountain, it is reported, are the ruins of a building similar to a church within the limits of perpetual snow. The Norwegians believe in the existence of a supernatural being called Nipen—to whom they make Christmas offerings of cakes and beer, and to whose interference they attribute their good or evil fortune. They universally entertain a fear of the subterraneous people, who are supposed to be able to change their form whenever they please; and in confirmation of this superstition, they relate that three hundred cattle, belonging to the Bishop of Drontheim, while grazing amongst the Rooras Mountains, were enticed away by the subterraneous people, and totally disappeared in a crack of the earth. This has given rise to a proverb—"Remember the Bishop of Drontheim's cattle:" implying the necessity of attention to your affairs.

Dr. Clarke, while travelling in Sweden, was informed by the peasantry that some vast stones which he saw there had been left in that situation by the giants.

On the banks of the Miosen, in Norway, not far distant from Vang, the city of Stor Hammer formerly stood. It is said to have been more than seven English miles in circumference, and to have contained, besides a palace and cathedral, many churches, monasteries, and other public edifices. It is now four hundred years since its site has been pointed out, except by tradition. No vestige of the city at present remains.

The tradition of ruined cities is common to all countries. In Cornwall it is believed that the land formerly extended many miles farther than it does at present, and that some of the neighbouring islands formed part of the continent. On the coast of Brittany there is a tradition that a city, now destroyed by the sea, once exceeded in magnificence the present capital of France. The same story is related in Cornwall and Somerset.

On the coast of North Wales, the present inhabitants say, that by an irruption of the sea, about the year 500 A.D., a great number of cities, and the whole of a tract called the Lowland Hundred, were destroyed, and now form great part of the Bay of Cardigan. On the coast of Suffolk, "Dunwich, or the Splendid City," is said formerly to have contained fifty-two churches and monasteries, which have been swallowed up by the sea. At present it has no place of public worship.* W.

AN OCTOBER DAY IN ROME.

RURAL life in Italy possesses for its inhabitants peculiar charms. The heat in the months of July and August is so great, that the mild and freshening days of September and October exercise on the feelings a magical influence, which would appear exaggerated to northern habits. Among the singularities of Rome may be reckoned, the uniting, both in its situation and in the manners of its inmates, the advantages of town and country life. More than half the district enclosed within its walls is devoted to the cultivation of the vine, which shines in clusters throughout the region at the foot of Monte Testaccio and the Lateran. The suburbs of Rome are *no where*. But few buildings, if we except churches and convents, stand without its gates; and when we have turned our backs on these, and the scattered dwellings of a few vine cultivators, we are arrived at the desolate plain known by the name of Campagna.

No sooner are the heats of August succeeded by the milder temperature of autumn, than all Rome appears alive, more like captives freed from prison, than patients on their return to convalescence. The streets are thronged; and in passing through the districts inhabited by the lower classes, from the middle to the end of September, groups of children may be seen practising the Saltarello, meaning to exhibit their national dance in the Villa Borgese. At this place, in October, a numerous and orderly body of the Roman people, on Sundays and Thursdays, collects itself, and the whole presents the spectacle of a regular festival. Hither, from midday, all Rome pours through the Porta del Popolo. In a natural amphitheatre, surrounded by seats, the young people form themselves into groups for the Saltarello. Around is a long line of carriages, in which the better sort survey the dances and sports of the rustics. It is entertaining enough to observe this line of equipages: many are handsome, though for the most part old-fashioned, and distinguishable at a distance by the arms and coronets of every species of nobility—generally but mean specimens of armorial painting. The greatest portion are of course hired vehicles. In these the citizens of the Eternal City

* See *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 369.

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parade; and it is a subject of emulation with the wives and daughters of Rome, to exhibit themselves, once at least during the month of October, as well dressed as possible to their acquaintances. The picturesque divisions of this villa, the princely alleys, the brightness of the sky, and the ever-rolling tide of loiterers, leave a lasting and delightful impression. In October, 1829, the weather was so inviting that our pleasures were seldom disappointed. Frequently we did not leave the Villa Borgese till the sun was setting; and the dome of St. Peter's shone on our return homewards with all the hues of an Italian evening. It had a singular effect, to hear, as we traversed the lonesome streets, after quitting the multitude, the music of the eternal Saltarello from the houses of those who were either too poor or too busy to allow the relaxation of a day in the Villa Borgese.

In these countries, where Nature does so much, an equality of enjoyment is produced to all, by the ready access she affords to pleasure. Charming groups of musicians and dancers at this season arrest the attention of the passenger; and no spectacle can attract more forcibly than a dance of maidens, by a fallen temple or ivy-clad walls, which is often seen in the vicinity of the Palatine Hill, whilst the solemnity of the surrounding scenery is softened and relieved by the sight: it is as the dance of Flora in the circus, or of an ancient festival to Diana.

If these pleasures be compared with the amusements of the lower classes in the north of Europe, or even those of the higher orders in other countries, it will appear that some poetical feeling yet lingers in Italy; and if the arts do not now arise from her exclusively, that at least they flourish among her inhabitants longer, and still give to her shores the preference. H.

NEMÆAN, OR NEMEAN GAMES

One of the four great kinds of "Games," or Combats, celebrated among the ancient Greeks.

Some say they were instituted by Hercules on occasion of his killing the Nemæan Lion, and that it was hence they took their name, as also the place of celebration the forest of Nemæa. Others relate that the seven chiefs sent to Thebes under the conduct of Polynices being extremely oppressed in their journey with thirst, met with Hypsipyle of Lemnos who had in her arms Opheltes son of Lycurgus priest of Jupiter and Eurydice. They begging her to show them some water, she laid the child down on the grass, and conducted them to a well. In her absence, a venemous serpent killed the child; upon which the nurse, out of an excess of grief grew desperate.

The chiefs at their return with her killed the serpent, buried the young Opheltes, and to divert Hypsipyle, instituted the Nemæan Games.

Ælian says, they were indeed the seven chiefs going to the siege of Thebes that instituted them; but he adds that it was in favour of Pronax. Pausanias refers the institution of them to Adrastus, and their restoration to his descendants.

Lastly, Hercules on the victory over the Nemæan lion, augmented the games and consecrated them to Jupiter Nemæus.

The games were opened with sacrificing to Nemæan Jove, appointing him a priest, and proposing a reward for such as should be victors in the games.

They were held every three years, in the month called Panemos by the Corinthians, and Boedromion by the Athenians.

The Argians were the judges and sat clothed in black to express the origin of the games. As they were instituted by warriors, none at first were admitted to them but military men, and the games themselves were only equestrian and gymnic; at length they were opened to the people, and other kinds of sports were introduced.

The conquerors were crowned with olive till the time of the war with the Medes; when a blow they received in that war, occasioned them to change the olive for the smallage, a funeral plant: though others maintain that the crown was originally smallage, on account of the death of Opheltes, otherwise called Archemorus; this plant is supposed to have received the blood, which ran from the wound made by the serpent.

Lambeth. WALTER. E. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

OPTICS. BY DR. BREWSTER.
(*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. xviii.)

Extraordinary Velocity of Light.

Light moves with a velocity of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a half. It moves through a space equal to the circumference of our globe in the eighth part of a second—a flight which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than three weeks.

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Ships beyond the visible horizon seen in the Air.

Captain Scoresby, when navigating the Greenland seas, observed several very interesting cases of unusual refraction. On the 28th of June, 1820, he saw from the mast-head eighteen sail of ships, at the distance of about twelve miles. One of them was drawn out, or lengthened, in a vertical direction; another was contracted in the same direction; one had an inverted image immediately above it; and other two had two distinct inverted images above them, accompanied with two images of the strata of ice. In 1822, Captain Scoresby recognised his father's ship, the Fame, by its inverted image in the air, *although the ship itself was below the horizon.* He afterwards found that the ship was seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and its distance thirty miles.

Singular cases of inability to distinguish Colours.

Mr. Harris, a shoemaker, at Allonby, was unable from his infancy to distinguish the cherries of a cherry-tree from its leaves, in so far as colour was concerned. Two of his brothers were equally defective in this respect, and always mistook *orange* for *grass-green*, and *light green* for *yellow*. Harris himself could only distinguish black and white. Mr. Scott, who describes his own case in the Philosophical Transactions, mistook *pink* for a pale *blue*, and a full *red* for a full *green*.

All kinds of yellows and blues, except sky-blue, he could discern with great nicety. His father, his maternal uncle, one of his sisters, and her two sons, had all the same defect.

A tailor at Plymouth, whose case is described by Mr. Harvey, regarded the solar spectrum as consisting only of *yellow* and *light blue;* and he could distinguish with certainty only *yellow*, *white*, and *green*. He regarded indigo and Prussian blue as black.

Deceptions from seeing objects in faint light.

If we fix the eye steadily on objects in a dark room that are illuminated with the faintest gleam of light, it will be soon thrown into a state of painful agitation; the objects will appear and disappear according as the retina has recovered or lost its sensibility.

These affections are no doubt the source of many optical deceptions, which have been ascribed to a supernatural origin. In a dark night, when objects are feebly illuminated, their disappearance and reappearance must seem very extraordinary to a person whose fear or curiosity calls forth all his powers of observation. This defect of the eye must have been often noticed by the sportsman in attempting to mark, upon the monotonous heaths, the particular spots where moor-game had alighted. Availing himself of the slightest difference of tint in the adjacent heaths, he endeavours to keep his eye steadily upon it as he advances; but whenever the contrast of illumination is feeble, he almost always loses sight of his mark, or if the retina does take it up a second time, it is only to lose it again.

Singular Phantom of the Sun seen by Sir Isaac Newton.

Sir Isaac, having shut his left eye, directed the right one to the image of the sun reflected from a looking-glass. In order to see the impression which was made, he turned his eye to a dark corner of his room, when he observed a bright spot made by the sun, encircled by rings of colours. This "phantom of light and colours," as he calls it, gradually vanished; but whenever he thought of it, it returned and became as lively and vivid as at first. He rashly repeated the experiment three times, and his eye was impressed to such a degree, "that whenever I looked upon the clouds, or a book, or a bright object, I saw upon it a round bright spot of light like the sun, and, which is still stranger, though I looked upon the sun with my right eye only, and not with my left, yet my fancy began to make an impression on my left eye as well as upon my right; for if I shut my right eye, or looked upon a book or the clouds with my left eye, I could see the spectrum of the sun almost as plain as with my right eye."

The effect of this experiment was such, that Sir Isaac durst neither write nor read, but was obliged to shut himself completely up in a dark chamber for three days together, and by keeping in the dark, and employing his mind about other things, he began, in about three or four days, to recover the use of his eyes.

Method of seeing small objects by looking away from them.

From these results it appears, that oblique or indirect vision is inferior to direct vision—not only in distinctness, but from its inability to preserve a sustained vision of objects; but though thus defective, it possesses a superiority over direct vision, in giving us more per-

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fect vision of minute objects, such as small stars, which cannot be seen by direct vision. This curious fact has been noticed by Mr. Herschell and Mr. South, and some of the French astronomers.

"A rather singular method," say Messrs. Herschel and South, "of obtaining a view, and even a rough measure, of the angles of stars of the last degree of faintness, has often been resorted to, viz. *to direct the eye to another part of the field.* In this way, a faint star, in the neighbourhood of a large one, will often become very conspicuous, so as to bear a certain illumination, which will yet totally disappear, as if suddenly blotted out, when the eye is turned full upon it, and so on, appearing and disappearing alternately as often as you please. The lateral portions of the retina, less fatigued by strong lights, and less exhausted by perpetual attention, are probably more sensible to faint impressions than the central ones, which may serve to account for this phenomenon."

Spectre of Brighton Cliff and those walking on it, seen in the Air.

"Walking on the cliff," says Dr. Buchan, "about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning of the 18th of November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun, I turned my eyes directly towards the sea just as the solar disc emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented *precisely opposite to me* at some distance on the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered *our own figures* standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a windmill near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood, and the false cliff seemed to fade away, and to draw near to the real one, in proportion as it receded towards the west. This phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared, like the drawing up of a drop-scene in a theatre. The surface of the sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun."

The French Coast seen quite perfect at Hastings, as if through a Telescope.

On the 26th of July, 1798, at Hastings, at five P.M., Mr. Latham saw the French coast, which is about forty or fifty miles distant, as distinctly as through the best glasses. The sailors and fishermen could not at first be persuaded of the reality of the appearance; but as the cliffs gradually appeared more elevated, they were so convinced that they *pointed* out and named to Mr. Latham the different places they had been accustomed to visit: such as the bay, the windmill at Boulogne, St. Vallery, and other places on the coast of Picardy. All these places appeared to them as if they were sailing at a small distance into the harbour. From the eastern cliff or hill, Mr. Latham saw at once Dungeness, Dover cliffs, and the French coast, all the way from Calais, Boulogne, on to St. Vallery, and, as some of the fishermen affirmed, as far as Dieppe. The day was extremely hot, without a breath of wind, and objects at some distance appeared greatly magnified.

Spectre of a Ship seen in the Lake of Geneva.

In all these cases, the image was directly above the object; but on the 17th of September, 1818, MM. Jurine and Soret observed a case of unusual refraction, where the image was on one side of the object. A bark about 4,000 toises distant was seen approaching Geneva, by the left bank of the lake, and at the same moment there was seen above the water an image of the sails, which, in place of following the direction of the bark, receded from it, and seemed to approach Geneva by the right bank of the lake: the image sailing from east to west, while the bark was sailing from north to south. The image was of the same size as the object when it first receded from the bark; but it grew less and less as it receded, and was only one-half that of the bark when the phenomenon ceased.

Dover Castle seen through the hill from Ramsgate.

One of the most remarkable cases of mirage was observed by Dr. Vince. A spectator at Ramsgate sees the tops of the four turrets of Dover Castle over a hill between Ramsgate and Dover. Dr. Vince, however, on the 6th of August, 1806, at seven P.M., saw *the whole of Dover Castle*, as if it had been brought over and placed on the Ramsgate side of the hill. The image of it was so strong that the hill itself was not seen through the image.

Account of the Fata Morgana.

The celebrated *fata morgana*, which is seen in the straits of Messina, and which for many centuries astonished the

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vulgar, and perplexed philosophers, is obviously a phenomenon of this kind. A spectator on an eminence in the city of Reggio, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, and when the rising sun shines from that point whence its incident ray forms an angle of about 45° on the sea of Reggio, sees upon the water numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles, well-delineated regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces, with balconies and windows, villages and trees, plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and on horseback, all passing rapidly in succession on the surface of the sea. These same objects are, in particular states of the atmosphere, seen in the air, though less vividly; and when the air is hazy and dewy, they are seen on the surface of the sea, vividly coloured, or fringed with all the prismatic colours.

The Cosmopolite.

THE POETRY OF ANCIENT DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

THE reader need scarcely be informed that the lines here introduced to his notice compose one of those numerous little effusions, which may with some pretension be entitled the literature of our younger years. We do not, it is true, equally appreciate them at a more matured age, but this is only another proof how soon all our generous feelings become blunted, and our tastes vitiated. That I am mightily taken with the above original little poem I must in candour allow; that I am prejudiced in its favour I must as positively deny. I would not have its defects glossed over, but they are so outbalanced by its undeniable merits, that I cannot think my affection for it ill bestowed.

Before we proceed to criticism, let me direct the attention to the considerable tact which the author has displayed in the selection of his subject: here are no fictitious and romantic incidents; we have a scene of every-day life laid before us, a scene acted in the natural, not the artificial ranks of society—to proceed:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

When we arrive at the conclusion of this melodious line, such innumerable beauties rush tumultuously on the soul that we pause with astonishment; we find each word embodying such a variety of ideas that we know not where to begin. To set out, however, methodically, let us first look at the author's plan; his characters we find are two, and two only, the hero and heroine; no intermediate, no subordinate personages, which only weary the imagination and draw off the attention from the principal actors in the piece—his machinery consists merely of "a hill" and "a pail"—What admirable simplicity! I should be premature in uttering any eulogium at present on this head, but I hope to show in good time that this machinery is most exquisitely contrived, and indeed that no other could have produced an equally grand effect. The very names of his characters speak volumes; standing alone and unconnected "John" or "Jack" is one of our finest old English names, and independently of its place, here calls for our approbation; but this particular adaptation of it, let me take leave to say, is charmingly appropriate; does it not instantly inform us of the very scene of action? Does not that simple but expressive monosyllable indirectly tell us, that we are not to suppose ourselves in the bustle of a metropolis, but on the confines of some rustic village? What an exertion too of the inventive powers does this appellation of "Jill" evince:—we perceive immediately that we have no fine lady to deal with, no Clarissas, Matildas, and such like, but simple, plain "Jill"—how easily does it couple with "Jack" and how melodiously they chime in together. I must not forget to observe that the alliteration here (each beginning with J) is anything but inelegant, and the repetition of each name successively in the two concluding lines is highly poetical. The poet, I am happy to see, has not fallen into the usual error of his brethren in giving us a description of the qualities mental and personal of his characters; a description often uninteresting, always unnecessary. We are plunged directly into the very thick of the fight, *in medias res*, as Horace has it; we are first put in possession of the facts, then the incident or rather the accident is related, and the consequences arising from that accident follow naturally and immediately. True it is, that on commencing this poem we are a little startled at seeing the two sexes introduced hand in hand; we tremble for the reputation of the poet, and look forward with disappointment to the relation of a love adventure instead of the tragedy that follows; all this our author is evidently

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prepared for: he extricates himself, as we see, from his dilemma by instantly proceeding with his narrative, and hurrying on the breathless reader to what he has to relate; observe, there is not so much as a comma intervening after he has once introduced the actors of the piece, but he proceeds directly with the thread of the story, viz. that they "went up the hill"—We now come to the second, which is rather a necessary than a beautiful line, informing us why they went up the hill:—

"To fetch a pail of water."

The principal beauty, however, that I have to observe in this line is, that it is strictly poetical. It is a rule in the making of poetry, that when any slow laborious operation is described, the words also must move slowly and heavily along:—

"The line must labour and the words move slow;" POPE.

but when on the contrary, it is necessary to exemplify speed or any rapid motion, the numbers of the verse must move briskly along. In this description of mounting the hill, I think it will be found that the poet has not neglected his grammar: aid him a little in reading his two first lines with a slow, heavy voice, and it will be seen both the words and the measure are admirably adapted for describing the tedious operation of ascending a hill. The words in the last couplet, on the contrary, run quickly and easily into each other, and are equally well selected to represent a fall or any rapid motion.

We have now arrived at the middle of the poem—the story so far has been all fair and smooth, and we have become interested in the plot; little does the unsuspecting reader look for the stroke that follows, the heart-rending and appalling fact bursts upon him like a thunder-clap! not to take us, however, altogether by surprise, the poet has in some measure prepared us by relating the accident that led to the fate of the unhappy Jack:—

"Jack *fell down*, and broke his crown."

It may be objected that the expression "crown" is ludicrous, and therefore unfitted for so tragic a scene; but, with submission, I would maintain that the poet has here shown his usual ingenuity; the fact related is in itself sufficiently appalling, without being clothed in affecting language. I consider the naked horror of this tragic picture to be materially done away with by the usage of this word "crown." Here was ample opportunity too for interlarding a few of those interjections and exclamations with which the writings of other authors are thronged, such as "Oh," "Ah," 'Alas,' &c., yet our author we see, has had sense enough to omit them. Johnson well observes that these expletives do not suit our language, and so far from adding to the beauty of a line rather destroy its effect. I remember to have seen the lame effort of some plagiarist to improve on this third line, which he commences with one of these interjections:—

"Ah! must the muse their hapless fate record?
First Jack falls prostrate on the slippery sward."

Every one must see what a bathos is here, and how infinitely it falls short of its simple and yet sublime original. In line the 4th:—

"And Jill came tumbling after."

The word "tumbling" has been exclaimed against as awkward and inelegant, but in this awkwardness I would humbly suggest, consists its chief beauty.

"The *sound* should seem an echo of the *sense*." POPE.

It is expressly intended to represent that inelegant and rolling motion that accompanies a fall—it is one, in short, of those few words, such as "thumping," "hissing," "rattling," &c. that by their very sound conveys their signification; and which the judicious writer will always find his account in introducing, as nothing causes greater surprise and admiration.

To conclude, if this composition is not entitled to our applause, as merely an old acquaintance, a juvenile reminiscence, as it were; yet I will venture to uphold it on the score of its positive merits; if the plot is natural, which there is no denying that it is, if the characters that figure in it are drawn to the life, and if the ideas are as grand as the language that clothes them is nervous and elegant; who shall gainsay the author his rank amongst his brethren of the lyre? or his production its place with the other gems of British poesy?

F.

Select Biography.

THE LATE LORD NORTHESK.

THE subject of this memoir was the third son of the late George, Earl of Northesk, by Lady Ann Leslie, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Leven and Melville, and was born about the year 1760. Being early destined for the naval service, he embarked, in the year 1771, with the Honourable Captain

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Barrington, in the Albion. He next served with Captain Macbride, in the Southampton, and Captain Stair Douglas, in the Squirrel; was made acting lieutenant in the Nonsuch, and confirmed by Lord Howe, in 1777, in the Apollo. He afterwards served with Admirals Sir John Lockhart Ross, and Lord Rodney; and by the latter was made a commander, after the action of the 18th of April, 1780 (in which he served as a lieutenant in the admiral's ship); and appointed to the Blast fire-ship. He was advanced to the rank of post-captain in April 1782, and appointed to the command of the Eustatius, in which he was present at the reduction of the island of that name. From this ship he was ordered into the Enterprise frigate, in which he returned to England, and was paid off at the peace, in 1783. In 1787, he married Miss Rickets, niece of the Earl of St. Vincent, and sister of the late gallant and lamented Captain Jervis: and in the following year succeeded his eldest brother as Lord Rosehill.

In 1792, on the demise of his father, his lordship succeeded to the title and estate; and in January 1793, he commissioned the Beaulieu of 40 guns, and went to the Leeward Islands, whence he returned with convoy in the Andromeda, which was soon afterwards put out of commission.

In 1796, his lordship was appointed to the command of the Monmouth of 64 guns, and employed in the North Sea, under the orders of the late Lord Viscount Duncan, until May 1797, when the spirit of disaffection, which had originated in the Channel fleet, unfortunately spread to that squadron; and the Monmouth was one of the ships brought to the Nore. In 1800, Lord Northesk was appointed to the Prince of 98 guns, in the Channel fleet, under the command of the Earl St. Vincent, in which ship he continued till the peace in 1802, when he again returned from active service; and the same year his lordship was re-elected one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland.

On the renewal of hostilities with France, in 1803, his lordship was among the foremost to offer his services, and was immediately appointed to the Britannia of 100 guns, in which he served in the Channel fleet, under the command of the Honourable Admiral Cornwallis, till May 1804, when he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the white squadron. In the following month he hoisted his flag in the same ship, and continued to serve in her on her former station, in the arduous blockade of Brest, during the trying and tempestuous winter of 1804, and till August in the following year; when he was detached with a squadron, under the orders of Vice-admiral Sir Robert Calder, to reinforce Vice-admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz.

In the decisive battle of Trafalgar, on the ever-memorable 21st of October, the Britannia had the honour of bearing his lordship's flag; and took a distinguished share in achieving the victory. Previous to that great event, it had been directed by the commander-in-chief, in consequence of her heavy rate of sailing, that the Britannia should constantly take a position to windward of him; and, on the morning of that day, he ordered by signal, that she should assume a station as most convenient, without regard to the order of battle; and afterwards sent verbal directions to Lord Northesk, by the Captain of the Sirius, to break through the enemy's line astern of the fourteenth ship. This was effected in the most masterly and gallant manner; though the Britannia was severely galled in bearing down, by a raking fire from several of the enemy. On passing through the line and hauling up, she was the fourth ship of the van division in action (the Victory, Temeraire, and Neptune, also preceded her), and in a short space of time completely dismasted a French ship of 80 guns, who waved a white handkerchief in token of submission. She afterwards singly engaged, and kept at bay, three of the enemy's van ships, that were attempting to double upon Lord Nelson's flag ship, the Victory, at that time already warmly engaged with two of the enemy, and much disabled. During this long and bloody conflict, the noble admiral zealously emulated the conduct of his illustrious leader, displaying the most heroic courage, tempered by the coolest judgment and presence of mind; he was ably seconded in his exertions by his gallant captain, Charles Bullen. Nor was his conduct after the action less meritorious; while his skill and promptitude were equally conspicuous in the arduous task of securing the captured ships.

His majesty, in testimony of his approbation of his eminent services, honoured his lordship with the Red Riband; and both Houses of Parliament, the Corporation of London, and several other Cities and Public Companies, concurred in voting him their thanks on this occasion.

On the 5th of June, 1806, the noble admiral had the honour of being invested by his majesty with the Order of the

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Bath; and, on the 4th of June, 1814, he was promoted to the rank of Admiral to the Blue Squadron.

Lord Northesk, in person, was above the middle size, robust, and well made; with a manly, open countenance. As an officer, he was scrupulously correct; and a warm supporter of the discipline of the service. When a private Captain, he has been seen to devote hours together to the patient investigation of the *truth*, before he would consent to inflict punishment. He was consequently much beloved by his officers and men: to whom he was endeared equally by his strict impartiality of conduct, as by his general urbanity and friendliness of disposition. In private life, and in his domestic relations, no man could be more fortunate than his lordship; possessing the warmest esteem of his friends and the fondest affection of his family. If he did not display the dazzling coruscations of a comet, he at least moved with mild, equable, unsullied lustre, through his prescribed orbit.

Lord Northesk died a short time since and was interred, with due honours, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN.

BY DELTA.

YOUNG Donald Bane, the gallant Celt, unto the wars had gone,
And left within her Highland home his plighted love alone;
Yet though the waves between them roll'd, on eastern Egypt's shore,
As he thought of Mhairi Macintyre, his love grew more and more.

It was a sullen morning when he breathed his last adieu,
And down the glen, above his men, the chieftain's banner flew;
When bonnets waved aloft in air, and war-pipes scream'd aloud,
And the startled eagle left the cliff for shelter in the cloud.

Brave Donald Bane, at duty's call, hath sought a foreign strand,
And Donald Bane amid the slain hath stood with crimson Brand;
And when the Alexandrian beach with Gallic blood was dyed,
Stream'd the tartan plaid of Donald Bane at Abercromby's side.

And he had seen the Pyramids, Grand Cairo, and the Bay
Of Aboukir, whereon the fleet of gallant Nelson lay;
And he had seen the Turkish hosts in their barbarian pride,
And listen'd as from burial fields the midnight chacal cried.

Yes, many a sight had Donald seen in Syrian deserts lone,
To many a shore had Donald been, but none that match'd his own;
Amid the dates and pomegranates, the temples and the towers,
He thought of Albyn's cliffy huts, begirt with heather flowers.

So joyous beat the soldier's heart again from deck to see,
Rising from out the German wave, the island of the free;
And stately was his step when crowds, with plaudits from the main,
Welcom'd once more to Briton's shore its heroes back again.

Hush'd was the war-din that in wrath from coast to coast had roar'd,
And stay'd were slaughter's beagle fangs, and sheath'd the patriot's sword,
When—'twas the pleasant summer time—arose in green again,
His own dear Highland mountains on the sight of Donald Bane.

Four years had lapsed in absence, wherein his steps had ranged
'Mid many a far and foreign scene, but his heart was unestranged;
And when he saw Argyle's red-deer once more from thicket flee,
And again he trod Glen-Etive's sod, a mountaineer was he.

There stood the shieling of his love, beneath the sheltering trees,
Sweet sang the lark, the summer air was musical with bees;
And when he reach'd the wicket porch, old Stumah fawning fain,
First nosed him round, then licked his hand—'twas bliss to Donald Bane.

His heart throbb'd as he entered—no sound was stirring there,—
And in he went, and on he went, when behold his Mhairi fair!
Before her stood the household wheel unmurmurous, and the thread
Still in her fingers lay, as when its tenuous twine she led.

He stood and gazed, a man half crazed—before him she reclined
In half unkerchief'd loveliness—the idol of his mind:
Bland was the sleep of innocence, as to her dreams were given
Elysian walks with him she loved, amid the bowers of Heaven!

He gazed her beauties o'er and o'er, her shining auburn hair,
Her ivory brow, her rosebud mouth, her cheek carnation'd fair,
Her round white arms, her bosom's charms, that, with her breathing low,
Like swan-plumes on a ripply lake heaved softly to and fro.

He could no more,—but, stooping down, he clasp'd her to his soul,
And from the honey of her lips a rapturous kiss he stole:
As hill-deer bound from bugle sound, swerved Mhairi from her rest,
It could not be—oh, yes, 'tis he!—and she sank on Donald's breast.

What boots to tell what them befell—or how, in bridal mirth,
Blithe feet did bound to music's sound, beside the mountain hearth—
Or how the festal cup was drain'd on hill side and on plain,
To the healths of lovely Mhairi and her faithful Donald Bane.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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THE SORROWS OF A MUSICAL MONKEY.

I WAS born in the beautiful land of Guiana, whose rich and verdant forests yielded plenty and security to my forefathers. Our family had reason to be proud of their lineage. There was scarcely a court in the world, scarcely a renowned beauty, that had not, at some period, possessed a scion of the antique stock of Simione. I came of a line of distinguished travellers; would I had not added to the number! Then, happy in my native woods, I had lived to a ripe old age, peopling the spreading branches with my progeny: now, an outcast, a— but let me not anticipate my story.

I have said the itch of travelling ran in the veins of the Simiones—the "Monkey that had seen the world" came of our stock. How could I hope to be exempt from the hereditary malady! It was my fate to be a wanderer—I do but realize my destiny.

One beautiful evening I was gambolling in all the airiness of youthful blood from branch to branch of a mango tree, when, by chance, (accursed chance,) I cast my looks downwards, and beheld, reposing in the shade, a sleeping traveller. He was attired in a white sailor-jacket, and white trousers; a Spanish net was upon his head; his feet were shoeless, and a fowling-piece lay by his side. Prompted by curiosity, ("the badge of all our tribe,") I descended from my station, and, in a trice, was at the side of the sleeping adventurer. With a mixture of surprise and envy, I examined every article of his dress. I even ventured to lift up his gun; whilst, however, in the act, I thought the sleeper stirred, and throwing down the weapon, its contents exploded, and really awakened its owner. The worst part remains to be told; a few slugs from the piece had entered my leg, and I was limping to my tree when I became the prisoner of my future master. From that moment I lost my freedom and became a wretch!

I travelled with my keeper for several months, and, at length, after many a perilous adventure, arrived with him at Rome. It appeared, that my master, incited by ambition and the love of wandering, had determined to quit his native city in quest of adventures, that he might afterwards give to the world the history of his rambles. The book was written, and many a day did its author sally forth, to gain, if possible, a Roman publisher. There was scarcely such an article in the Eternal City. At length, worn out by disappointment, preyed upon by poverty—alas! how I sighed for my oranges and citrons, hanging wherever I thrust my paw—the ambitious traveller dwindled into the mere pauper; his temper soured, his hopes blighted—he died of want and chagrin. One day his corse was exposed with a plate upon the breast, to receive the charitable donations of the benevolent; the next the student was tumbled into earth, and I straightway became the property of his landlord's son—a brown, black-eyed boy, about fourteen, who, with me and a barrel-organ, his stock in trade, was packed to England.—We arrived in London.

Men, who have hearts in your bosoms, let them dilate with sympathy for him who was once like you. Ladies, who have tears in your eyes, let them fall for a late wild young fellow, who, for the sins committed in his former days, has endured the most humiliating, the most agonizing, metempsychosis that ever Pythagoras imagined. Yes, I was once a man; what is worse, I was a musical amateur, nature had gifted me with the most susceptible of ears; they have been, and are, the cause of hourly torture.

Fancy the condition of even a monkey retaining, under his simial form, a highly cultivated taste for the concord of sweet sounds—possessing the most profound veneration for the pathos and simplicity of the elder masters—imagine his despair and agony, at being seated twelve hours *per diem* on a cracked barrel-organ, vibrating with such things as *Judy O'Callaghan; The King! God bless him; I'd be a Butterfly;* and *My own Blue Bell.* Is it not enough to make him dash his brains out against the instrument of his torture? Such an effect has the constancy of the punishment had upon me, that my mind has frequently sunk beneath the infliction. The most strange and afflicting vagaries have, at times, beset me; fancies worthy of the attention of the profoundest metaphysicians. If I could be "the viewless spirit of a lovely sound," 'twould be well enough, but unhappily, I am composed of bones, a little flesh, blood, skin, and muscle, all of which are hourly preyed upon by a flying army of quavers and semi-quavers. The gamut has sworn a deadly feud against me: as my prime persecutor turns the handle of my rack, I can feel each note enter my ears and course through every part of my body, my blood bubbling up, as though *ut, re, mi,* were sparks of fire penetrating into my system. Thus I remain for a time a

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sentient embodiment of throbbing sound; the agony is pushed to the extreme verge of feeling, and then I am apt to fly off into comparative insensibility, yet still retaining in my delirium some consciousness of the prevailing cause of my distraction. In these moments, if my nerves have been stretched on the wheel of *Judy O'Callaghan*, I incontinently fancy myself her sighing swain, the "charming Mister Brallaghan;" and then, in the paroxysm, commit all the extravagances of an enamoured swain. No gallant of Bedlam is then so mad as the *lazzarone's* monkey. I am the most gallant, the most smiling, simpering, fantastic of admirers; now enumerating all my worldly effects with the rapidity and precision of an auctioneer, ending with the bold, swaggering, insinuating appeal—

"Only say,
You'll love Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan!"

This fit may, probably, last for a week. Sunday being a low diet day, and a time of rest for the organ—for the *lazzaroni* do not practice at home—by the return of Monday, I may perhaps, attain to something like a state of horrible consciousness. Frightful reality! The Turk who puts a piece of opium into his mouth, squats down on the banks of the Bosphorus, and sees, in his heightened and delirious fancy, a fleet of ships steering for the port, to discharge their spicy cargoes, their silks, golden carpets, and rich drugs, within his air-built warehouses—his horror, when awakened from his dream to a handful of coarse rice, and, it may be, the bastinado, is nothing, compared to the terrible morbidity that attacks me, returned to a knowledge of my bondage and its hardships.

My anatomy must be of the most durable kind, or it never could survive the frequent assaults made upon it by the organ; it never could outlast the conflicting feelings of which I am hourly made the victim. For instance, some airs, as in the case of the aforesaid *Judy O'Callaghan*, are of a tolerably gay and sprightly movement; my spirits, by dint of continued persecution, take the cue, and go off at a full gallop. Now mark the violence of the contrast; whilst I am revelling in a kind of frenzied mirth, my executioner strikes up, and perhaps keeps at it for a whole afternoon, "*Oh, no! we never mention her!*" Is not the change beyond brute endurance? If, before, I was in a fever, I am now dipped deep in a cold stream; my blood retreats from my extremities, and my heart turns into a snow-ball. Every thing changes before my eyes, the houses turn black, the geraniums wither, even the hackney-coachmen look serious. And then, for the effects of broken vows and divided sixpences, every fourth woman I look at seems as though she were either going for oxalic acid, to Sir Richard Birnie, with her father and the beadle, or to the Serpentine, with a prefatory scream. Though of a vivacious race, I am prone to the "melting mood." Judge what havoc a heart-breaking tune, ground for six hours into a naturally delicate and sympathizing system, must effect! I declare, as I sit motionless upon the organ, with "the big tears coursing down my innocent nose," an indifferent spectator might take me for a statue, squatting over the source of a fountain ingeniously contrived to trickle out at my eyes! Whilst in this temperament, servant-maids may throw, from their pockets, warm halfpence, to reward my master, when I, washed in sorrow, my thoughts far away from dirty lucre, am thumped down, with a bursting heart, to grope for the coin in the mud. It is these violent conflicts—the gay, the sentimental, and the mercenary,—that are hourly grinding me to dust.

I am now sore from the chastisement of my task-master. All last week he took it into his head to play nothing but "*I'd be a Butterfly*. My morbid imagination was soon at work, "wings at my shoulders seemed to play;" my grisly green hide was changed into a rich damask golden spotted; "roses and lilies" were springing from the top of the organ, and I was, in idea, "sipping all things that are pretty and sweet!" However, even this delusion was not unmixed with pain. I was exposed to all the dangers that await the race of winged caterpillars. Now I was in a cold sweat, at having, somewhat rashly dived my probocis and antennæ into a gilliflower, and, instead of meeting with honey, confronted the unsheathed sting of a tenant bee; I screeched, and raised my paw to my nose. But my master kept on playing, and I was still a butterfly, flitting near Primrose Hill, when two charity boys, of St. Patrick's school, transplanted suckers of the seven millions—saw me, shouted, and gave chase! My master played on—I panted and flew the boys followed—still my master played, and, in a trice, I was fluttering under the worsted cap of one of my pursuers! Science had touched even the babies of St. Patrick; they wished to

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preserve me, and to that end (my master played *con strepito*) began to insert a pin into my body. I could endure it no longer. I screamed, and (so vivid was my imagination) flew, tooth and nail, in the face of the organist, who left a bruise with every blow he returned, speedily awakening me from my papillinaceous phantasies.

There is this curse attending my fate —either the airs themselves, kneaded into my system, are of a lack-a-daisical and withering description, or if of a "bolder, livelier strain," they throw me from my equilibrium, and I am made the plaything of my imagination. I encounter all kinds of blows and obloquy. Having heard "*A health to the King, God bless him*" turned out of the organ for three successive hours, how could I avoid fancying myself at the Freemasons' Tavern, seated near Messrs. Broadhurst, Fitzwilliam and Jolly? I was, in fact, at a public dinner, the —— of —— in the chair! The plate glittered, the glass shone, the table cloths were white as (a good old simile) "unsunned snow," the viands smoked, (a rare thing,) the waiters looked obliging (still rarer.) Every thing promised, as the reporters say, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." There was one drawback on the festivity; several of the parties, the chairman in particular, would speak; however, I continued to play with an olive and a few glasses of port, hearing as little as possible. All would have passed off beautifully. I became deliciously drunk, was heaved into a hackney-coach, moved towards my lodgings at the rate of at least a mile and a half an hour, and was put down—but, no! I forbear to give the address, even the vagaries of my imagination shall not cast the shadow of slander over so respectable a neighbourhood; let it suffice that I grasped the knocker of my proper door, the sleepy girl stood in the passage with the sleepy light, there in my chamber was my "plump bed, bearing up, and swelling like a cloud." I was scrambling onward, when a trifling circumstance, the coachman's fare, called me back to the door-step. Having dined at the Freemasons' Tavern, I considered myself authorised, on the slightest provocation, to knock any man down, but most of all men hackney-coachmen. The charioteer demanded sixpence above the Act of Parliament—down he went; the New Police came up, and I was hurried to the black-hole of a neighbouring watch-house, where I arrived just in time to see cut down a respectable hen-pecked tallow-chandler, who having been seized "talking to a woman," and having the fear of his wife, and the newspapers before his eyes, had determined to leave the world in his own neck-cloth. Into this dungeon I was thrust, for my landlord having been married but three days, drunk as I was, I had not the boldness to send for him to bail me. Here I fell asleep, but for how long I know not; Sir Richard Birnie, like Queen Mab, ran through my brain, and I was just putting it to the gentlemanly feeling of a reporter not to publish my case, when I was awakened by a cut across the head, and saw my master ready to start, with cane in hand, and organ slung about him. I was again a mere monkey.—*Englishman's Mag.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PROVERBS.

I SEND you a few explanations of some of our old English proverbs. M. A. S.

"*I talk of Chalk and you of Cheese.*"—All the impertinence in *conversation, commerce* or business, is reprehended by this saying, whereby the company do not make harmony in their *discourse*, nor keep to the point in *question*; it is only a version of the Latin, *Ego de caseo loquor, tu de cretâ respondes.*—*Erasmus.*

"*Brag is a good dog but Holdfast is a better.*"—This proverb is a taunt upon *Braggadocios* who talk big, boast, and rattle; it is also a *memento* for such as make plentiful promises to do well for the future, but are suspected to want constancy and resolution to make them good.

"*Cut your Coat according to your Cloth.*"—This proverb contains good advice to people of several ranks and degrees, to balance *accounts* between their *expenses* and their *income*, (or as a wag once expressed it, "between their *income* and their *out-go*,") and not to let their vanity lead them as we say, *to outrun the constable*; and so say the Latins, *Sumptus censum ne superet*: and the French, *Fol est qui plus depend, que sa rente ne vaut.*

"*A Lark is better than a Kite.*"—This proverb intimates, that things are not to be valued by their bulk, but according to their intrinsic worth and value; that a *little* which is *good* is better than a great deal of that which is good for nothing: and so say the Latins, *Inest sua gratia parvis.*

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REFORM.

A PEDAGOGUE complained to the parent of one of his pupils, that his boys destroyed the forms at the last breaking up for the holidays. "Then sir, the sooner your school is reformed the better," replied the parent. H. B. A.

DANCE TUNE.

THE oldest dance tune now extant is considered to be that called "Sellinger's Round." This may be traced back to the reign of Henry VIII. when it was set as a virginal lesson for Lady Nevil.

SCRAPS.

DURING the time that all persons returned thanks in the churches of Paris, for the re-establishment of the health of the King of France, Monsieur de Bensard, in an address, recited at the academy, said, "The merchant quits his business to throw himself at the foot of the altar; the artisan quits his work; the physician quits his patient, *and the patient is so much the better for it.*"

IN one of the streets of Paris, a society of artists, some years since, undertook for the moderate charge of two louis, to deliver a half-length portrait in crayons, of the ordinary size, neatly framed and glazed, fifty accurately engraved impressions of the same reduced to the miniature size, and the copper-plate. The sitting lasted only a few minutes, and the whole of the process was completed within the short space of two hours.

A FRENCH officer was speaking at a table *d'hôte* of his first impressions on seeing English soldiers, and attempted to ridicule them by saying, they had faces as round as Cheshire cheeses. An English officer replied, "Monsieur, you are very polite, and allow me to say, that if your soldiers had showed us a little more of their faces, and less of their backs, I should be very glad to return your compliment."

"As I was crossing over Blackfriars' Bridge," said a gentleman, "I saw a true British tar pursued by a mad bull: Jack, who had no means of escape but by getting over the balustrades, mounted them, about the middle of the bridge, jumped into the river and swam towards shore; the bull, which seemed to have taken a great dislike to the hero, ran down the stairs and leaped into a barge that was just let adrift, in the hope, I presume of intercepting him before he reached land." W. G. C.

EPITAPHS.

In Alresford Churchyard, Hants.—On an Exciseman.

No supervisor's check he fears—
Now no commissioner obeys;
He's free from cares, entreaties, tears,
And all the heavenly orb surveys.

In Christ Church Churchyard, Hants, supposed to allude to ten persons drowned, whose bodies were driven on shore, and buried in a field; but the owner considering it an invasion on his property, dug them up, when they were removed to the churchyard.

We were not slain; but rais'd:
Rais'd not to life,
But to be buried twice,
By men of strife.
What rest could living have,
When dead had none?
Agree amongst you,
Here we ten are one.

Henry Rogers died April 17, 1764.

On John Treffry, Esq.

Here in this Chancell do I lye,
Known by the name of John Treffry,
Being made and born for to die:
So must thou friend, as well as I.
Therefore good works be sure to try,
But chiefly Love and Charity;
And still on them with Faith rely,
So be happy eternally.

Soli Deo gloria.

This was put up during his life, who was a whimsical man. He had his grave dug, and lay down and swore in it, to show the sexton a novelty—*i. e.* a man swearing in his grave.

In Rochester Churchyard.

Though young she was,
Her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect from Death's
Impartial hand.
Life is a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,
And death a broom,
That sweeps us all away.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Vol. XVII. of the MIRROR,

With a Steel-plate Portrait of this illustrious Individual, Memoir, &c., 50 Engravings, and 450 closely-printed Pages, is published, price 5s. 6d boards. Also, Part 110, price 10d.

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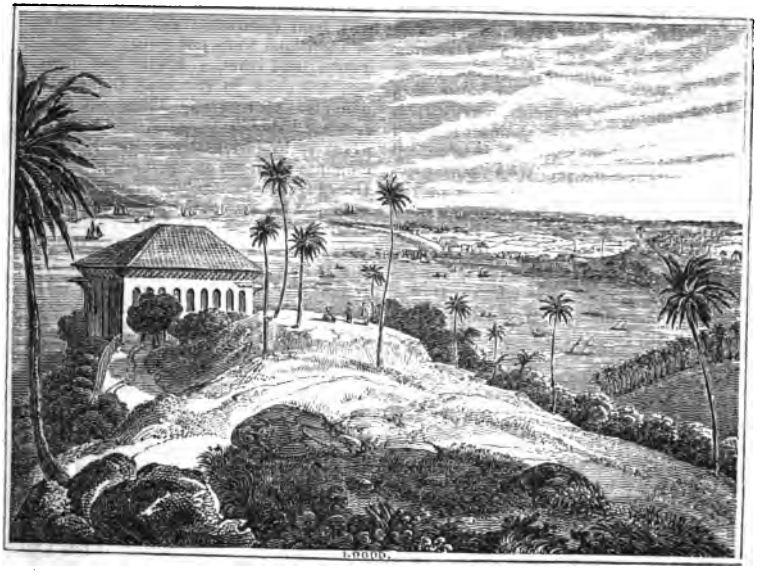
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 498.] SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1831. [Price 2d.

BOMBAY.



Residence of "Sterne's Eliza:" from Mr. Burford's Panorama.

The annexed is little more than a vignette of a panoramic view of one of the most superb spots that ever "sun view'd in his wide career." To represent such a place within an amphitheatre of canvass required much of the confidence of human art; and to bring all the dazzling brilliancy within a small circle must have been a task of no ordinary difficulty. Ingenuity and experience have, however, triumphed; and, from a series of sketches made by the celebrated Mr. Fraser,—a picture, nay a living picture, of extreme beauty and accuracy has been produced by Mr. Burford, with surprising celerity. This was opened for public exhibition a few weeks since.* Its whole representation is not within compass of the *Mirror*; but, our eye roving amidst its luxuriant beauties, soon fell upon *Belvedere*, in sentimental story—remembered as the residence of Mrs. E. Draper, the "the Eliza" and fair correspondent of Sterne; and beyond this romantic abode, the splendid *harbour*, studded with innumerable sails What a scene of melancholy repose and glittering life: how it delights one to linger amidst such lights and shadows.

But the Island of Bombay merits some general notice, and then we propose to set off the above gem of its beauty. The natives, in the best enthusiasm of love of country, call it "Maha, Maha, Devy, Devy," or "the Island of the Great God." Bishop Heber supposes it to have been originally, and at no very distant period, "a cluster of small detached rocks which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by the sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mould occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving cocoa." What a beautiful simplification is this of one of the most important processes in the grand laboratory of Nature.

"Bombay," observes Mr. Burford's *Key*, "is the third independent English presidency, and the seat of government

* One of the most gratifying acknowledgements of its accuracy was that of the Rajah Rammohun Roy, who was present at the private view. This interesting person declared himself delighted with the fidelity of the whole scene.

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for the western parts of India: it is considered the principal mart of Arabian and Persian commerce, as well from its advantageous situation, as from its large, commodious, and well-sheltered harbour, which offers, at all seasons, secure anchorage to any number of vessels of the largest size. The circumference of the island is about twenty miles, the greatest breadth three. The present view, taken from Mazagong Hill, a short distance from the Black Town, embraces a considerable portion of its extent, and is picturesque, varied, and beautiful in an extraordinary degree: the immediate fore-ground is occupied by singularly-constructed and curiously-ornamented villas on the sides of the hill, and the pleasant village of the same name at its base; towards the south-east stretches the Black Town, in a vast grove of cocoa palms, the esplanade covered with innumerable white tents and wooden bungalows, and the town, or, as it is generally termed, the Fort of Bombay, forming the extreme point; towards the north, a constant succession of villas and cottages enliven the beach, many of them strongly resembling those of Switzerland and England, surrounded by pleasure-grounds and gardens, filled with the splendid trees and shrubs indigenous to the soil; the east is occupied by the bay, whose smooth expanse of transparent blue is here and there broken by beautifully-wooded islands, to which the lofty and whimsically-shaped ghâts and mountains of the continent form a striking back-ground; the remaining point takes in a portion of the interior, the surface of which, being unequal and rocky, affords a variety of fine scenery, the low or marshy grounds being covered with batta or rice, and the high composed of rock and sand, presenting extensive woods, containing every variety of the palm tribe, particularly the cocoa and brab, lending their pleasant shade to innumerable native huts, their dark-green foliage forming a pleasing contrast to the brilliant blossoms of the magnificent hibiscus, the golden mohur, the beautiful oleander, the glorious superba, tulips, mangos, jumboos, &c., by which they are surrounded, and forming together such a scene as the East alone can produce.

"Until the year 1530, it formed part of the Mogul province of Arungabed, and was dependent on a native chief residing at Tannah, in Salsette, when it was ceded to, and settled by, the Portuguese. In 1661 it was presented, to Charles II., on his espousals with the Infanta Catherine, as part of her portion, and James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, sent to take possession, the Viceroy evading the cession through an imperfection in the treaty. The earl returned to England leaving 500 men on the island, who, four years after, when possession was formally given, were wasted by disease to 119: at this time the inhabitants were about 10,000. It was soon discovered that the revenues of the island were not equal to its expenses, and that a contraband trade, very injurious to the East India Company, was carried on. These and other reasons induced Charles, in 1668, to grant it to the Company, in free and common soccage, as the manor of East Greenwich, at a rent of ten pounds in gold per annum, payable at the Custom House, London, on the 30th of September. After the capture of Bantum by the Dutch, Bombay was constituted an independent English settlement, and soon became the centre of the trade, as well as the seat of the British power in the East.

Since this period the settlement has frequently been in a very precarious state at times, from the unhealthiness of the island, two monsoons being proverbially said to be the age of man; and at others, from the jealousies of the native powers, being liable to the incursions of the Arabs, Mahrattas, and Portuguese, and having been several times nearly depopulated by the plague; yet, in spite of these difficulties, it has kept pace with the power of the Company, increasing in wealth and consequence, until it may now be accounted one of the most important and durable of the British possessions in India."

Of the whole Panorama, as a work of art, we think highly. Its faithful execution coupled with the importance of the place it represents, will, doubtless, render it one of the most popular of Mr. Burford's paintings. The colouring is rich, but natural. The grotesque forms of the dwellings intermingled with the luxuriant foliage, have a peculiarly pleasing effect. The plantain, the mango, and the cocoa palms are among its natural glories. Of the palm, Gibbon states that the Asiatics celebrated in verse and prose, three hundred and sixty uses to which the tree, branches, and fruit were applied. Again, other of its wonders are of great interest: what reader but recollects the Caves of Elephanta, and the mythological antiquities, ruins of temples, tanks, &c. denoting the olden glory of the Island of Salsette.

It is, however, time to turn to the Engraving. The house in the fore-

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ground is a handsome old-fashioned building, overlooking the harbour, and was formerly part of a Portuguese convent. Here lived ELIZA. She was a native of Arenjo, and was the wife of Mr. Daniel Draper, a counsellor of Bombay, and, in 1775, chief of the factory at Surat. During a short stay in England, for the benefit of her health, she became acquainted with Sterne, and their correspondence took place previous to her departure for India, in 1767. On her return to Bombay, she was weak enough to listen to the seductive arts of an officer in the navy, to whom, although closely watched, she contrived to escape by means of a rope ladder, from one of the upper apartments of this house; she, however, soon repented the sacrifice, and died somewhere on the coast, the victim of his baseness.* What wretchedness is told in these few lines. If the reader feel not thus, let him refer to the Letter of "the excellent Abbé Raynal," which we reprinted in our last volume.† The Abbé, we know, was a man of brilliant imagination, but allowing for his enthusiasm, the loveliness with which he invests Eliza can scarcely be transcended. Sterne did not live to hear of her lamentable exit; Raynal on this account says, "*Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more*, and I am left behind. I wept *over thee with Eliza*, thou wouldst weep over her with me; and had it been the will of heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together on my grave." Again, his solemn and concluding vow: "Eliza from the highest heaven, thy first and last country, receive my oath: *I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised.*" Sterne, for his friendship with this accomplished woman, became the object of ridicule and slander; and in this vile spirit, one of his traducers published, anonymously, "Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick to Eliza." We need not add that the whole was an unblushing forgery. The best, and at the same time the most merited eulogium we have ever read on Sterne, is by a comic writer, who held him to be "a moralist in the noblest sense: he plays, indeed, with the fancy, and sometimes, perhaps, too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence."‡

* From Mr. Barford's Key.
† See Mirror, vol. xvii. p. 265.
‡ Preface to Sterne's Works, 4 vols. 1815.

The Harbour of Bombay, seen in the distance of the Engraving, is considered to be one of the finest in the world: it is accessible at all seasons, and from its land-locked situation and excellent anchorage, affords protection to any number of vessels, during the most tempestuous seasons. At the mouth of the harbour is caught the bombaloe, a species of sand-eel, found in no other part of the world, and the pomfret, resembling a small whiting. Such is the delicacy of these fish, that the epicure Quin once contemplated a voyage to India, for the sole purpose of eating them in perfection. What a *prime* minister or clerk of the kitchen would Quin have been to Sardanapulus.

Bombay is said to be more populous, and to contain a greater variety of inhabitants, than is to be found in so small a space in any other part of the world: Europeans, Parsees, Hindoos, Mahometans, half-castes, Jews, Turks, Arabs, Chinese, &c., present an endless variety of feature, and a pleasing and picturesque diversity of costume, from the wealthy Persian or Mahometan, labouring under the weight of the richest silks, to the humble and graceful white cotton or muslin garb of the more than half-naked Hindoo. With the exception of the cocoa and plantain trees, there is scarcely any article of food cultivated in Bombay. The whole produce of the island in a year, it is calculated, would not furnish the consumption of six weeks; but, from its situation, only a few miles from the Mahratta shore and the fertile island of Salsette, the markets are daily supplied with the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life.

TO MYRA.

(For the Mirror.)

NAY, tempt not with those glowing eyes!
Which shed such rays of soft delight,
Lest, as the moth unpitied dies,
I meet my fate, in rapture's light.

And yet, why chide those orbs divine?
Whence unveil'd cherubs sparkling rove,
To gild those rays in which they shine,
And ripen rapture into love.

T. J.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BIBLE.

(For the Mirror.)

READER—has sorrow dimmed thine erst bright eye?
Has care ploughed on thy brow his furrows deep?
Say—dost thou mourn the bliss of days gone by?
Do those thine heart hath loved in silence sleep?

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Doth busy memory dash with bitter tears
Thy draining cup of life—doth conscience frown?
Is thy heart torn with dark foreboding fears?
Or art thou borne by stern affliction down?

Then mortal know! that here a balm is found,
A solace kind, for every human woe,
A spring whose waters life diffuse around,
Read—and the burning tear shall cease to flow.

Dorsetshire. COLBOURNE.

LARGE LILAC TREE.

(For the Mirror.)

In a small space behind a house in Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, Finsbury, is a fine old lilac tree, which can be proved to be upwards of 100 years old. It grows in a box of earth of small dimensions, but it is supposed that its roots reach some spring, or other source of nutriment. It is 16 inches in girth in the largest part, and 18 feet in height. Even now it flowers every year, though not so abundantly as formerly.

In the last century, the house was occupied by a well-known and much-respected merchant, of the name of De Birdt. The person who succeeded him would *now*, if living, be 100 years of age; and he used to say, that when he came apprentice to Mr. De Birdt, "it was a goodly tree." So that it appears to have been planted before Mr. De B. occupied the premises.

The same family still reside in the house, and every care is taken to prolong the existence of this venerable plant. S. K.

FLOWERS AND ROSES.

(To the Editor.)

In some of your former numbers you have mentioned the subject of Flowers; and, by your permission, I will add to your *leaves* a few remarks—not in a *flowery* style—upon the queen of flowers, the lovely and beloved Rose.

The Turkish lover has a decided advantage over us colder sons of the north; he can compose a sonnet in his garden by arranging flowers according to the language of love, prevalent in those climes. The nosegay becomes a "*billet-doux*;" while we unsophisticated mortals are obliged to run away with a lady's heart by having recourse to our syllabic *feet*.

"Lives there a man who never felt"—what?—the charm of flowers? I cannot commend the taste of some men in the choice of their favourite flowers—as for instance, the worthy J. F. Pennie, the Dorset poet, actually admires a daffadowndilly; nor can I imagine the tulip mania of the unimpassioned Dutchman; and must also deprecate the fashion of a fair acquaintance, who carries a complete *flower-bed* on the top of her bonnet, with a gawky "nid-nid-nodding" long-backed tulip towering upward, and bobbing backward and forward, like an impassioned musician executing some ecstatic passage, or like a raw Scotchman, entering into life with more hopes than money, and more bows than either.

Flowers are ever welcome to us: it is not *fashion*, it is nature—fashion has nothing to do with it. Flowers have at all times, periods, and ages, attracted the affections of man: it is a delicious, genuine spark of a universal poetical sentiment. Old Evelyn says, in his *Sylva*—"Flowers and redolent plants are just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory!"

Flowers are in request, whether at a feast or a funeral—whether to scatter round the wine table, or to strew upon the grave. The titled dame wears them in wreaths to adorn her person; and the merry dustman sticks a posey in his white, coarse jacket, when he is full-dressed, to enjoy a Monday game at skittles. Almacks and the skittle-ground boast alike the presence of flowers. The rustic bridegroom wears a nosegay on his going to church; and the malefactor was favoured with a similar ornament, on his way to the fatal tree at Tyburn! The Druids exhibited flowers at their festivals; in the Grecian ceremonies, flowers were scattered in profusion; and the Romans founded floral games 173 years before Christ,—which games, by the by, were re-established at the May Festivals, in 1323, by the Troubadours.

But of all flowers, what can be more lovely, more enchanting, than the rose—the blushing rose—with the morning dew glistening on its coral leaf! Its form is all elegance and grace, modesty is in its bend, and its perfume is the breath of love.

Reader, if you wish to behold a rose in its lovely innocence, visit a rose-tree in full bearing on a summer morning, when the sun has just risen;—if you would feel its magic power, receive it as the first acknowledgement of affection from one you love, and every leaf is an ambuscade of Cupid;—if you would estimate the value of life, and the tinsel of its glitter, keep the rose, and watch its fadings. Evelyn observes—"This sweet flower, borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with

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the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making a show for a time, is not without thorns and crosses."

The rose was a favourite in all ages and periods. The roses of Sharon are recorded in Scripture. The Romans scattered them on the graves. Propertius says—

"—— et tenerâ ponceret ossa rosâ;"

and Byron, in a letter from Bologna, dated June 7, 1819, makes the following postscript:—"Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs; I saw a quantity of rose leaves and entire roses scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine."

This custom still obtains in the village of Bletchingley, in Surrey, where they scatter roses in the coffin as well as on it, and upon the grave.* In some places rose-trees are planted on the sod which covers mouldering mortality; and at Père la Chaise, it is the custom for the mourning relative or friend to scatter flowers, or to plant a shrub, upon the grave, in all the sincerity of affection.

The ancients, who understood allegory and beautiful poetical sentiments, felt the value of the rose; and what allusion can be more elegant and chaste, in reference to the ephemeral pleasures of beauty and the transitory splendours of life, than the placing a butterfly upon a rose? Such is the subject of a Grecian gem preserved at Vienna.

Anacreon, the hearty old gentleman who was worthy of being a London alderman, dedicated an ode to the rose. Virgil preferred the lily.

"——Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores."
EN. vi. 883.

The oriental fabulist has poetically coupled the nightingale with the rose—the bird of song to the queen of flowers; and the soul-melting note of the *bulbul*, as it floats upon the stillness of the midnight air, is supposed to be the fervent prayer of Love, addressed to the coy and bashful object of its affection—some lovely rose—upon which he looks with delight and in silence during the day, and courts in the stillness and darkness of the night.

The rose was in great estimation at convivial feasts. The Persian poet Hafez calls for roses to be scattered round him when he is at his wine feasts. The Romans purchased them at enormous prices, to float on their Falernian; and the luxurious Gallienus was accustomed to sleep on a bed of rose-leaves.

Some say that the rose was sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence;—it was sacred to Venus, being the medium of a lover's thoughts, and might have denoted silence respecting her mysteries. It was subsequently used at convivial meetings, implying secresy among the guests:

Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta lateront
Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis
Convivia ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciat.

Placing a rose in the ear was usual with lovers—implying, "Hear all and say nothing."* At Kirtling, in Cambridgeshire, is a juvenile portrait of Elizabeth, with a red rose sticking in her ear; and without wishing to disparage the character of good Queen Bess, I cannot but attribute much of her fair fame to the discretion of her favourites. This little hieroglyphical coquetry is lost, but I admire its quaint conceit.

There is a relic of Druidical superstition yet extant with regard to the rose: it is to be gathered on the awful Midsummer Eve—that once grand festival in this country, when our wandering ancestors were breechless vagabonds, and when the learned and cunning Druids, the aristocrats of those times, hoaxed the people into the most praiseworthy submission. The ceremony I allude to is mentioned in the *Connoisseur*, No. 50: "Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backward, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer-eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out."

Young maidens of the present day take a more summary mode in matters of that kind; and the withered old maid may gather Midsummer roses till she has faded away like the flower.

The term *under the rose* implies secresy, and is of very remote origin, namely, from the Roman period. The early Catholic priests, who availed themselves of Pagan superstitions and customs that did not interfere with their plans, adopted the conceit; and as the confessions of repentant sinners were never revealed, they adorned the confessional boxes with wreaths of roses, generally over the entrance; and hence the term (referring to a Catholic confessional) that what was whispered *under the rose* should never be divulged.

* At Ockley, near Dorking: and Barnes, also in Surrey, roses may be seen blooming on graves.—See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 175.—ED. M.

* Burton's Anat. Melanch. 5. 39.

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It is by no means an unusual thing for me to be in Covent-garden market early in the mornings; and it would astonish many a Cockney to see the quantities of roses which are daily brought. In a few short hours I see the flowers which were handled by greasy, coarse Irishwomen transferred to the waist of some courtly dame, or daintily carried between the taper fingers of some exquisite. But even in the bustle of the market, when handled by dirty hands, amid the short Irish and their short pipes—even if puffed upon with the coarsest tobacco smoke—even amid all this profanation, the rose diffuses a grace on all around: like an elegant and accomplished female, who will always be the object of attraction and respect, in whatever circumstances or situations she may be placed.

Farewell for the present; and if I should hereafter learn that any satisfaction *arose* in consequence of my letter on *the rose*, it may cause the ideas to *bud* again of your faithful correspondent,

JAMES SYLVESTER.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES

From Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Henry Erskine. — "It was on a visit to the parliament-house that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine,) after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*." — *Walter Scott.*

Charles II. and his Ladies.—"Lord Hailes was hypercritical. Vane was handsome, or, what is more to our purpose, appeared so to her royal lover; and Sedley, whatever others may have thought of her, had 'the charms which pleased a king.' So that Johnson's illustrations are morally just. His lordship's proposed substitution of a fabulous (or at least apocryphal) beauty like *Jane Shore*, whose story, even if true, was obsolete; or that of a foreigner like *Mlle. de La Vallière*, little known and less cared for amongst us, is not only tasteless but inaccurate; for Mlle. de la Vallière's beauty was quite as much questioned by her contemporaries as Miss Sedley's. Bussy Rabutin was exiled for sneering at Louis's admiration of her *mouth*, which he calls

—— un bec amoureux,
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va.

And Madame du Plessis-Belièvre writes to Fouquet, 'Mlle. de La Vallière a fait la capable envers moi. Je l'ay encensée par sa beauté, *qui n'est pourtant pas grand.*' And, finally, after Lord Hailes had clipped down the name of *De La Vallière* into *Vallière*, his ear might have told him that it did not yet even fit the metre."—*Croker.*

Cold Sheep's Head —"Begging pardon of the doctor and his conductor, I have often seen and partaken of cold sheep's head at as good breakfast tables as ever they sat at. This protest is something in the manner of the late Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter. I have passed over all the doctor's other reproaches upon Scotland, but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, *dinner* be the thing of which a man thinks *oftenest during the day, breakfast* must be that of which he thinks *first in the morning*."—*Walter Scott.*

Sir Allan Maclean.—"Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland, *writers*, (which, indeed was the chief motive of his retiring to Inchkenneth.) Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. 'M——, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie ——, also a writer to the signet. 'Umph! said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. 'And yon smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for ——.' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood.'"—*Walter Scott.*

Dr. Robertson and Johnson.—"Boswell himself was callous to the *contacts* of Dr. Johnson; and when telling them, always reminded one of a jockey receiving a kick from the horse which he is showing off to a customer, and is grinning with pain while he is trying to cry out, 'pretty rogue—no vice—all

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fun.' To him Johnson's rudeness was only '*prettyFanny's way.*' Dr. Robertson had a sense of good breeding which inclined him rather to forego the benefit of Johnson's conversation than awaken his rudeness."—*Walter Scott.*

Lord Elibank and Johnson.—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see *such horses* and *such* men?"—*Walter Scott.*

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was contemporary and a companion of Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's *Life of Johnson?* 'Sir,' replied Hastings, 'it is the *dirtiest* book in my library;' then proceeding, he added, 'I knew Boswell intimately; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it, that he could neither think nor talk of any thing else; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament-street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with—'Have you read my book?' 'Yes, G—d d—n you!' replied Lord Thurlow, 'every word of it; I could not help myself.'"

Literary Gazette.

Notes of a Reader.

VULGARISMS.

A LITTLE book of "the Improprieties frequent in writing and conversation, with Corrections for attaining to purity and elegance of expression," has lately appeared, under the comprehensive title of "the *Grammatical Omnibus.*" It is executed with considerable shrewdness, though many of the editor's points may be controverted. His plan is to give the Pronunciation of certain words most liable to mis-pronunciation, and then to quote certain "vulgarisms and faulty expressions corrected according to the best Grammarians and Speakers!" and thus he runs through the alphabet. His vulgarisms, for instance, remind us of the formidable column of cockneyisms, that created no small wincing by its appearance in the *Mirror*, two or three volumes since.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

THE Proprietors of the *Family Cabinet Atlas* have commenced a *Biblical Series of Maps*, in the elaborate style of the first-mentioned work. The First Part contains the Tribes of Asher and Naphthali—and Zebulon—the environs of Jerusalem—and the Kingdom of David and Solomon. We scarcely need add, that we wish the projectors all the success their ingenuity deserves; with that they will be rich indeed.

COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

A LOCAL miscellany, entitled the *Gorleston and Southtown Magazine*, has reached its twentieth number, and, judging from the specimen before us, must have afforded the readers in that district no inconsiderable portion of instructive amusement. It is published weekly, and contains fifty pages for sixpence. This number, too, has a plate of Gorleston Church, else we would specially recommend Parochial Antiquities to the attention of the editor.

TRIP TO PARIS.

OUR esteemed Correspondent T. S. A. of Tipton, has thrown the incidents of his recent journey to Paris into agreeable rhymes, and printed them in about 100 small octavo pages. They denote him to be an amiable as well as ingenious observer, and must ensure him the kindliest feelings of respect from all his readers.

PAGANINI.

THE *Harmonicon* opinion of the great violinist is worthy of note:—

"The first wonder that struck us in the performance of Paganini was his simultaneous production of bowed and pizzicato notes. While the air employs his bow on the first string, he adds an accompaniment, in harmony of two and sometimes three notes, on the others, with such fingers *and thumb* as are not engaged in the legato passage.

"His harmonics are the next source of surprise. Besides the ordinary mode of producing them, he obtains a new series in an instant, by one single, sudden, dexterous turn of a peg, thus giving a different tension to his string. But this is not all: by making an artificial *nut* on any part of a string, which he does with apparent ease, he obtains a new generator, thus being enabled to command harmonics in every scale, and almost unlimited in number; and these he plays in double notes—in thirds certainly, as also in sixths and octaves, if we are not mistaken. Double shakes he likewise executes in the

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harmonics. His performance on the fourth string, though by no means so astonishing, in our opinion, as what we have mentioned, is, nevertheless, a remarkable effort.

"The staccato of Paganini is more distinct, more crisp, than any we have ever heard. It has in *The Times* been thus described:—'He strikes the bow once on the string, and it seems to run by a tremulous motion over as many notes as he chooses to include in the staccato passage.' The bow acts, we will add, with the elasticity of a spring fixed at one end, and made to vibrate.

"All these are peculiar to himself; but in playing double notes of every kind, rapid arpeggios, chords, and whatever in the shape of difficult execution other performers have triumphed over, he is equally ready and perfect. His intonation, too, whether in double stops, high shifts, or harmonics, is unfailingly true. From all that we have said, therefore, it will be obvious that we think Paganini the most astonishing violinist that ever appeared. But whether we consider him the best is another matter, and a question to be entered into in our next, by which time the present *rage* will be a little abated, and the voice of calm inquiry may perhaps be listened to with patience and candour.

"Paganini's compositions—forming our judgment on those he has brought forward here—show him to be a good musician and a man of genius. They exhibit great boldness in search of effect, and many original traits; but these are more observable in the novel use he makes of his own and other instruments, than in his melodies, which, though pleasing, are not remarkable for their newness, or in his harmonies, which bear little appearance of study, and indicate no great exertion of the inventive faculty."

Apropos of Jokes and Paganini. It was laughingly said the other day, that this popular performer furnishes his violin with strings formed of the late Pope's intestines. "Ay," added another, "made from the colon chiefly, which will account for the infallibility of his stopping."

WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

This princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage. Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him. When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable; she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition. "If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?" The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrances of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting: they refused to advance: in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no sign of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.—*History of Poland, Cabinet Cyclopedia, Vol. XX.*

ORIGIN OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

In its origin this order was distinguished for humility. In the siege of Acre eight Germans, seeing the number of wounded who daily perished for lack of assistance, formed themselves into a voluntary association for the purpose of mitigating, by their personal attendance, the agonies of which they were the spectators. For the victims left to expire under a burning sun, or amidst the deadly dews of night, they constructed tents made of the sails of ships: their next acts of mercy were to wash the wounds and to relieve the wants of the sufferers. Their zeal, so honourable

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to humanity, and their valour which it exalted, drew on them the admiration of their generals. On the reduction of *Acre*, an hospital and a church were built for them in that town, and subsequently at Jerusalem. Their numbers were soon increased; their time was divided between the field and the bed of sickness; and their services were of such acknowledged utility, that the King of Jerusalem formed them into an order, to be called Knights of our Lady of Mount Sion. It was approved in 1191, by the Emperor, Henry VI.; and Pope, Celestine III. By the statutes the knights were to be of noble descent, bound by their vows to celibacy, to the defence of the Christian Church and the Holy Land; and to the exercise of hospitality towards pilgrims of their own nation; their habit was a black cross on a white mantle; their rule that of St. Augustine. Their original number, besides their first grand master, Henry of Waelfort, was twenty-four laymen and seven priests; the latter had permission to celebrate mass clothed in complete armour, with swords at their sides. They were soon raised to forty, exclusive of numerous attendants. For some time their discipline was sufficiently rigorous; they suffered their beards to grow, and slept on the ground. Under their fourth grand master, Herman of Salsa, when their revenues had prodigiously increased, they relaxed from their austerities.—*Ibid.*

AN UXORIOUS KING.

No two men could be more unlike than Sobieski in the field, and Sobieski at his palace of government: in the former he was the greatest, in the latter the meanest, of men. He was justly despised for his tame submission to his worthless queen. To her he abandoned all but the load of administration; her creatures filled most offices in the state; all, too, were become venal, all conferred on the highest bidder. The bishop Zaluski, on this subject, relates an anecdote, sufficiently characteristic of the court where such a shameless transaction could take place. The rich See of Cracow being vacant, the queen one day said to the Bishop of Culm, "I wager with your sincerity that you alone will have the Bishopric of Cracow." Of course the prelate accepted the challenge, and, on being invested with the See, paid the amount. Zaluski himself opened a way to the royal favour by means equally reprehensible. He presented the queen with a medicine chest, together with a book of directions for employing them, valued at a few hundred ducats; she received it with contempt. The offer of a silver altar, estimated at ten thousand crowns, of a valuable ring, and two diamond crosses, gratified her avarice, and made the fortune of the giver. Her temper was about equal to her disinterestedness. On one occasion the king had promised the great seal to Zaluski; the queen to Denhoff: of course the latter triumphed. "You are not ignorant," said the king to the disappointed claimant, his intimate friend, "of the rights claimed by wives; with what importunity the queen demands every thing that she likes; you only have the power to make me live tranquilly or wretchedly with my wife. She has given her word to another, and if I refuse her the disposal of the chancellorship, she will not remain with me. I know you wish me too well to expose me to public laughter, and I am convinced that you will let me do what she wishes, but what I do with extreme regret." Can this be the victor of Slobodyan, Podhait, Kotzim, and Vienna?—*Ibid.*

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part viii.—*Amphibia, Fishes, and Worms.*—Part ix.—*Insects.*

These Parts complete the Zoological Series of the present work, illustrating the habits and economy of the most interesting animals. We quote a few specimens from each Part, which range under the head "General Economy."

Fishes.

Why does swimming resemble flying?

Because the organs which are employed for both purposes, resemble the oars of a boat in their mode of action; and, in general, possess a considerable extent of surface and freedom of motion. The former condition enables them to strike the surrounding fluid with an oar of sufficient breadth, to give progressive motion to the body; and the latter permits the same organ to be brought back to its former position for giving a second stroke, but in a different direction, and without offering so great a resistance. The centre of gravity is so placed, that the body, when in action, shall rest on the oars or swimmers, or be brought by certain means to be of the same specific gravity with the water.

Why do fishes die almost immediately in the air?

Because asphyxia (or suspension of pulsation) is occasioned by the sinking

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of the branchiæ, or gills, no longer supported by the interposition of water between their laminæ (or layers;) and this idea has been confirmed in prolonging the life of fishes, by artificially keeping the laminæ in the state of separation which the water produces. On the other hand, by compressing the branchiæ under water, similarly to their condition in the air, death occurred as quickly as in the latter fluid.

Why do fishes, when dead, float on the surface of the water, with the belly uppermost?

Because the body being no longer balanced by the fins of the belly, the broad muscular back preponderates by its own gravity, and turns the belly uppermost, as lighter, from its being a cavity, and because it contains the swimming bladders which continue to render it buoyant.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

Why have not fishes any voice?

Because they have not lungs. Although fishes possess no voice by which they can communicate their sensations to others, some species utter sounds when raised above the water, by expelling the air through the gill-opening when the flap is nearly closed; while others, even under water, as the salmon, utter certain sounds while depositing their spawn; but for what purpose these sounds are uttered, or by what organs they are produced, we are still ignorant.—*Fleming.*

Why are fishes said to have "true" fins and gills?

Because these organs may be distinguished from others to a certain degree analogous in young frogs, &c. The gills are filled with innumerable very delicate vessels, and are mostly divided on each side into four layers, which somewhat resemble the beard of a quill, and which are attached at their basis to a corresponding number of little bones.—*Blumenbach.*

Why are these fins essential to swimming?

Because they consist of jointed rays, covered by the common integuments: these rays serve to support the fishes, and approach or separate like the sticks of a fan, and move upon some more solid body as a fulcrum. Thus, in sharks, the rays of the fins behind the gill are connected by a cartilage to the spine. The motions of fish are indeed performed by means of their fins. The caudal, or tail fin, is the principal organ of progressive motion; by means of its various flexures and extensions, it strikes the water in different directions, but all having a tendency to push the fish forward; the action resembling, in its manner and effects, the well known operation of the sailor termed skulling. The ventral and pectoral fins assist the fish in correcting the errors of its progressive motions, and in maintaining the body steady in its position. Borelli cut off, with a pair of scissors, both the pectoral and ventral fins of fishes, and found, in consequence, that all the motions were unsteady, and that they reeled from right to left, and up and down, in a very irregular manner.

Why have fishes such extraordinary number and bulk of muscles?

Because they may support that great expenditure and exertion, which is a necessary consequence of the peculiar abode, and whole economy of these animals.—*Blumenbach.*

Why have fishes gills?

Because they are calculated to separate air from water, with which it is always united, and bring it into contact with the blood. It is to be observed, however, that many animals which reside in the water, breathe by means of lungs, and are obliged, at intervals, to come to the surface to respire, such as whales; but there are no animals which reside on the land, and are furnished with gills, which are obliged to return to the water to respire.—*Fleming.*

Insects.

Why are insects so called?

Because they have a separation in the middle of their bodies, whereby they are cut (*insectus*, cut or notched, *Lat.*) into two parts, joined by a small ligature, as in the common house-fly.

Why is the life of insects the briefest of all existence?

Because the males rarely survive the inclemency of the first winter, and the females die after having deposited their eggs.

Why may the ephemeral nature of many tribes of insects be considered rather apparent than real?

Because the wonderful metamorphoses to which they are subjected, conceal their identity from the eye of the uninitiated, and greatly interfere with a continuous tracing of the same individual, from the egg to the perfect form. For example—many aquatic flies, such as the Ephemeræ and others, whose declared and more obvious existence, does not exceed a few hours, have, previous to their assuming the winged state, spent months or even years in the banks of rivers, and beneath the surface of the stream.

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Why is the first Linnæan order of insects called Coleoptera?

Because they have wings in sheaths: (*koleos*, a sheath—*pteron*, a wing:) as the common black-beetle:—4,087 species.

Why is the second order called Hemiptera?

Because they have half of one wing overlaid by the other: (*hemisu*, half—*pteron*, a wing;) as the common cock-roach:—1,427 species.

Why is the third order called Lepidoptera?

Because they have wings covered with very fine scales: (*lepis*, a scale—*pteron*, a wing;) as the butterfly:—2,570 species.

Why is the fourth order called Neuroptera?

Because they have reticulated or nerved wings: (*neuron*, a nerve—*pteron*, a wing;) as the dragon-fly:—174 species.

Why is the fifth order called Hymenoptera?

Because they have membraneous wings: (*hymen*, a film—*pteron*, a wing;) as the bee:—1,265 species.

Why is the sixth order called Diptera?

Because they are two-winged: (*dis*, twice—*pteron*, a wing;) as the common gnat:—692 species.

Why is the seventh order called Aptura?

Because they have no wings: (*a*, privative—*pteron*, a wing;) as the spider and the centipede:—679 species.

About thirty years ago, the recorded number of insects amounted to about 11,000; but a great additional number has since been discovered and described. Humboldt says 44,000.

Why are insects so serviceable in the general economy of nature?

Because some destroy numerous kinds of weed in the bud, or extirpate them when full grown. Others feed on carrion, live in dung, &c., and thus destroy, disperse, and change noxious animal substances; on the one hand, obviating the infection of the air; and on the other, promoting the fertilization of the earth. It is in this way, for instance, that flies are so serviceable in warm climates. So again, innumerable insects effect the impregnation of plants in a very remarkable manner.

Why are insects important in the arts?

Because of the ready adaptation of their labours to many of the conveniences of life. Thus, mead is prepared in many parts of Europe from the honey of bees; silk is employed for clothing: several insects, as cochineal, afford excellent dyes. Galls are employed for ink; wax, for lights, and other purposes. Lac, employed to make varnish, sealing-wax, &c., is produced by a certain Indian species of coccus. As medicines, we have Spanish flies, ants; and, adds Blumenbach, the oil-beetle, recommended for hydrophobia, and many beetles for relieving tooth-ache.

Why have insects antennæ or feelers?

Because the organ of touch is not generally distributed over the body, and the antennæ are considered as appropriated to this sense. These organs are two or more in number, and are present in all the crustacea and insects, but wanting in the arachnidæ, or spider genus. They are situated on the head, usually between the eyes and the mouth. They consist of a number of joints, in general capable, by their flexibility, of examining the surface of a body.—*Fleming*.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE RIVER NIGER,—TERMINATION IN THE SEA.

Mr. James Macqueen, of Glasgow, in a Letter to *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month, lays claim to no small share of the recent Discovery, which is borne out by the facts he has quoted. He then says,

"With these observations, I shall proceed to take a short survey of the coast and termination of the river Niger, and the advantages which its navigable stream can afford to the commerce of Africa, and which it will, I hope, speedily afford to the commerce of this country.

"The branch of the Niger at present best known springs on the north-eastern side of the mountain called *Loma*, in 9 deg. 15 min. N. latitude, and 9 deg. 36 min. W. longitude, about 200 miles N.E. by E. of Sierra Leone, and eastward of the sources of the *Rokelle* and *Kouranko* rivers, which run into the inlet of the sea on which Sierra Leone is situated. From Loma, the Niger, under the name of the *Jaliba*, bends its course N.E. through *Sulimana* and *Kankan* to *Couroussa*, a town situated about eighty miles east of *Timboo*, where De Caillé, in his late journey, going eastward, crossed it, and found it, before the inundation commenced, to be 900 French feet broad, and nine feet deep, with a current at the rate of 2½ miles per hour. The magnitude of the river at this place goes to prove that between *Loma* and *Couroussa*, the Niger must

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have received a large tribute from the *east*, and which I conceive to be the *Coomba* or *Zamma* river, laid down in my first map, and which river is found to the N.W. of Ashantee, a considerable stream, running westward; and, as we find no rivers entering the sea on the Gold Coast, from the *Assine* river to the *Mesurado* river, so it is almost certain that the Coomba is a branch of the Niger. It is remarkable that Ptolemy brings a branch from the same quarter, while, in some very old and excellent Dutch maps, I find the higher course of the *Joliba* so laid down, and which, taking it to be the fact, will account for its great magnitude at *Courousa*, within 100 miles of its reputed source.

"De Caillié, after crossing the river, continued his journey S.E. about 180 miles to *Time*, and afterwards N.E. about 90 miles to *Tangoora*, crossing in his journey numerous large streams descending from the Kong chain, all running N.W. to the Niger, particularly one at a short distance from Courousa, named *Yandan*, 450 feet broad, and in his journey northward from *Tangoora* to *Jinne*, he crossed several other rivers, all bending their course N.W. to the Niger. From Courousa, the Niger continues its course N.E. by *Kaniaba*, having previously, and a little below *Bourre*, received the *Tankisso*—(this stream was mistaken by *Mollien* for the parent branch of the *Ba Fing*, or Senegal)—a considerable river which rises a little to the west, and runs a little to the south of *Timboo*. From this junction the Niger pursues its course to *Bammako*, situated in 12 deg. 48 min. north latitude, and 3 deg. 40 min. west longitude, where Park, in his second journey, fell in with it, and found it in the early part of the wet season, *one mile broad*, but still confined within its natural banks. From this place the Joliba continues its course nearly east by *Yamina*, *Sego*, and *Sansanding* (here Park embarked upon it in his large canoe in his last journey) to Jinne, where it appears to be divided into several branches, or else to receive from the N.W. some tributary streams.

Having visited Jinne, De Caillé embarked on the eastern branch, about 1,200 feet broad, at *Cougallia*, and proceeded in a course nearly due north to *Timbuctoo*, in a canoe of about 80 tons burthen, and accompanied the greater part of the way by a fleet of nearly 80 sail of vessels of the same magnitude, loaded with goods. In his journey northwards he passed the lake *Dibbie*, the great magnitude of which surprised him exceedingly, and which stretches from east to west, instead of from north to south. In this lake I have reason to believe the Niger is joined by a river of very considerable magnitude, flowing from the N.W. and called by the Moors and Negroes *Gozenzair* or *Wad-el-Fenij*. From Jinne to Timbuctoo, the banks of the river were low and marshy. Below Lake Dibbie the river generally was very deep, and from half a mile to a mile broad, with a considerable current.—Although it was at the height of the dry season when De Caillé sailed down it, he found it larger than the Senegal at *Podor*, only 120 miles from the sea; in fact, says he, 'THE SENEGAL IS BUT AN ORDINARY RIVER COMPARED TO THIS.'

Near *Kabra*, the port of Timbuctoo, the Niger separates into two branches, the larger about *three-fourths* of a mile broad, bending its course to E.S.E., and the smaller about 100 feet broad, but deep, taking its course E. by N. to Kabra. The celebrated city of Timbuctoo is about eight miles north from Kabra, and from the most accurate information which has as yet been received, stands in 17 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and 2½ deg. east longitude. From Kabra the small branch of the Niger turns S.E. and joins the parent stream to the eastward, from which point we have reason to believe the Niger flows, in the general bearing of its course S.E. in an united stream, till it approaches Boussa, from which place its course is on the general bearing south, until it reaches the sea. From Timbuctoo to *Youri* we know very little of the Niger, or the country around it, except from the journey of *Sidi Hamed*, who, as regards the river, describes it as a very large stream, and the further fact, that Park navigated it in safety to Boussa. At *Cabi*, above *Youri*, the Niger, which here assumes the name of *Quorra*, or *Kowara*, is joined by a considerable river, and which rises to the east, and flows to the north of the city of *Saccatoo*, from which place the stream bends its course S.W. to the Niger at Cabi. At Boussa the Niger divides itself into three branches, two of which are filled with rocks and rapids, but still passable by vessels; and the other, called *Menai*, where Park was lost, is a deep, still-running stream. Boussa is situated in 6 deg. 11 min. east longitude, and 10 deg. 14 min. north latitude, and consequently about 420 British miles, in a direct line from the sea, at the mouth of the Bonny river. Boussa is an island formed by the Niger. At a

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short distance below Boussa, the Niger unites in one stream, represented by Clapperton to be a quarter of a mile broad in the dry season. The magnitude of the Niger above Timbuctoo, and its magnitude in the Delta of Benin, as compared to what it is represented to be, near Boussa, naturally excites surprise, and can only be accounted for, if the width given be correct, *which, however, I much doubt,* from the greater rapidity of its current over the rapids, which are found in this part of its course. Thus we see the great river Congo, which above and below the cataracts is from four to five miles broad, reduced at the great cataract to the width of only fifty yards!

"From Boussa, the Niger proceeds south by Nyffe, and is joined in this part of its course by several considerable rivers, both from the east and from the west, to *Fundah*, a celebrated town situated to the eastward of *Katungah*, the capital of *Yarriba*. The river above Fundah (here several miles broad) bends for a short space to the east, turned aside, perhaps, by the granite hills of Yarriba. At Fundah the Niger is joined by a large river from the east, and which more probably is the *Coodonia*, or *Kadania*, mentioned by Lander in his first journey, as descending and receiving several other important streams, which descend from that elevated land and chain of high hills which commence to the south of Kano, in the meridian of 11 deg. east longitude, and which hills stretch S.S.E. to the high mountains of *Mandara*, the mount *Thala* of Ptolemy; and which elevated chain just mentioned intervenes between the river *Shary* and the lake *Tchad*, thus dividing the waters which flow from the S. and S.E. in the Shary, and from the west in the river *Yeou* into that lake, from the waters which, springing in the chain mentioned, flow westward and south-westward to the Niger. About Fundah, also, I cling to the belief, that the Niger is joined by a great river, descending by Mount Thala, from the *Mountains of the Moon*. From Fundah, the river bends its course south through Benin, in which country, and probably about 7 deg. of north latitude, it separates into numerous branches, the principal of which are the *Rio de Formosa*, certainly the parent stream which enters the sea in the Bight of Benin, and the *Bonny* and *New Calabar* rivers, which flow to the S.E. to the sea nearly opposite the Island of Fernando Po. These rivers, as we shall presently see, are of great magnitude.

From the Bight of Benin to the Bight of Biafra, no fewer than twenty rivers enter the sea through this alluvial Delta, which is completely flooded to a great distance from the sea, during the swell of the rivers in the rainy season. The Rio de Formosa is three and a half British miles broad at its mouth, where there are two bars of mud, with 13 feet water on each. Upwards in its course it spreads to a breadth of four miles, and is four or five fathoms deep, throwing off numerous branches to the S.W., S., and S.E., and on every large branch to the W.N.W., which joins the sea near Lagos. From Rio de Formosa to Cape Formosa, six rivers, each of considerable magnitude, enter the sea. The *Rio dos Forcados* is the largest of these. Its mouth is the first to the south of the Rio de Formosa. South of it is the large lake called *Warree*. Passing Cape Formosa, we have six rivers (the first and nearest the Cape is the river *Nun*, by which the Landers descended to the sea), which enter the sea before we come to the great outlet of the New Calabar and Bonny rivers, which join the sea by four different mouths, the principal of which is *eleven miles broad*, and very deep, with a large bank of sand on the west point, on which, though the water is thirty feet deep, the breakers are fearful, owing to the prodigious force of fresh water which here encounters a powerful current in the sea.—Eastward we find a great inlet of the sea, at its mouth twelve miles broad, extending north nearly 100 miles, and which is joined by *Cross* river coming from the N.W., and certainly a branch of the Niger; and by the *Rio Elrei* river and Old Calabar river, both descending from the high lands to the sea eastward; but which have, I believe, no communication with the Niger.

"I have thus, and as concisely as possible, brought before the reader the course and termination of this mighty stream, which has baffled the researches of the learned and the curious for nearly 3,000 years. Its course in the general bearings of the line of its bed will, from Loma to Bonny river, be nearly 2,600 British miles, without reckoning anything for the length of the *Coomba*, probably the parent stream. Of this course we know it is navigable, and has been navigated from Couroussa to the sea, a distance of about 2,500 miles. The countries round its banks are in general very populous. The inhabitants are comparatively industrious, and to a certain extent advanced in civilization; and they are moreover great traders, and anxious to engage in trade. The supply of Eu-

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ropean articles which they receive is principally obtained from the Moors and Arabs, after tedious and very expensive and dangerous journeys across the Great Desert, which so enhances the price, that few can purchase; but the water communication, by means of the Niger, will so greatly reduce the price, that it will render the consumption of European articles much more extensive; while the supply of fire-arms and other munitions of war, which the nations in the interior will by this means, and by this communication receive, will speedily enable them to repel the fierce inroads of the *Fellatahs*, and other wandering Moorish tribes who dwell on the southern borders of the Great Desert, and there live by plundering the caravans and the peaceable and the more industrious nations of the south, which pernicious inroads retard, and always will retard, the civilization of the interior of Africa. In giving the future trade with the interior its proper and natural course, namely, upwards from the Delta of Benin, by means of the Niger and its tributary streams, considerable and serious impediments will no doubt for a time be thrown in the way, by the ignorance and avarice of the chiefs, and the people composing and ruling the numerous states into which Africa along the Niger is unhappily disjointed; but these difficulties and impediments will be gradually removed; while at their outset, and in their greatest strength, they cannot for a moment be compared to the more vexatious impediments and terrific dangers which accompany the march of the trader through the bands of the ferocious and half-starved Moors and Arabs, who rove through the Great Desert, and live by plundering the ill-fated travellers who cross it. At any rate, it is by means of the water communication now laid open, that the interior of Africa ever can be benefitted by its intercourse with the civilized nations of Europe, or that these civilized nations of Europe ever can materially extend their trade with, and the consumption of European articles in the interior of Africa.

"The exports and imports into the interior of that country across the Great Desert, and from the sea-coast in the Bight of Benin and Biafra, amount annually, as near as I have been able to calculate, to nearly two millions sterling imports, and of exports to a greater amount; the former consisting chiefly of the coarser and of some fine articles of British manufactures and produce, and more especially, and which are more eagerly coveted than the rest, articles necessary for domestic purposes, and for the cultivation of the soil, trade, navigation, and war; while the exports from Africa in return consist of gold dust and various articles of raw produce of great value and importance in carrying on the different branches of our manufactures. At this moment, when so many markets are shut against us, and so many more are rendered so unproductive, the trade to which I have alluded is of great importance to this country to look after, as, by perseverance and judicious management, the greater portion thereof, increased and increasing, would unquestionably fall into our hands. I am, &c.

"JAMES M'QUEEN.

"*Glasgow, 18th June*, 1831."

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

MY PENSION.

What, take away my Pension! a word with you, Lord Grey;
You cannot be so barbarous! you mean not what you say.
I have enjoyed for seven years twelve-hundred pounds a year,
'Twas granted me by George the Fourth, how can you interfere
I really hop'd you'd think it right to grant me an extension;
It never once occurr'd to *me* you'd *take away* my Pension!

The thing's so inconvenient, you'll force me to retrench,—
Indeed retrenchment will not do, you'll send me to the Bench!
How *can* you serve a *Lady* so! oh! if I were a man,
I'd call you out, my Noble Lord, and end you with your plan;
You might retrench in many little ways that I could mention,
But what on earth possesses you to take away my Pension!

You ask about my services; but surely to intrude
And ask *a Lady* such a thing is little less than rude;
Of course I *could* explain to you,—My Lord, I say again,
If 'twas my *pleasure* so to do, of course I *could* explain;
I'm sure I've many female friends of vastly less pretension,
Who've met with greater recompense—then don't disturb my Pension.

Reform *may* all be very proper in a certain line,
I never can object to it, it's no affair of mine;
Reform the House of Commons, and correct abuses there,
But *don't* reform *my* little house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square.
Don't seize *my* jewels to allay the popular dissension—
You can't appease the Radicals with my poor little Pension.

The Revolutionists abroad have stirr'd up all this fuss,
But can your Lordship tell me what are Paris mobs to us?

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Because the papers bore one so about the row at Brussels,
Must English ladies interfere with Foreign people's bustles?
Now be assur'd, my Noble Lord, 'twas folly set the French on,
You really are *not* call'd upon to take away my Pension.

Propriety might prompt your economical design
In *many* cases doubtless, but believe me *not* in mine;
Were *I alone*, I now *might* make a sacrifice, 'tis true,
But all my Family, you know, have little pensions too;
My Brothers and my Cousins would go mad were I to mention
The revolutionary scheme of giving up a Pension.

I think it would be setting an extremely bad example
In times like these, when people are endeavouring to trample
On all our ancient usages, and raising such a storm
About the Place and Pension List, and Radical Reform,—
I say, my Lord, that *I* should feel deserving reprehension
If *I*—by these intimidated—threw away my Pension.

I'm quite convinced the only way of setting matters right,
And making common people see things in a proper light,
Is, keeping up the ancient aristocracy of course,
And keeping down plebeians with a military force:
The Lower Orders really are so dull of comprehension,
They can't see the utility of granting me a Pension.

The truth is this—(you must not deem these few remarks intrusive)—
The Aristocracy are not sufficiently exclusive,
They call on Mistress *this* and *that*, and curtsey at a ball
To people who, in point of fact, are nobodies at all!
I never could perceive the use of smiling condescension—
It makes the upstarts insolent, they cavil at a Pension!

When *I* am at my country seat, *I* shun this growing evil,
No member of the middling ranks presumes to call *me* civil;
I never call on *them*, and if one dares pay *me* a visit,
She comes in some old fashion'd gown, and I and Laura quiz it;
And at the Race-ball once a-year I sit the upper bench on,
In high unbending dignity,—so *I* deserve my Pension.

Now pray, my Lord, consider this, you're ruin'd if you grant
Concessions of the sweeping kind the common people want;
The Aristocracy must not be interfered with thus,
Pray tell me what are starving individuals to *us!*
To pacify the Radicals, and end all this contention,
We'll call my little income by some other name than Pension.

Of course, my Lord, you can retrench in *every other* way,
The Clerks in Public Offices may scribble on half-pay;
The Captains and the Cornets, and the Curates may be fleeced,
(The incomes of the Bishops, by the by, should be increased,)
I see you are convinced, my Lord, and through *your* intervention
I trust, in spite of Mr. Hume, you'll let me keep my Pension.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

A VETERAN officer who served during the American war with the late Duke of Northumberland, (then Earl Percy) being much reduced, was compelled to sell his half-pay. Without one penny in his pocket or the means of food for the day, necessity urged him to call at Northumberland House; finding his grace at home, he requested the porter to give him a slip of paper, and wrote as follows:—"The writer of this is now a beggar at your grace's gate. late captain of the — regiment." The note was taken, and the officer ushered into the presence of that great and good man, who with that princely munificence which ever marked his character, presented to the veteran a £100. note; at the same time requesting his address; and with pleasure I state that a similar note was sent on every Christmas Eve, until his demise, which took place the 10th of July, 1817, when, alas, it was discontinued, although the officer was nearly eighty years of age

WHY is a man who deals in stale jokes like a stock jobber? Because he depends on fun-dead property.

Who are the most disinterestedly good? Those who are good for nothing.

Which are the two letters in the English alphabet most disagreeable to ladies? D K—decay.

A YOUNG Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" after considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

RIVER GUAYAQUIL.

THE tide in the river Guayaquil, in South America, runs sometimes at the rate of seven miles per hour; by which means the delusion of the apparent motion of fixed objects is very great. A

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vessel coming down the river with a fair wind, and under easy sail, will run at the rate of eight miles per hour, and in consequence of the narrowness of the channels in some parts of the river, is obliged to pass rather close to the shores; thus the trees on the banks appear to be flying past her at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. Notwithstanding this velocity, it is impossible to approach within any short distance, the numerous alligators which lie basking in the mud on the banks, appearing like the trunks of dead trees. Their sense of the approach of strangers is so great, that they immediately dive into the river and are no more seen. It is seldom possible to get more than one shot at them with a musket. The ball bounds off their scaly sides as it strikes them, and they suddenly disappear in the muddy water of the river.—*United Service Journal.*

TURTLE.

At San Blas, on the coast of Darien, a small settlement of Indians is established for the sole purpose of taking turtle. The settlement is situated among a group of kays, and has a small but very secure harbour, in which coasters may safely ride. It is under the management of three English, two American, and three Columbian traders, who make a vast profit from the shell. The quantity of tortoise-shell taken by them amounts on an average to 15,000 lbs. per year, the value of which is about 28,000*l.* The produce of their employment varies very much according to the nature of the season, as in some years they take as much as 32,000*l.* worth of shell; an enormous produce for one out of the many like establishments on this coast. It is a curious fact, that the handsomest shell, and consequently the most valuable, is stripped from the animal while living, the beauty of the shell always becoming less as the animal dies. The dreadful torture which the creature endures by the operation finds no consideration in the minds of the traders.—*Ibid.*

EPITAPHS.

At Butterton, a village in Staffordshire.

Near to this stone John Barnet lies,
There's no man frets, nor no man cries,
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
There's no man knows, nor no man cares.

COX, THE COMEDIAN, AND THE SMITH.

Mr. Robert Cox was an excellent comedian, who lived in the reign of King Charles I. He performed in his own Drolls, at the Red Bull Playhouse, Clerkenwell, and in country towns, at wakes and fairs. A large collection of them were published after the restoration, by Kirkman. Once after he had been playing Simpleton the *Smith*, in his own droll of Diana and Acteon, a *real smith* of some eminence in those parts, who saw him act, came to him, and offered to take him as his journeyman, and even to allow him twelvepence a-week more than the customary wages.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "LOBSTER," AS APPLIED TO SOLDIERS.

The following is recorded in *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*, as having occurred in the year 1643:—"Sir William Waller received from London a fresh supply of 500 horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Hasleig, which were so completely armed, that they were called by the king's party 'the regiment of lobsters,' because of their bright iron shells, with which they were covered; being perfect cuirassiers, and were the first seen so armed on either side."

THE SIR-LOIN TABLE.

There is now, or was lately, at Friday-hill House, in the parish of Chingford, the oak table upon which King Charles knighted the loin of beef. The house is a large building, containing more than thirty rooms, and is in a dilapidated state, but has lately been repaired. Report has it that it was originally a hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth. The table is thick, and has a clumsy appearance: is made of English oak, and from the effects of time is a little decayed. Some of the knots of the wood have been lately taken out, and pieces of oak of the same age neatly let into it, and the top newly polished. H. G.

KISSING AND BITING.

When the court of France waited upon the king, on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, all were welcomed to kiss his hand. The Marquess of Spinola, in the ardour of respect, bit his majesty's finger, on which the king started, when S. begged pardon, and said in his defence, if he had not done so, his majesty would not have noticed him.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 499.] SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1831. [Price 2*d.*

WARSAW.

PALACE OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

Whatever people may be disposed to say or sing of the patriotic Poles, they must acknowledge the above to be, at the present moment, one of the most important buildings in Warsaw. *There* at least are, or ought to be, "the sinews of war."

Dr. Granville describes this palace as situated in the best part of the town: it forms, with the new building of the Exchange, a very imposing object at the end of one of the principal streets *(Electorale)* leading to the Breslau or Paris Gate. It is, as the reader may imagine, a splendid building, and occasions Dr. Granville to remark, that this important functionary of the state, the Minister of Finance, does, somehow or other, contrive, Midas-like, to turn paper into gold, as much in Warsaw as in other great cities. "In the same place, a new Palace was about to be completed for the Minister of the Interior, who finds the offices he now occupies in the Palace of Government insufficient. How well these servants of the public know the way to take care of themselves in all parts of the world! There are, I think I heard somebody say, ninety-nine reasons for not lodging a Minister of the Crown at the expense of the public, and one for allowing him that *bonus*; but the minority of the reasons has hitherto prevailed abroad, and, of late years, appears to have been gaining the ascendancy at home." Whatever Dr. Granville may think, we must observe that few of our official buildings will compare with the Finance Palace at Warsaw.

As it is our intention to present the reader with a succinct account of Warsaw in an early Number, we shall add, for the present, the Polish Budget for 1827, from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*:—

Receipt.	Florins.*
Direct taxes	17,646,652
Indirect ditto	40,685,630
Income of national lands and forests	7,048,265
Income from tolls and rates on bridges, roads, &c.	3,769,955
Receipt from mines, mint, prisoners' labour, &c.	2,837,600
Total	71,988,102

* The Polish *florin* is about sixpence sterling. It is divided into thirty *groschet*.

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Expenses.	Florins.
Civil list reduced in 1822, from 2,324,705 to	1,508,150
Viceroy, senate, council of state	924,609
Ministry of public intruction & religious worship	3,831,821
Ditto of justice	2,528,301
Ditto of interior or home department	3,178,909
Ditto of war	30,927,795
Ditto of finances	5,155,936
Secretaryship of state	223,000
Superior central authorities	944,965
Commissions of administration in the palatinates	3,666,526
Pensions, repair of roads, public buildings	11,422,000
Extraordinaries	1,866,410
Charges on separate administrations	2,837,600
Total	69,016,030

Mr. Campbell, in the allied fervour of patriotism and poetry, has some lines of uncommon force and beauty in his Magazine, the *Metropolitan* for the present month, part of which we subjoin:

SEE, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,*
Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;—
Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!
Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honour; and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—Is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?
Not Murder mask'd, and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder!*—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.
* * * * * *
My Country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront? Hast thou not fleets enow
With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm the Insulter's seas with barb'rous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?
E'en now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
Your ensign glad the deep Becalm'd and slow
A War-ship rides, while Heaven's prismatic bow
Upris'n behind her on the horizon's base
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen: Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury
The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight:
The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
Above example, pity praise, or blame.
To sow and reap a deathless field of Fame.
Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb:
In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.
All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:
E'en Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon, but must at last, be free;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—th' hereditary will
That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:
Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould:
Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires,—
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

* The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

THE DEATH-BED OF RAPHAEL.

(For the Mirror.)

How can the grave be terrible to those
Whose spirits walk the earth e'en after death,
And have an influence on humanity,
In their undying glory? L. E. L.

'Tis a rich Italian sunset
Where the fragrant roses weep,
And, beneath the shade of gorgeous woods,
The waves are hush'd to sleep;
But the purple flush of twilight
To the pictur'd window given,
Reveals a smile-illumined face,
As calm and bright as heaven.

'Tis a rich Italian sunset,
And the vernal breath of flow'rs
Is wafted by the gentle breeze
From song-enchanted bow'rs;
But vainly is its sweetest balm
With festal music given—
The heart to which it whisper'd joy
Is deified in heaven.

Around the bed of Raphael
Is a proud and princely band,
And each imperial magnate bears
An offering in his hand;
With gold they grace his bosom,
With sparkling gems his head,
And sweep the strings of tuneful lutes,
To glorify the dead

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Take back your splendid tributes,
Ye rulers of the West!
For Genius has more pageantry
Than royal robe and crest;
Such gauds are only meteors,
That gleam and pass away,
But heaven shall light the lofty mind,
And shield it from decay.

And Fame shall sun the sleeper
In the gorgeous chamber laid,
And consecrate his name with song
When earthly pageants fade;
They may come with plume and banner,
To the painter's solemn bed,
But *his* Madonnas shall proclaim
That Raphael is not dead!

Deal. G. R. C.

A VALEDICTORY TEAR

For W. Roscoe, Esq., who died Thursday, June 30th, 1831, aged 79.

(For the Mirror.)

A WHITE-HAIR'D pilgrim through the flowery dell
Of gorgeous poesy has laid him down—
Exchang'd his laurel for a lasting crown,
Won in the battle fought so long and well:
The weary battle with a thankless world,
Of him who taste with liberty combin'd,
To light devotion in the immortal mind
For those who Freedom's worshipp'd flag unfurl'd.
"The noblest Roman" of the patriot race,
Whose country owes unto their mental toil
The classic honours of her homely soil—
The book, the bust—the bard's, the painter's face:
Severer Roscoe! to thy fame be given
Earth's adoration and the boon of heaven!

Lamented he, with tear-exciting song,*
The sudden night that threw its sable gloom
O'er hapless Burns, and darken'd round his tomb—
That brightest star of all the poet throng.
The classic mourner for the ploughman's fate,
Thrill'd with the fire that lit the rustic's way,
Wept o'er the heartless bist'ry of his day,
(Shame to the good! and censure to the great!)
For ever hallow'd in my heart shall be
Those tears he shed—and when my pity turns
To glut its sorrow with the tale of Burns,
My fancy's eye shall polish'd Roscoe see
With *kindred* spirits in that dazzling light
Where sets no sun—where intervenes no night.

* * H.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

FROM THE GREEK.†

(For the Mirror.)

OF the bless'd Pow'rs that shine above,
And tread the mansions of the sky,
Health! thee the brightest—thee I love:
No more thy gladd'ning charms deny—
No more withhold thy smiles—no more thy vot'ry fly.

With me, O goddess! deign to dwell,
The sweet companion of my cell;
Without thee, vain as shadows fall
The treasures, fascinations all,
Which still below to man arise,
And win his heart and lure his eyes.

Ah! what can grandeur, wealth bestow?—
Where the delights from pow'r that flow—
From kingly pow'r? and where the state,
The pomp which glitters round the great,
When thou art fled? Their golden beam
And glory vanish like a dream.

When thou art fled, the raptures where
Which children yield, our loveliest care?—
The bliss which springs from chaste desires,
When pure affection fans her fires?

His other gifts if mortals prize,
Who wields the sceptre of the skies;
With thee they grow, and bloom, and live,
The blessings those which Heaven can give;
Without thee, earthly joys are vain,
And life's best pleasures prove but pain.

Sydenham. STEPHEN SANDERSON, A.M.

* See his Elegy on the Death of Burns, in Dr. Currie's Life of that poet.

† The reader may see the beautiful original the first volume of the *Rambler*.

The Sketch-Book.

L'AUBERGE DE CRETEIL; OR THE "GENTLEMEN ABOVE STAIRS"

An Historical Reminiscence.

(For the Mirror.)

ONCE upon a time, there arrived, in the noon of an intensely hot summer's day, at the little Auberge of Creteil (a place which is, or was, for the world, and the names of many things in it, are changed since those days, about a league from the Pont de Charenton) a stranger; a florid, handsome looking, middle-aged man, whilst the hunting costume which he wore, gave him at least the appearance of a gentleman. Walking straightway into the Inn kitchen, he there, panting for breath, and seemingly overpowered by heat and fatigue, sunk down upon a bench without uttering a word. This kitchen, to say the truth, was an apartment little calculated to cool or rest the wayfarer, since in it blazed a huge fire, partly before, and partly over which, was preparing for dinner, a half sheep, by a process between roasting, baking, broiling, frying, and grilling; whilst the landlady, conspicuous amongst her myrmidons for cleanliness and quaintness of attire, with a high cap and face and figure of command, bustled about with prodigious rapidity and clatter. She was a florid, good looking woman, but her hooked nose, bright eye, and supercilious brow, betokened a haughty, shrewish disposition; and glancing at the stranger, she desired in a saucy tone to know his business and name.

"Neither, madam," answered he,

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"concern any person in this house. I am here, but for a brief space, and when I have satisfied my hunger, shall depart. For the love of Heaven, give me something to eat."

"*Give* you, forsooth?" cried the hostess.

"Fear not," replied the stranger, "you shall be paid."

"Ay—in some such coin," replied she, "as I shan't like; for, I tell you what, Sirrah, I've strong suspicions that you are he, who lately made off with my silver crucifix, and two skins of wine, so you'd better be jogging, ere some gentlemen whom I have above stairs send you."

"Give me something to eat," interposed the stranger, "I'm half famished, and cannot stand the fire of your beautiful eyes upon an empty stomach."

"Well, then, Monsieur," cried the landlady as her eyes gazed enamouredly, not upon the stranger's form and face, but upon a piece of gold which he now held between his finger and thumb, "I do protest, that not a bit of any thing, fish, flesh, or fowl, can I give you, for love or money! You are come too late Sir, I have nothing in the house."

"What, nothing?" inquired the stranger with a glance at the roasting meat, and slipping the coin into her hands, which she immediately consigned to a large leathern pouch, attached to her girdle, and which answered to the modern pocket.

"Why,—yes; an egg, perhaps, I can find you; a bit of pickled cod, and a barley loaf; but as to the meat, Sir, 'tis no longer mine to give, having been bespoken by the gentlemen above stairs. 'Tis meagre-day with all good Catholics which is one reason that I'm so ill-provided just now; you, I suppose, are a Hugonot? The five gentlemen above stairs, are lawyers from Grosbois, therefore you see, one can't well refuse *them* meat, who take, in religion, neither one side nor the other. Besides, as I'm always telling Grastruie, my good man, when people come to spend their money with us, their *faith* can be no business of *ours*."

"Very true," observed the stranger, with a satirical smile, "and Madame, your practice and precepts accord in a manner, which emboldens me to request the paragon of Christian excellence, and of female loveliness, to ask 'the Gentlemen Above Stairs,' whether they will allow a stranger to join them, and partake of their joint?"

Madame Grastruie, with slow and heavy steps departed, but presently returning, said, she was extremely sorry, that from "the Gentlemen Above Stairs" she could obtain no decided answer.

"How could you expect one," remarked the stranger, "from a company of lawyers!"

"True, Sir; very true; and before they determine whether you shall share their company and their dinner, they want, I believe, to *cross-question* you; so, if you choose to go to the foot of the stairs, some of them will come out and speak to you."

"Truly, they are very condescending! and for once, I suppose I must indulge them in this *professional* fancy." Then rising, the good-humoured stranger followed Madame, and rested against the ballisters at the foot of the stairs, whilst she ascending them, went and informed the witty scions of the law, of his compliance with their desire. Her announcement was received with a hearty laugh from the polite quintett, and a rush along the narrow corridor which led from the room they occupied to the stair-head; when the following queries were put and answered.

"Well, fellow—who are you?"

"A gentleman."

"*Who* are you, not *what*?"

"Sieur François."

"Now then, *what* are you?"

"A gentleman."

"That is to say, a *nothing*; a mere vagrant, roaming up and down, to and fro, and eating the bread of idleness."

"Were you," replied the stranger with some little asperity, to the speaker, "one of the honourable order of *Gentlemen*, one of the aristocracy which through mere spitefulness you abuse, soon would you learn, Sir, that *Gentlemen* have something more and better than '*nothing*' to do."

"And pray, Mr. Gentleman François, what may be your occupations?"

"Many; too many and too important to enumerate; amongst them, *telling fortunes*."

The mirth of the honourable "Gentlemen Above Stairs" upon this declaration, knew no bounds, and they entreated the Sieur François to favour them with a specimen of his talents in this curious art.

"Readily," answered he, "and my learned friends, I'd have you mark too what I say: the science in which I am an adept, tells me, that you, whom I have not yet beheld, are, to the number of something above three and under seven, lawyers and magistrates from Grosbois; and that you will each, within three hours, receive for your insufferable

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insolence and breach of common hospitality, a sound whipping at the market-cross of the town in which you were born and bred."

"Excellent! excellent! Master Soothsayer!" cried one of the lawyers, "but you're no conjuror after all; for had you designed to share our joint, you should have soothed, flattered, and entreated, instead of threatening us; and not a morsel of it shall you taste now, could you pay its value three times over, rest assured Sieur François!"

"We shall see;" replied the stranger, in a clear, undaunted tone; then with an air of offended dignity, he returned to the kitchen, followed by Madame Grastruie with due apologies, for the rudeness of "the Gentlemen Above Stairs," who, she opined (for very good reasons no doubt) must have been drinking.

The insulted François finding that his eggs and fish would not be ready immediately, walked out of the inn, promising to return in about half an hour. The lawyers, who from the windows of their apartment, saw him depart, firmly persuaded that their insolence had driven him from the house, set up a shout of triumph which might almost have been heard at Charenton, and sending for the landlady desired her, under pain of forfeiting their custom in future, not to admit the audacious fellow should he presume to return. Madame Grastruie, having persuaded herself, as well as M. François that "the Gentlemen Above Stairs" were intoxicated, thought, as she valued their custom greatly, and that of a gentleman far more, who would pay before-hand ten times the value of a bad dinner and worse wine, that she might promise any thing for the sake of *peace* (? *profit*) willingly agreed to the proposition of her legal friends, though to any intention of acting upon the same, she had a decided objection; so, prudently locking her up-stairs guests into their chamber, to prevent unpleasant consequences when the stranger returned, she proceeded to prepare his sorry meal. He re-appeared at the appointed time, and sat down to it in the kitchen without comment amidst the savoury fumes of the lawyer's mutton now nearly ready: but as he was eating, a little ragged urchin running in, gave information that a body of men dressed like hunters, armed like soldiers, and "just, entirely like the gentleman there" (pointing to François) but riding fast, upon fine strong horses, were pouring down upon Creteil on all sides, bent no doubt, upon the murder and pillage of its inhabitants. Madame Grastruie at this dreadful intelligence, doubting not but that her suspicious guest was the captain of a bandit horde, threw herself at his feet a humble suppliant for mercy and protection; protesting at the same time, that far from refusing him and his company, meat, wine, and fine bread, he should, if he would but save her life, command all her stores; yea, and the lawyers' meat into the bargain.

"Rise, Madam!" cried Master François, with a severity which seemed strange to his nature, "I need not your munificent offers; since, wherever *I* am, *all* is *mine*, by a right which few are hardy enough to dispute! What, ho! my friends!" added he, darting to the door, as a strong armed party of men gallopped up, "are you ready?"

Every man of the goodly band replying with a profound obeisance "Sire, we are," dismounted, and stood cap in hand beside his horse.

"Bring out to me immediately," said Master François, to the terrified landlady, her damsels, ostlers, and other minions, "five asses, and some good strong cord."

"Hold there! Ragamuffin;" exclaimed one of the undaunted lawyers from the window overhead. "What are you about? and what is your business with this honest woman and her asses?"

"Sirrah!" replied François, "my business is with you and your companions, and your consciences can best tell you what that is likely to be."

"Rascal, hold your tongue! and landlady let us out! In Heaven's name why is the door locked? do open it instantly, that we may come down and give that fellow his deserts."

"And pray, Sir," cried one of the horsemen wrathfully, "do you know that the *fellow* whom you presume to talk of in this style is your KING?"

"Yes!" cried the stranger, advancing a step or two from the spot where he stood, "I am indeed HENRY, your *King!* but arise my good people I entreat you, prostrate yourselves not thus before me, since I come amongst you, but as a private gentleman to-day; I had not, in truth, designed to discover myself, merely coming to this little inn wearied with the chase, and having left my horse with these friends, intending to rest to refresh myself and to depart incog: but the wanton insolence of those 'Gentlemen Above Stairs,' induced me to collect a few of my attendants, in order to inflict upon them the chastisement which so richly they merit. Come Vitry, let us go up stairs, take possession of their

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apartment, and allow them the pleasure of seeing us regale upon their intended huge supply of roast meat; after we have dined, set them upon the asses with faces turned to their tails, with their arms pinioned behind them, and a rope round their necks; then take them to Grosbois, let them be well whipped at the market-cross by the public executioner, (for all which I will give you a written order) and proclamation made, that thus Henry the Fourth of France, punishes those of his subjects, who fail in civility and hospitality, and evilly conduct themselves unto the weary wayfarer, instead of providing for his solace and sustenance. Reptiles!" cried the King to the horror-struck lawyers, who were filling the air now with lamentations, arguments, and entreaties for mercy, "Silence! and thank God that the punishment I inflict on your disgraceful and inhuman conduct, is not severer. Remember, I warned you of it, and you laughed me to scorn. Vitry, come in; come in my lords and gentlemen, come in my good friends, and enjoy the roast mutton intended for those knaves; and for you, Madame, my hostess, see that by evincing every attention to us in your power, you endeavour to repair the—hah! you understand me; and well is it that you are not also under sentence to make one with 'the Gentlemen Above Stairs,' at the market-cross of Grosbois this afternoon."

M. L. B.

The Naturalist.

THE PARADOXICAL BUG.

THAT singular insect, the *cimex paradoxus*, which (says Dr. Sparman) I have described, and of which I have given a drawing in the Swedish Transactions, I discovered at this place (the Cape of Good Hope), as at noon-tide I sought for shelter among the branches of a shrub from the intolerable heat of the sun. Though the air was now extremely still and calm, so as scarcely to have shaken an aspen leaf, yet I thought I saw a little withered, pale, crumpled leaf, eaten as it were by caterpillars, flitting from the tree. This appeared to me so very extraordinary, that I thought it worth while suddenly to quit my verdant bower, in order to contemplate it; and I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw a living insect, in shape and colour resembling the fragment of a withered leaf, with the edges turned up and eaten away, as it were by caterpillars, and at the same time all over beset with prickles. Nature, by this peculiar form, has certainly extremely well defended, and concealed as it were in a mask, this insect from birds and its other diminutive foes;—in all probability with a view to its preservation, and to employ it for some important office in the system of her economy: a system with which we are too little acquainted, in general too little investigate, and, in every part of it, can never sufficiently admire with that respect and adoration which we owe to the Great Author of Nature and Ruler of the universe."

N.B. "The common bed-bug is supposed to have been first introduced to this country in the fir timber that was brought over to rebuild London after it had suffered by the great fire; for (says Bingley) it is generally said that bugs were not known in England before that time, and many of them were found almost immediately afterwards in the new-built houses." P. T. W.

THE OWL.

THERE is something in the character of the owl so recluse, solitary, and mysterious, something so discordant in the tones of its voice, heard only amid the silence and gloom of night, and in the most lonely and sequestered situations, as to have strongly impressed the minds of mankind in general with sensations of awe and abhorrence of the whole tribe. The poets have indulged freely in this general prejudice; and in their descriptions and delineations of midnight storms, and gloomy scenes of nature, the owl is generally introduced to heighten the horror of the picture. Ignorance and superstition, in all ages, and in all countries, listen to the voice of the owl, and even contemplate its physiognomy, with feelings of disgust and a kind of fearful awe. The priests, or conjurors, among some of our Indian nations, have taken advantage of the reverential horror for this bird, and have adopted *the great horned owl*, the subject of the present account, as the symbol or emblem of their office. "Among the Creeks," says Mr. Bartram, in his *Travels*, p. 504, "the junior priests, or students, constantly wear a white mantle, and have a great owl-skin cased and stuffed very ingeniously, so well executed as almost to appear like the living bird, having large sparkling glass beads, or buttons, fixed in the head for eyes. This insignia of wisdom and divination they wear sometimes as a crest on the top of the head; at other times the

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image sits on the arm, or is borne on the hand. These bachelors are also distinguished from the other people by their taciturnity, grave and solemn countenance, dignified step, and singing to themselves songs or hymns, in a low, sweet voice, as they stroll about the town."

Nothing is a more effectual cure for superstition than a knowledge of the general laws and productions of nature; nor more forcibly leads our reflections to the first, great, self-existent CAUSE of all, to whom our reverential awe is then humbly devoted, and not to any of his dependant creatures. With all the gloomy habits and ungracious tones of the owl, there is nothing in this bird supernatural or mysterious, or more than that of a simple bird of prey, formed for feeding by night, like many other animals, and of reposing by day. The harshness of its voice, occasioned by the width and capacity of its throat, may be intended by Heaven as an alarm and warning to the birds and animals on which it preys to secure themselves from danger. The voices of all carnivorous birds and animals are also observed to be harsh and hideous, probably for this very purpose.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

CAROLINA PARROT.

A VERY general opinion prevails, that the brains and intestines of the Carolina paroquet are a sure and fatal poison to cats. I had determined, when at Big Bone, to put this to the test of experiment; and for that purpose collected the brains and bowels of more than a dozen of them; but after close search Mistress Puss was not to be found, being engaged perhaps on more agreeable business. I left the medicine with Mr. Colquhoun's agent, to administer it by the first opportunity, and write me the result; but I have never yet heard from him. A respectable lady near the town of Natches, and on whose word I can rely, assured me, that she herself had made the experiment, and that, whatever might be the cause, the cat had actually died on that or the succeeding day. A French planter near Bayo Fourche pretended to account to me for this effect by positively asserting that the seeds of the cockle burs, on which the paroquets so eagerly feed, were deleterious to cats, and thus their death was produced by eating the intestines of the bird. These matters might easily have been ascertained on the spot, which, however, a combination of trifling circumstances prevented me from doing. I several times carried a dose of the first description in my pocket till it became insufferable, without meeting with a suitable *patient*, on whom, like other professional gentlemen, I might conveniently make a fair experiment.

Since the foregoing was written, I have had an opportunity, by the death of a tame Carolina paroquet, to ascertain the fact of the poisonous effects of their head and intestines on cats. Having shut up a cat and her two kittens (the latter only a few days old) in a room, with the head, neck, and whole intestines of the paroquet, I found on the next morning the whole eaten except a small part of the bill. The cat exhibited no symptom of sickness; and at this moment, three days after the experiment had been made, she and her kittens are in their usual health. Still, however, the effect might have been different, had the daily food of the bird been cockle burs, instead of Indian corn.—*Ibid.*

ANTEDILUVIAN REMAINS.

(To the Editor.)

HAPPENING to be acquainted with several persons whose business it is to bore the earth in various parts of the kingdom, to the depth of a thousand feet or more, for the purpose of raising a supply of pure water, I have received from them, from time to time, an account of the nature of the substances which they meet with at the respective depths, one instance of which I beg leave to communicate to you.

At the depth of six hundred feet, several horns, which they supposed to be those of the unicorn, were found: they were straight, about two feet in length, and one inch in circumference, and hollow, the medullary substance being petrified.

At six hundred and forty feet numerous oysters were found. The shells were half open, as if occasioned by fright at some sudden commotion of the earth.

At the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, a large oak tree was met with: it was quite black, and in its texture extremely hard.

This took place at Castle Rising, near Lynn, in Norfolk—a coast on which the sea has been for many years greatly encroaching. REES PRICE, M.D.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

THE OLD STRAND.

THE reader is requested to turn to a pair of prints, and their accompanying descriptions in No 473 of our last volume. He will there find a general descriptive outline of the Strand, with some account of the noble mansions that, in former times, stood on the slope to the Thames. This account, though a pleasant appendage to the cuts below, need not be quoted here. One of the former prints represents Arundel House, anno 1700: the present, however, represents

Arundel House, 1660;

being the original structure. It stood upon the site of the present Arundel Street and was the residence of the celebrated Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel, whose fine taste is perpetuated in the Arundelian marbles at Oxford and elsewhere.

Annexed is

Durham House, (1660.)

of which Mr. Brayley in his treasurable *Londiniana*, gives the following interesting memoir:

DURHAM HOUSE, (with its appendages,) formerly an Inn belonging to the Bishops of Durham, occupied an extensive plot of ground, now covered by the buildings called the Adelphi. It was erected, according to Stow, by Thomas de Hatfield, Bishop of Durham,* and Strype quotes the following entry connecting it with that prelate, from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library: "Manerium, sive Hospitium Episcopale Londoniæ cum Capella et Cameris, sumptuossimè construxit." But Pennant says, that it was only rebuilt by Hatfield, and owes its original foundation to Anthony de Beck, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward the First.† In the 26th of Henry the Eighth, Tonstal, the then Bishop of Durham, exchanged this mansion with the King for another in Thames Street, called "Cold-harborough," and it was converted into a royal palace. During the same reign, in 1540, a grand tournament was held at Westminster, which lasted six days, after which the challengers rode to Durham House, where, says Stow, "they not only feasted the King, Queen, (Anne of Cleves,) Ladies, and all the court, but also they cheered all the Knights and Burgesses of the Commons House in the Parliament, and entertained the

* "He was made Bishop of the See in the year 1345, and sat Bishop there 36 years."—Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 576.

† Pennant's London, p. 120.

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Mayor of London, with the Aldermen and their Wives at a dinner, &c. The King gave to every of the said Challengers and their Heirs for ever, in Reward of their valiant activity, 100 Marks, and a house to dwell in, of yearly Revenue, out of the lands pertaining to the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem."* Edward the Sixth bestowed Durham House, or Durham Place, as it was then called, on his sister Elizabeth during the term of her life; previously to which, in that monarch's reign, a mint had been established here, under the direction of Sir William Sharington. It afterwards became the residence of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland; and here, in May 1553, says Holinshed, were solemnized three marriages. "The first was betweene the Lord Gilford Dudlie, the fourth sonne of the duke of Northumberland, and the ladie Jane, eldest daughter to Henrie, duke of Suffolke, and the ladie Frances his wife, who was the daughter of Marie second sister to King Henrie the eight, first maried to Lewes the French king, and afterwards to Charles Brandon duke of Suffolke. The second marriage was betweene the Lord Herbert, son and heire to William earle of Pembroke, and the ladie Katharine second daughter of the said ladie Frances, by the said Henrie duke of Suffolke. And the third was betweene Henrie lord Hastings, sonne and heire to Francis earle of Huntington, and ladie Katharine, youngest daughter to the forenamed duke of Northumberland."† Here also Dudley formed his ambitious designs of investing the unfortunate Lady Jane with the regal dignity, for which regretted assumption, she suffered on the scaffold. Queen Mary again granted this mansion in reversion to the See of Durham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom it had been given by Elizabeth, was obliged to surrender it on the death of that Queen to Toby Matthew, the then Bishop, who was afterwards created Archbishop of York.

In 1608, the New Exchange was built by the Earl of Salisbury on the site of the stables of Durham House, which fronted the Strand, and which, Strype says, "were old, ruinous, and ready to fall, and very unsightly in so public a passage to the Court and Westminster." It was partly built according to the plan of the Royal Exchange, with cellars beneath, over which was a paved walk, and above were the shops, which were principally occupied by sempstresses and milliners. At its opening, it was honoured by the presence of the King (James I.) and his Queen, who named it "The Bursse of Britain."‡

In 1640, this mansion was purchased of the see of Durham, for the annual sum of 200*l.* by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who pulled it down and erected several tenements on its site. In 1737, the Exchange was also pulled down, and its site covered with houses. This estate was afterwards purchased of the Earl of Pembroke by four brothers, architects, of the name of Adam, who erected on it that stately pile of buildings, named by them the Adelphi, from the Greek word ἀδελφοι, brothers. At the north-west corner of Durham-yard, which is a steep, and partly under-ground avenue, leading from the Strand to the wharfs on the river-side, was recently to be noticed a last remaining vestige of an ancient stone wall, which has been covered with cement, and forms a kind of abutment to the adjoining shop.

* Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 577.

† Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. iii. p. 1063, edit. 1808.

‡ In November, 1663, a fatal affair happened at this place. A quarrel having arisen between Mr. Gerard (a gentleman at that time engaged in a plot against Cromwell) and Don Pantaleon Sa (brother to the Portuguese Ambassador), the latter, the next day, came to the Exchange, accompanied by assassins, who, mistaking another person then walking with his brother and mistress, for Mr. Gerard, seized upon him, and put him to death. For this crime he was condemned to die; and, by a singular coincidence, he suffered on the same scaffold with Mr. Gerard, whose plot had been discovered.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

OLD ENGLISH COSTUME, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

Shoes.—In the reign of Richard II. the peaks, or tops of shoes and boots were worn of so enormous a length, that they were tied to the knees. A law was made in the same reign to limit them to two inches. The variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry VIII. may be conceived from the print of the Naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth and a pair of shears, in a very rare book, Borde's *Introduction to Knowledge*. The dress of the king and the nobles, in the beginning of this reign was not unlike that now worn by the yeomen of the guard. This was probably imitated by the community. It is recorded that Anne Bollen wore yellow mourning for Catharine of Arragon.

Beards, Hair, and Periwigs.—As far as the growth of beards can be traced from portraits and other remains of antiquity, I find it never flourished more

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in England than in the century preceding the Norman Conquest. That of Edward the Confessor was remarkably large, as appears from his seal in Speed's *Theatre of Great Britain*. After the conqueror took possession of the kingdom, beards became unfashionable, and were probably looked upon as badges of disloyalty, as the Normans wore only whiskers. It is said that the English spies took those invaders for an army of priests, as they appeared to be without beards. If we may depend upon the authority of engraved portraits, the beard extended and expanded itself more during this short reign of Edward VI. and Mary, than from the conquest to that period. Bishop Gardiner has a beard long and streaming like a comet. The beard of Cardinal Pole is thick and bushy; but this might possibly be Italian. The Patriarchal beard, as we find in the tapestries of those times, is both long and large; but this seems to be the invention of the painter who drew the Cartoons. This venerable appendage to the face was formerly much regarded. Pamphlets were written on the "Unloveliness of Love Locks and the mischief of Long Hair," which made much noise in the kingdom during the reign of Charles I.; but I have never been able to find anything written against the beard.

At the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, we are informed by Hentzner, that the English cut the hair close on the middle of the head, but suffered it to grow on either side.

The Rev. Mr. John More, of Norwich, one of the worthiest clergymen in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gave the best reason that could be given for wearing the longest and largest beard of any Englishman of his time; namely, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." I wish as good a reason could have always been assigned for wearing the longest hair, and the longest and largest wig.

In the reign of Charles I. the hair was worn low on the forehead, and generally unparted; some, however, wore it very long, and others only of a moderate length. The king, and consequently many others, wore a love lock on the left side, which was considerably longer than the rest of the hair. The unseemliness of this fashion occasioned Mr. Prynne to write a very curious book, in quarto, against love locks.

The beard dwindled very gradually under the two Charleses, till it was reduced to a slender pair of whiskers; it became quite extinct in the reign of James II. as if its fatality had been connected with that of the House of Stuart.

The periwig, which had long been used in France, was introduced into England soon after the restoration

There is a tradition that the large black wig which Dr. R. R. bequeathed among other things of much less consideration, to the Bodleian Library, was worn by Charles II.

Some men of tender consciences were greatly offended at this article of dress, as being equally indecent as long hair; and more offensive because more unnatural. Many preachers inveighed against it in their sermons, and cut their own hair shorter, to express their abhorrence of the reigning mode.

It was observed that a periwig procured many persons a respect and even veneration, which they were strangers to before, and to which they had not the least claim from any personal merit. The judges and physicians who thoroughly understood this magic of the wig, gave it all the advantages of length as well as size.

The extravagant fondness of some men for this unnatural ornament is scarcely credible; we have heard of a country gentleman who employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyck's portraits. Mr. Wood informs us, that Dr. Nath. Vincent, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to the king, preached before him at Newmarket in a long periwig and Holland sleeves, according to the fashion for gentlemen, and that his majesty was so offended at it, that he commanded the Duke of Monmouth, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, to see the statutes concerning the decency of apparel put in execution; which was done accordingly. G. K.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CALENDAR OF KINGS.

THE changes in the various conditions of society have naturally been the old theme of moralists and divines. But if the world goes on as it has been going on of late, all our maxims on the topic must be taken from the highest rank alone. In what family, in what village, in what other condition of life, have there been so many reverses and changes as among the rulers of nations during the last year, whether from the throne to exile,

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or from the throne to the grave. Here is a list of one single twelvemonth's work of fortune and nature among the mightiest of the mighty :—

France, Charles X.....	Deposed.
Algiers, Mahmoud	Turned out.
Rome, Pius VIII.	Dead.
Saxony, Anthony.....	Deposed.
Naples, Francis	Dead.
Belgium, William	Deposed.
Sardinia, Charles Felix ..	Dead.
Brunswick, Duke Charles,	Deposed.
Greece, Capo D'Istrias ..	Resigned.
Brazils, Don Pedro I.....	Abdicated.

To which we must add, with more regret, George the Fourth, by whose decease two crowns were vacated at once, England and Hanover.

In this list we have said nothing of Constantine the Beloved—"our eldest brother," whom the Poles hunted out of the land with so strong an inclination for catching him; and whose moustaches are not yet safe from the rebel-razor. In fact, the moustache cause is going down rapidly in all quarters, and the time will soon come, when his Highness of Cumberland will be the only illustrious wearer of those wild-boarish ornaments in Europe. In the list we have also omitted the Illustrious of the East, where, however, a throne is too like a pillory, or the top step of the guillotine, to make us wonder at any thing, but that men with heads on their shoulders will take the trouble of mounting it:—a sovereign a week being the average allowance among the turban-wearers beyond the Indus.

A correspondent from the land of the sun thus describes the employment of one of the monarchs: "His Majesty of *Lucknow* amuses his leisure hours with flying kites; and, in order that no mistake may be made as to whose kite flies highest, or as to the fortunate wight who leaves his competitors behind him, his Majesty has fixed upon scarlet as the royal colour, and has issued a proclamation to his loving subjects, forbidding them the use of *scarlet kites!*" The Indian wits say, that his sport is of the most heroic description, and that European kings are, three-fourths of their time, doing nothing but flying *scarlet* kites, or raising the wind to fly them. The *Great Mogul*, whose lineaments grace the envelop to every pack of cards, has been fleeced both of power and dominions, and is a mere pensioner of our own government, subsisting upon the grant of a considerable annual stipend: his authority is virtually confined to the control of his own domestic household, which is extensive, and, doubtless, sufficiently unmanageable. From him we hear at the utmost twice a year—once, on the occasion of his paying a splendid visit to the shrine of a saint, a few miles from Delhi; and again, when he receives a visit of ceremony from our friend the British resident. The once Lord of India is still better off, his majesty having nothing in the wide world to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep—to live on a handsome pension, smoke his pipe, perfume his beard, flog his wives, and let the rest of the world go its own way.

One fool there is, to the scandal of the "magnificent," the heaven-born betel-chewers, the brothers of the sun and moon—the bustling king of the Seiks, whom the deluded biographer thus describes: —

"Runjeet Sing, the only royal personage under the sky who is a king, either in dignity or policy. He is one of those rare men whose talents and energies have raised them from the condition of a petty chieftain to the exalted station of a sovereign over a wide and turbulent empire. Endued with vigour of mind and body, possessed of restless ambition, and actuated by unceasing activity, he has overcome all the neighbouring potentates one after another, and reduced them to the condition of humble tributaries; whilst dissensions and anarchy in the state of Caubul have enabled him to add a slice of that kingdom to his own. The primary object of his policy appears to be, to keep at peace with our government; and this out of a keen conviction of our skill, resources, and military prowess. Such, indeed, is his respect for the latter, that he has endeavoured to introduce our tactics and discipline amongst his own soldiery, and has enlisted a number of French officers into his service, who not only drill, but command his troops, especially on more distant and perilous expeditions."

The king of the Seiks, we foresee, will get his throat cut. How infinitely wiser he would have been in following the example of the king of the cards, the Great Mogul! He will be shot in some skirmish; or, if he escape that, be sent to the Houries in a cup of rice milk; or, if he refuse to drink, be smothered in the medicated smoke of his own hookah; or, if he be poison-proof, he will be strangled between two Mahomedans, or two pillars. And to this comes his life of galloping, sabreing, hungering, thirsting, brain-besieging, broken-heartedness, beheading, blood-

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dabbling, and wearing bullet-proof waistcoats! It is not worth the while.

Among the mortal memoranda of what we might call almost sovereigns, are the great generals of our day. Of all the leaders of the battle of Waterloo, but one survives. Napoleon, Blucher, Bulow, and Gneisenan are gone. Of the leaders of the allied armies, since the Moscow retreat, all are dead: Kutuzoff, Schwartzenburg, Wrede, the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, and a crowd of other thunderbolts of war.

The last memorable death is that of Diebitcsh, who, after rising to the height of military fame by his boldness, vigour, and ability in the conquest of Turkey, died a month since, of the cholera, or rather of vexation at the overthrow of his plans for the subjugation of Poland. He was a man of great talent. But so perish the invader of an innocent and unhappy country!

Monthly Magazine.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRENCH ROMANCE.

THE *Englishman's Magazine* for the current month contains an excellent analysis of Victor Hugo's celebrated romance of *Nôtre Dame*, now in its fifth edition. Without quoting the outline story, we detach the following terrific scene, premising that the characters are a gipsy girl, la Esmaralda, a priest, who having been rejected by the girl, brings about her execution—and Quasimodo, a deformed bell-ringer of Nôtre Dame, and a minion of the priest. The scene is the roof of the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, whither the priest had ascended to witness from a distance the result of his cruel treachery to la Esmaralda.

"Paris, and especially the Paris of that time, seen in the fresh light of a summer's dawn from the towers of Nôtre Dame, was a magnificent and beautiful spectacle. The weather was like July, the sky was perfectly serene; a few lingering stars were quenching their lights in different quarters, and one remained shining very brilliantly towards the east, in the brightest part of the heavens. The sun was just on the point of appearing; Paris was beginning to stir. Eastwards, a white and pure light threw the outlines of all its houses into strong relief; and the giant shadow of the steeples projected itself over all the roofs from one end of the great city to the other. Some quarters of the town were already beginning to speak and send forth sounds; here the stroke of a bell, there the blow of a hammer, and further on the harsh rattling of a cart rolling along the street; the smoke of some chimneys was already bursting forth here and there over the immense surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of a great volcanic stratum. The river, which dashes its waters against the arches of so many bridges, and the banks of so many islets, was striped with folds of silver. Around the city, on the outside of the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy mists, through which the indefinite line of the plains, and the graceful swelling of the hills, could be indistinctly made out. All sorts of floating vapours were dispersing themselves over the half-awakened city. Towards the east, the morning wind was driving across the heavens a few white tufts of cloud, torn from the misty fleece of the hills. * * * * *

"Outside the balustrade of the tower, precisely under the spot where the priest had stopped, projected one of those fantastically carved spouts of stone, which juts out along the sides of Gothic edifices; and from a crevice of this gutter, two beautiful wallflowers in full bloom, shaken, and rendered, as it were, living by the breath of the wind, were wantonly bowing one to the other. From aloft above the towers, far towards the sky, was heard the chirping of little birds; but the priest neither heard nor saw anything of all this. He was one of those men for whom there are no mornings, no birds, no flowers; in that immense horizon, which opened so many aspects around him, his contemplation was concentrated on one single point. Quasimodo turned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy; but the archdeacon seemed at that moment to be out of the world; he was visibly in one of those violent moments of life, when the earth might have given way under his feet, and he would not have felt it. His eyes invariably fixed on a certain spot, he remained silent and motionless, and this silence and this immobility had a something in them so fearful, that the savage ringer shuddered before, and dared not encounter them. He only followed (and this was still a mode of questioning the archdeacon) the direction of his looks; and in this manner the eye of the unhappy deaf man fell on the *place de la Grève*. He thus beheld what the priest was looking upon. The ladder was raised near the stationary gibbet; there was an attendance of the

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populace in the square, and a great number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the pavement something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet; here something passed that Quasimodo did not see clearly, not that his single eye had lost its keenness of sight, but there was a knot of soldiers that prevented him from distinguishing every thing. Besides, at that moment the sun shone forth, and such a flood of light burst above the horizon, that it seemed as if all the points of all the buildings in Paris, steeples, chimneys, and gable-tops, had taken fire at once.

"Meanwhile, the man set about mounting the ladder; Quasimodo then saw him again distinctly—he carried a woman on his shoulder, a young girl dressed in white; this young girl had a halter about her neck. Quasimodo recognised her; it was herself. The man arrived at the top of the ladder, and arranged the knot of the halter. Here the priest, in order to see better, placed himself on his knees, on the balustrade. On a sudden, the man abruptly pushed away the ladder with his foot, and Quasimodo, who for some moments past had not drawn a breath, saw the unfortunate girl dangle at the end of the rope, two fathoms above the pavement, with the man crouching down upon her, his feet on her shoulders. The cord twisted round several times, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions all down the gipsy girl's body. The priest on his part, with outstretched neck, and eyes starting from their sockets, watched the frightful group of the man and the girl —of the spider and the fly. At the moment when the whole was most dreadful to behold, a demon's laugh, such a laugh as can only come from one who has ceased to be a man, burst forth on his livid face. Quasimodo did not hear this laugh, but he saw it. The ringer drew back a few steps behind the archdeacon, and suddenly rushing with fury upon him, with his two huge hands he pushed him into the abyss over which he was leaning.

"The priest cried out 'Damnation!' and fell.

The spout beneath him stopped him in his fall; in desperation, he clung to it with his hands. and just as he opened his mouth to utter a second cry, he saw the fearful and avenging figure of Quasimodo pass on the brink of the balustrade above his head; seeing this he remained silent. The abyss was beneath him; a fall of more than two hundred feet, and the pavement. In this terrible situation the archdeacon said not a word, gave not a groan; he only writhed on the spout, with surprising efforts to raise himself up, but his hands had no hold on the granite, his feet scratched against the blackened wall, without making good their footing. Those persons who have ascended the towers of Nôtre Dame, are aware that there is a projection of the wall immediately underneath the balustrade, it was on the inward inclination of this projection, that the wretched archdeacon exhausted himself. He had not to do with a perpendicular wall, but with a wall that receded from him.

"Quasimodo would only have had to stretch forward his hand to save him from the precipice; but Quasimodo did not even look at him, he looked at *la Grève*—he looked at the gibbet—he looked at the gipsy girl. The deaf ringer had placed his elbows on the balustrade at the spot where the archdeacon had stood the moment before; and there, not lifting his eye from the only object he had any consciousness of, he remained mute and motionless, as if thunderstruck, and a long torrent of tears fell silently from that eye, whence, till then, but one single tear had ever flowed. The archdeacon panted, his bald forehead streamed with perspiration, his nails bled upon the stone, his knees were grazed bare against the wall; he could hear his cassock, which had caught to the spout, crackle and give way at every shock he gave. To crown all, this spout was terminated by a leaden pipe, which bent under the weight of his body, and he felt it slowly yielding to his weight. The unfortunate man could not but be certain that when his hands would be broken with fatigue, his cassock completely torn, and the lead bent down, he must fall, and terror chilled him to the heart. Sometimes he cast his eyes wildly upon a sort of platform made by the sculpture, about ten feet lower down, and from the depth of his agonized soul, he demanded of heaven that he might be suffered to finish his life, were it to last a hundred years, on this space of two feet square. Once he looked down upon the abyss beneath him, when he raised his head, his eyes were closed, and his hair stood bristling erect.

"There was something awful in the silence of these two men. Quasimodo continued weeping and looking towards *le Grève*, while a few feet under him, the archdeacon was in this frightful state of agony. Finding that all his efforts

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did nothing but weaken the frail support which remained for him, he had made up his mind to struggle no more. There he was, clinging to the spout, scarcely drawing his breath, not stirring, not moving, but with that mechanical convulsion of the body which we feel in a dream, when we think we are falling; his fixed eyes opened wide, with a diseased, a terrified glare. Little by little, meanwhile, he was losing ground; his fingers slipped upon the stone; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending of the lead that supported him inclined every moment still further in the direction of the abyss beneath him: he could see, and a fearful sight it was for him, the roof of *Saint Jean le Rond*, as small as a card bent in two. He looked upon the motionless statues of the tower one after the other, all suspended, like him, over the yawning depth, but without fear for themselves or pity for him. Everything was of stone around him; before his eyes the gaping monsters, beneath, at the foot of the cathedral, the pavement; above his head, the weeping figure of Quasimodo. In the close, stood a few groups of idlers, who were coolly trying to guess what madman could be amusing himself in so strange a manner. The priest heard them say, for their voices came up clear and sharp to his ear, 'Why, he must break his neck.' Foaming in a complete delirium of terror, he at length became conscious that all was useless. Nevertheless, he gathered together whatever strength he was master of, for a last effort. He stiffened himself upon the spout, pushed against the wall with his two knees, fastened both his hands in a slit of the stone, and was just on the point of getting a hold for one foot, when the struggle he was making caused the end of the leaden pipe he was supported by, to bend abruptly down, and with the same motion his cassock was ripped up. Finding, therefore, every thing give way under him, and having no longer a hold but by his two stiffened and failing hands, the wretched man shut his eyes, and let go the spout. He fell!—Quasimodo looked at him as he was falling.

"A fall from so great a height is seldom perpendicular; he first launched into the air, his head was uppermost, and his hands were stretched forth; he afterwards turned several times round, and, finally, the wind drove him on the roof of a house; here began the fracturing of the unfortunate priest's body, but he was not dead when he landed there. The ringer beheld him still trying to clutch the coping with his nails, but the plane was too much inclined, and he had no strength left; he slid rapidly along the shelving roof, like a loosened tile, and fell with a bound upon the pavement. There he stirred no more."

ENGLISH LIBERTY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

It was in this period of civil war (1485) that two writers of sagacity describe England as superior to her neighbours, in a mild and equitable government, of which the habitual influence had abated the ravages of a contest between incensed factions, and deprived intestine commotions of a great part of their horrors. "In England," says Philip de Comines, a soldier and a traveller, the evil of war falls on those only who make it." Sir John Fortescue, an English lawyer, long resident in France, contrasts the operation of absolute monarchy, in impoverishing and depressing the people of that kingdom, with that more free government which raised up the race of English yeomen, qualified by their intelligence, and by their independent situation, as well as spirit, to take an important part in dispensing justice as jurors;*—an accession to popular power, which spread more widely over ordinary life than perhaps any other; and while it fostered the independence of the people, contributed, by a happy peculiarity, to interest their pride, in duly executing the law, and taught them to place their personal importance in enforcing the observance of justice.

Nothing can be more decisive than the testimony of this eminent lawyer. He lays it down as a first principle, "that a king is appointed to protect his subjects in their lives, properties, and laws; for this end he has the delegation of power from the people, and he has no just claim to any other power."† "In France, although well supplied with all the fruits of the earth, yet they are so much oppressed by the king's troops, that you could scarce be accommodated, even in the great towns. The king cannot, in England, lay taxes: he cannot alter the laws, or make new laws, without the consent of the whole king-

* Sir John Fortescue, De Laudibus Legum Anglo, c. 36. See also on the difference between an absolute and a limited monarchy.

† De Laudibus, c. xiii., Professor Amos's edition, with his most learned and instructive notes, p. 38. In c. xxix. the opulence of the yeomanry is the reason assigned for juries.

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dom in parliament assembled." These extracts may be properly closed by the short maxim following, after the perusal of which no man will be at a loss to understand the main cause of the happiest of all revolutions—the manumission of bondsmen. "The laws of England, in all cases, declare in favour of liberty."*

Thus early was the example of England in entering on the progress towards liberty (the highest benefit which a single people could confer on mankind) discovered by the wisest men of an age, which may be regarded as the worst in the history of this country. The two governments were thus estimated according to their experienced effects, by men whose origin and fortune were not favourable to a prejudice on the side of England; the one a foreigner, who saw the venality of the court and council of Edward IV.; the other an Englishman, indeed, but with the more bitter feelings of unjust exile and undeserved proscription. Fortescue, even in his own banishment, and amidst the tragical circumstances of his country, considers its government as the best model of legal liberty, and holds out France as an example of the evil principle of absolute power.—*Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England*, vol. ii.

CHARACTER OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Had Henry died in the twentieth year of his reign, his name might have come down to us as that of a festive and martial prince, with much of the applause which is lavished on gaiety and enterprise, and of which some fragment, preserved in the traditions of the people, too long served to screen the misrule of his latter years from historical justice. In the divorce of his inoffensive wife, the disregard of honour, of gratitude, of the ties of long union, of the sentiments which grow out of the common habitudes of domestic union, and which restrain the greater number of imperfect husbands from open outrage, throw a deeper stain over the period employed in negotiating and effecting that unjustifiable and unmanly separation. Most readers justly consider this defiance of the most respectable feelings, and the most ordinary decencies, as being very little mitigated by superstitious scruples and unamiable prejudices, of which some admixture may have coloured his passion for a youthful beauty. But the execution of More marks the moment of the transition of his government from joviality and parade to a species of atrocity which distinguishes it from, and perhaps above, any other European tyranny. This singular revolution in his conduct has been ascribed to the death of Wolsey, which unbridled his passions, and gave a loose to his rage. That this was not the opinion formed by Wolsey himself of the king, we know from the dying words of that minister, who knew his master enough to foretell that his master would prove unmanageable whenever a sharp enough spur should strike his passions. Had Wolsey refused to concur in the divorce, he was not likely to be better treated than More. Had he stepped into blood he must have waded onward, or he would have been struck down on his first attempt to fly. No change of administration could account for more than that part of his conduct which had the form of acts of state, and consisted in measures of civil or ecclesiastical policy. But the total change of Henry's conduct relates still more to his deeds as a man than to his system as a king. He is the only prince of modern times who carried judicial murder into his bed, and imbrued his hands in the blood of those whom he had caressed. Perhaps no other monarch, since the emancipation of women from polygamy, put to death two wives on the scaffold for infidelity, divorced another, whom he owned to be a faultless woman, after twenty-four years of wedded friendship, and rejected a fourth, without imputing blame to her, from the first impulse of personal disgust.—*Ibid.*

* C. xii. fd. 157.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FINED £10,000.

Sir William Williams was Speaker of the House of Commons in the last two short parliaments during the reign of Charles II. As Speaker of the House, he had licensed the votes, which contained matters of scandal, relative to several Lords supposed to be implicated in a conspiracy, denominated the *Meal-tub Plot*. For this an information was filed against him in the King's Bench, where he was found guilty, and fined *ten thousand pounds*, eight of which he paid. He pleaded in abatement, that by the law and custom of Parliament, the Speaker of the Commons, according to the duty of his office as a servant of

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the House during the sessions, had a right to speak, sign, and publish the proceedings, in such a manner as might be ordered by that honourable House; and that the speaking, signing, and publishing of the Speaker was usually considered as its own act and deed; and that the Speaker ought not for such assumed liberty, to answer in any *other court* or *place* but in *parliament*. P. T. W.

WHAT A SHOCKING BAD HAT YOU'VE GOT.

THIS phrase has acquired a popularity far exceeding that of B C Y, of deadwall notoriety. It is in every man's mouth, but in no man's understanding: it is, indeed, as little understood as the French play or the Italian opera, by one-half of the persons who frequent them; and surely no stronger illustration can be adduced to justify the introduction in this place of its true history and origin. In its precise application it appears to have superseded the very expressive "I shoud'n't wonder!" as, for instance—The other morning Lord John R—— meeting the Duke of N——, accosted him with, "When the Reform Bill gets into the upper house, I trust, after all, your Grace will vote in favour of it." To which the Duke replied, "What a shocking bad hat you've got!" Again—"My dear Duchess," said Lady Mary, "will you change places with me, for I can't see a bit of Taglioni?" "My dear Lady Mary," simperingly replied the Duchess, "what a shocking bad hat you've got!"—But to our philological task: When Mr. H——, the worthy hat-maker, was canvassing the poorer constituents of the borough of Southwark for their "sweet voices," he invariably addressed them in this form—"I wait upon you, sir, to request the favour of your vote and interest at the ensuing election. To bribery and corruption I—will—not—have—recourse; but, sir, if———Why, bless me, sir, what a shocking bad hat you've got! really, you must allow me to send you a new one. But, sir, as I was about to say, if you can, conscientiously," &c.—*New Monthly Magazine for July.*

IMPROMPTU

On seeing the large temporary building erected for the reception of the skeleton of an enormous whale, 95 feet long, at the King's Mews.

WHAT wondrous lengthy booth is that?
Ask'd Murphy of his brother Pat,
What's now for sight—or sale?
Said Pat, "my honey, 'tis a tomb,
A sort of bed-crib, sleeping-room
For what they call—a *Whale.*"
"A whale," cried Murphy, "hub, bub, boo,
It's all *naboclish*, can't be true,
'Tis one of John Bull's tales.
Och, now I have it—if for that
It must be, by the powers, friend Pat
Sure 'tis for the *Prince of Wales* (whales.)
Greenland Dock. T. G.

TOM D'URFEY.

THE last resting places of celebrated characters have always some degree of interest attached to them. Under this conviction, I beg to inform your readers that the remains of TOM D'URFEY, a man whose humorous productions were wont to amuse the court of Charles II. are deposited in the burial ground of St. James's, Westminster. A plain slab, affixed to the southern wall of the church tower, bearing the following brief memorial, now nearly effaced by negligence and time, marks the spot:

"Tom Durfey
Dyed Feby. ye 26th, 1723."

D'Urfey's friends justly considered his name alone sufficient to remind posterity of his fame.

In the *Guardian* his name is spelled as *d'Urfey*. W. C. R. R.

EXCESSIVE FRIENDSHIP.

HURRING (king of Sweden, in the year B. C. 2983) after a bloody war which he undertook against Hading, King of Denmark, to revenge the death of his brother, changed of a sudden his violent hatred against his enemy, into an excess of friendship. A peace was concluded between the two princes with a solemn oath on both sides, that on the death of either, the other should not survive him. Not long after, Hading was falsely reported to have been murdered by his own daughter; which Hurring believing, resolved to die according to his promise. In pursuance of this design, he regaled his friends and the chief persons of the kingdom with a sumptuous entertainment, and at the conclusion of the feast, being drunk, he threw himself into a deep tub full of mead, where he was drowned. Hading was sorely vexed at the news, but resolving to imitate the generosity of his friend, he hanged himself in the sight of all his people. JAC-CO.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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WARSAW.

GOVERNMENT PALACE.

POLAND again! why the reader will suspect another *partition*. Last week we gave one of Warsaw's proud palaces—that of her Finance—and here is her Government abode, with the city itself as a makeweight—just as Charles Surface throws the Mayor and Aldermen into his picture bargain. One of our duties is to catch the topics "living as they *rise*," and we cannot do this better than by calling the reader's attention to Poland, about which country so little appears to be known.

As an accompaniment to these Engravings we quote probably the most recent account of the City of Warsaw. It is from Dr. Granville's Travels, published in 1829; but as the author is somewhat more diffuse than we can afford to be, his description is abridged:—

"The general appearance of the city of Warsaw is favourable: its details we found still more so. But my observations principally apply to the modern parts of the town, in which are the most fashionable streets and squares! such as the *Miodowa*, (Honey-street,) in which our inn was situated! the *Nowy Swiat*, (the New World); the one the Bond-street, and the other, the Regent-street, of Warsaw; the *Elektoralna*, (Electoral-street); the *Dluga*, (Long-street); the *Krôlewska*, and the *Senatorska*, (the Royal and Senate-streets,) together with the *Place de Saxe*, *de Marieville*, and *du Roi Sigismond*. The streets are badly paved, and have no *trottoirs;* they greatly resemble those of Paris. Of about four thousand houses, which are large enough to give shelter to a population of 123,000 inhabitants, one-fourth only are built of wood, that style of construction being no longer permitted. The houses are numbered as in the principal towns in Lombardy, in one continued series, throughout the city, beginning from the royal palace, which is numbered *one*. The palaces, public buildings, and many of the mansions of noblemen, or wealthy commoners, are on a large scale, very showy, and in general very striking for their architectural designs.

"The town is very picturesquely dis-

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posed on a hill of considerable elevation, which forms the left bank of the Vistula; and the Zameck spreading its wide wings midway between that river and the summit of the hill, forms a principal and an attractive feature in the landscape, which is crowded with handsome architectural elevations; some striking churches and many towering spires chequering, at different heights, the distant horizon. A bridge of boats, 3,280 feet long, joins the city to the Faubourg of Prague, through which we had entered Warsaw, and which, from an important and almost historical citadel in former times, has, through various vicissitudes of war, been reduced to an insignificant sandy plain, with a few dwelling houses scattered over it.

"There is a notable difference between the general aspect of the inhabitants of Warsaw, and those of the capital (St. Petersburg,) we had just left. Here is less admixture of foreign blood and foreign manners. Warsaw has its own peculiar colour; it is that, I believe, of the nation generally. The women are handsomer than the men; at St. Petersburgh, the impression I received was of an opposite nature. The absence of those semi-Asiatic costumes, which are so prevalent in all the streets of the Russian capital, tends, perhaps, in a great measure, to give to the capital of Poland, a more European aspect, as far as the population only is concerned; but there is something else that contributes to produce that effect. The Poles are uniformly more merry, they are loud chatterers, fond of amusement, and as partial to living in the open air, doing nothing, as the Parisian *fainéants* and the *habitués* of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, or the Luxembourg are; to which class of people I should be tempted to compare them, in many other respects. They also do business differently; their shops and public places of amusement are more like those of any other European city farther south; and their *ménage*, if I am to judge from that of two or three good families, by whom we were kindly received during our stay, is much nearer to that of the French than of the Russians.

"The *Zameck* just mentioned is the name given to the palace of the old sovereigns of Poland, situated, as I have just observed on the left bank of the Vistula. It was erected under Sigismond III., enlarged by Augustus II., and completed by order of Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski. Two things I could not help being struck with in this palace. First, a very spacious room, the walls of which are covered with Canalettis of large dimensions, and of the very first merit, representing all the remarkable buildings, streets, and environs of Warsaw; among which, I noticed the large painting by that master, of a view of that capital, taken from Prague, which the French had carried off to Paris, and which was afterwards restored. Canaletti spent some time at Warsaw. Secondly, the Ball Room, in which marble ornaments and gilt bronze decorations have been unsparingly employed, and produce, it must be admitted, a pleasing effect. The *plafond* is executed by the elder Bacciarelli: but some of the best efforts of this artist are to be found in the Presentation-hall, in which there are six very large paintings, representing the most remarkable events in the history of Poland. The composition as well as the execution of these pictures, merits great commendation, and can only be found fault with on account of the faintness of their colouring. Bacciarelli painted at Warsaw, in 1780.

"Connected with the Zameck is the Great Hall of Assembly of the Senate, and that of the Diet of the kingdom, which was then preparing for the session about to be held.

"Except that it is not quite so large, the Hall of the Polish Diet may be said to resemble, in a great degree, the House of Lords, as it appeared with its temporary gallery during the trial of Queen Caroline.

"On the ground floor of the Zameck are the national archives, which are said to be rich in ancient MSS. The Zameck serves as the residence of the Emperor when he visits Warsaw in his character of Sovereign of the country. His apartments are remarkable for 'comfortable simplicity,' and contrast with the rest of the principal rooms in the Palace, formerly the abode of Polish Sovereigns.

"A large building which I noticed in the grand square, is called the *Palais de Saxe*, formerly, also, one of the habitual residences of two of the Kings of Poland. At the back of this Palace are the principal public gardens to be found in the interior of Warsaw, which resemble, in some respects, the Park at Brussels, although considerably larger. There is, by the by, another handsome public garden in the town much frequented at the fashionable hour of twelve, which belongs to what is called the Government Palace *(See the Engraving.)* This latter is, perhaps, one of the most chaste and really beautiful architectural elevations which I noticed in the Polish capi-

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tal. It is strictly in the Italian style, and consequently classical, as the reader will have some opportunity of judging by inspecting the annexed view of that building. Within its vast precincts, Melpomene, Mercury, and Themis, hold their court, for the Palace contains the National Theatre, the Custom-house, and the high Tribunals. Here are also situated the offices of the Minister of the Interior; but I can find no appropriate mythological rank to bestow upon him.

"My readers are of course aware that the prevailing religion in Warsaw is the Catholic. This fact accounts for the great number of churches to be found in that city, some of which are, like most churches of that worship, of really colossal dimensions. The Cathedral Church of St. John is one of that number, and more particularly that of the Holy Cross. In the former, there is an altar-piece of great merit, by Palma Nova, which had for a few years been placed in the Louvre. From the soffit of the church is suspended a very large standard of Mahomet, wrested from the Turks by Sobieski, at the siege of Vienna. The Lutherans have a magnificent church of their own, which, in this instance, is superior in beauty and boldness of design to all the Catholic churches in the place. Monsieur Zug, the architect, has probably dared more than modern architects are in the habit of doing, in projecting a dome and tower of such prodigious elevation. From the top of this building, where a gallery affords that opportunity, the spectator may enjoy the best panoramic view of the city, and its surrounding villages, and villas.

"Whichever way a traveller turns to get to his Hotel in the *Miodowa*, he cannot fail to pass some one of the monuments which stand in the squares to commemorate the reign of a Sovereign, or the achievements of a Polish warrior. The colossal statue of King Sigismond III., cast in bronze gilt, and placed on a lofty pillar of marble of the country, produces a very good effect. It was Ladislas IV., who erected it to the memory of his father; and the equestrian group in bronze, in remembrance of the valour, and untimely extinction of Prince Poniatowski's career of glory, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, is another monument worthy of admiration.

"Independently of the public gardens, Warsaw may be said to have, in its vicinity, some of the finest drives and promenades in Europe for width and extent. The numerous avenues of the Ujazdow, leading to the Grand duke Constantine's country residence, Belvedere, planted with lofty lime and chestnut trees, are the rendezvous of nearly the entire population of Warsaw on Sundays and other holidays, and are admirably calculated, also, for horse and sledge-races, both of which, I understand, take place on this spot, whenever the weather or season is favourable. The Poles, on all those occasions, resemble the rest of the Continental nations, who cannot enjoy the pleasures of a ride or walk in the country, without thinking of their stomach, for which ample provision is made at the numerous *restaurants* of all classes and degrees scattered in many parts of the avenues in question.

"There is at Warsaw an University, founded by the late Emperor Alexander, in 1816. It consists of a Faculty of Theology; of Jurisprudence and Administration; of Medicine; of Philosophy; of Belles Lettres; and the Fine Arts; and is regulated by a council, composed of a rector, five members, and two secretaries, with forty-eight professors and teachers. The palace occupied by the University was once inhabited by King John Casimir I. to which the Emperor, in presenting it to the University, ordered considerable additions to be made, particularly of two large buildings for the cabinets of zoology, philosophical instruments, the fine arts, and academical meetings. In the centre of the great court, in front of the University, a statue of Copernicus, whom the Poles claim as their countryman, has with an appropriate feeling of veneration for his great talents and modesty, been recently erected. An observatory has just been finished, and many excellent astronomical instruments added to it, most of which were executed by the late celebrated Reichenbach.

"In driving through the streets of Warsaw it is impossible not to be struck with the large number of Jews who seem to inhabit them, and who, ever intent on business, are seen wandering in all directions with quick step and keen eye, looking the images of Care. There are not fewer than twenty-eight thousand of that tribe in Warsaw, who are undisturbed in their religion, although one of the recent measures of Government, the suppression of their Sanhedrins, and the substitution of inspectors of synagogues, was considered by them as an interference, against which they were disposed to protest. The wealth of these people is so considerable, that they have been able to

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supply all the extravagances of Polish spendthrifts among the nobility and the once rich landed proprietors by which they have gradually become the mortgagees of nearly all the most valuable estates in the country.

"In the system of education adopted in Poland there is much that is commendable, and some part that is inexplicable. For the instruction of the upper classes, as I have already shown, every thing has been done that the present state of science and literature in that country would admit. Even for the numerous children of artisans, Sunday-schools have been opened in various parts of the kingdom. But with respect to the multitude, provisions, not only inefficient, but avowedly limited, have alone been made hitherto. Besides the University, the upper classes in Warsaw have other means of instruction. That capital boasts of an *Ecole Polytechnique*, in imitation of that at Paris; a Lyceum, in which I remarked that there were professors for four distinct branches of religious communion: and two high schools, called the *Ecole palatinale des Piaristes*, and the *Ecole á Joli-bord*, or *Collegium Nobilium*, conducted by the same congregation. But for the inhabitants of the country, even the *primary schools*, as they are called, have been allowed to remain inactive, by reason of the extreme poverty in which the agriculturists are at this moment plunged, and which totally disables them from contributing to the maintenance of those inferior schools.

"Nothing contributes more to the promotion of an active or lucrative commerce than the establishment of superior internal communications, by means of direct and cross roads, and the establishment of public conveyances, and the extension of the system of internal navigation. I shall have very shortly to bear witness to the commendable state of the former. There are in some parts of the kingdom roads equally as good as those of the best regulated nations in Europe. In regard to public conveyances, or diligences, I was told that several of them are in endless activity in every part of the kingdom—that they are light and commodious, and the expense trifling. The approaches to the principal towns have been considerably embellished."

The annexed view of the City is not of recent date. It is from a large French Plan, (date 1762,) for the loan of which we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Wylde, the map publisher, of Charing Cross.

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A SUMMER NIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

Rich with the balm of flow'rs, the downy wind
Attuned the brook to music,—from the leaves
A gradual whisper stirr'd the languid air,
And seem'd as if some Dryad's fingers paused
Amid the strings of her enchanted shell.
The moon rose like a spirit o'er the cloud,
And fringed its crest with silver; and the stars
Glanced in her path like wings of crystal light.
The scene was rife with beauty—hill and vale,
And ev'n the distant sea acquired a charm
From the delicious Night! *MS. Poem.*

A summer Night! it haunts the heart
With meditation high,
When, to the murmurs of the deep,
The balmy winds reply.

The stars seem watching in the heaven
Like eyes of beauteous hue,
Ere Death has dimm'd their vivid light,
Or closed their orbs from view.

And sweet it is to see the moon
Her sapphire throne resign,
And lay concealed behind a cloud,
As in a marble shrine.

The sward on which the violets bloom
With richest fragrance teems,
And from the verdant slope descends
The liquid gush of streams.

The valley, with its belt of pines,
Is beautiful and still;
But cypress-trees o'er many a tomb,
Are weeping on the hill.

And proudly wave the gorgeous woods
Around the distant scene,
While moonlight saturates their leaves
With sparkling light serene.

A summer Night! with aught that's pure,
Its glory shall impart
Bright dreams, and heaven-enchanted hopes,
To consecrate the heart! G. R. C.

CORONATION SCRAPS.

(For the Mirror.)

Several of our Saxon kings were crowned on a stage in the market-place at Kingston-upon-Thames.

The first coronation ceremony recorded to have been performed in the metropolis, is that of Edmund Ironside, which was attended with the most joyful acclamations of the people, and very splendid and costly feastings.

In the year 1236, Henry III. on New Year's Day, caused six thousand poor men, women, and children to be entertained in Westminster Hall, and in the other rooms of his palace. This was on the occasion of Queen Eleanor's coronation. The king and the queen had been married at Canterbury; and on the day of this great feast they made their public entry into London.

Stowe informs us, that "the citizens rode to meet the king and queen, being clothed in long garments, embroidered about wyth golde and silke of divers couloures, their horses finely trapped in array to the number of three hundred and sixty, every man bearing golden or silver cups in their hands, and the king's trumpeters before them sounding. The citie was adorned with silkes, and in the night with lamps, cressets, and other lights, without number, besides many pageants and strange devices which were shewn."

"To this coronation resorted so great a number of all estates, that the Citie of London was scarce able to receive them. The Archbishop of Canterbury did execute the office of coronation; the citizens of Winchester tooke charge of the kitchen, and other citizens attended their charges."—*Stowe's Annals*, p. 271.

The *Queen's Circlet of gold*, worn by her majesty in proceeding to her coronation, is richly adorned with large diamonds, and a string of pearls around its upper edge. The cap is purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, richly powdered.

The *Queen's Crown* with which every queen consort is crowned, was made for Catherine, Queen of King Charles II. and originally called "*Saint Egitha's Crown*," in commemoration of Egitha, Queen consort of King Edward the Confessor. The crown of St. Edward is solely appropriated to the coronation of a sovereign queen; being never used for crowning a queen consort.

In the library of the late John Dent, Esq. there was a very fine manuscript upon vellum, of the LIBER REGALIS, written in the early part of the fifteenth century, and rubricated, which Mr. Evans in his curious catalogue thus describes:—"This is one of the most curious, authentic and important manuscripts relating to the coronation of the kings and queens of England, which exists. It is quite surprising that it should be found in a private collection."

"When Queen Caroline laid claim to be crowned with his majesty, the Dean of Westminster was summoned to attend the privy council, and produce the book of the duties and ceremonies to be observed at the coronation of the kings and queens of England, preserved among the muniments of the Dean and Chapter, and considered the most ancient, authentic, and complete book which remains."

"By the very liberal permission of the Dean, I have been allowed to examine that most curious document. It was used at the coronation of Richard II. in 1378. By the same kindness I have been permitted to compare this manu-

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script with the Westminster original, and the Dean condescended to verify my collation. I can therefore state positively that the manuscript is a literal transcript of that most important English historical document. If the scribe has committed the error of a single letter, it has been corrected on the margin. In the original document, some corrections and some additions are made on the margin, these are likewise transferred to the margins of this copy."

"The volume opens with directions for the mode of fitting up the abbey for the coronation. It then directs that the king, the day before the coronation, shall ride with his head bare from the Tower to the Palace of Westminster, *that he may be seen of all his people.* The various ceremonies to be observed at the coronation of the king and queen follow. Next, the various fees to be paid to the Convent of Westminster, and the nomination of certain persons to perform offices on the day of the coronation. The Earl of Leycester is to perform the office of Seneschal, though the Duke of Norfolk has claimed the right. This part is very curious, as the coronation of Richard II. affords the first record of the proceedings of a Court of Claims. The court was holden by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster."

Next follow the directions, and a service for the queen when she shall be crowned alone.

"There is a very curious circumstance in the ritual, relating to the administration of the Sacrament to the king and queen. *They are to receive wine,* but it is cautiously explained that *it is no part of the sacramental service.* The queen is allowed to take it as a sign of 'Unity.'"

This transcript is certainly of the early part of the fifteenth century. It has been re-bound about one hundred and fifty years since, and bears the arms of a French duke on the side. They appear to be those of the noble family of Duplessis. It is thought extremely probable that this manuscript was sent to France to satisfy the scruples of Henrietta Maria, about our coronation ceremonies previous to her marriage. "In the case of the coronation of Charles I." said Mr. Brougham, in his speech before the privy council, "Henrietta Maria was said to have objected to take any part in it, unless she could be assisted by a Popish priest, which the Constitution rendered impossible."

"I have ascertained (says Mr. Evans) that Henrietta Maria did not take the Sacrament with Charles I. at her coronation.

There is a manuscript translation of this *bijou* made expressly for Mr. Dent, by L. Sotheby, 1825. — *See Evans's Catalogue,* 1827.

The amateur in coronations will be much *gratified* with reading Mr. Bonnel Thornton's account of the coronation of King George III. and his consort. It is too long for present insertion here: he concludes thus:—"Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the King, by the Earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the abbey, the sword of state was found placed on the altar. Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession, closed in the rear: at the expense of half-a-guinea was admitted into the hall, got brim full of his majesty's claret, and in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity." P. T. W.

ANCIENT CROWNS OF ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE kings of the Saxon race in England had a crown like that of other nations, which at that time was only a plain fillet; but King Egbert first fixed on the circle or fillet, with points or rays resembling the crown worn by the emperors of the east; and King Edward, surnamed Ironside, topped the points with pearl.

William the Conqueror is said to have had his circle flowery; but Sandford says, the coronet had on the circle, points and leaves, the points being much higher than the leaves, and each of them topped with a cross pattée, as appear on the seal of that monarch.

The crown worn by William Rufus was only enriched with points, pearled at their tops, and not accompanied with flowers.

The crown of Henry the First was adorned with *fleurs-de-lis* only, a little raised, as is seen on his great seal and coin.

Maud, Queen of England, had her crown enriched with leaves and points, the leaves and flowers being higher than the points; and their successors to King Edward the Third had these crowns variously encircled with points and *fleurs-de-lis* placed alternately, sometimes the one higher than the other.

King Edward the Third enriched his

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crown with *fleurs-de-lis* and crosses pattée, and arched with four bars.

Edward the Fifth and Richard the Third bore the same as King Edward the Fourth.

Henry the Seventh and Eighth had their crowns composed of *fleurs-de-lis* and crosses pattée, with two arches embellished with pearls, &c. and this form hath since been continued.

The crown of England, with which the Kings of England are crowned, is called "St. Edward's crown," made in imitation of the ancient crown, said to be worn by that monarch, kept in the Abbey Church of Westminster, till the beginning of the Civil Wars in England, when with the rest of the regalia, it was stolen and sold in 1642.

This very rich imperial crown of gold, was made against the coronation of Charles the Second, and is embellished with pearls and precious stones, as diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and has a mound of gold on the top, enriched with a fillet of gold, embellished also with precious stones.

In ancient times crowns were more generally granted by the voice of the people in acclamation; and then became of such inestimable value that they were regarded as the highest reward of merit: as they excited a general emulation to deserve them, they were at length bestowed by the Romans, with no small profusion, for military achievements. H. B. A.

"PUBLIC HEALTH:"

CONTAGION, OR NON-CONTAGION OF PUTRID ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE desirable interest awakened by my communications to your miscellany, on the subject of Interment in Vaults and crowded Churchyards, and the flattering opinion bestowed by yourself on my arguments, have emboldened me to trouble you with a few further remarks called forth by the perusal of an article in the *Lancet*, touching the innocuousness of putrescent animal matter, and the impunity of burial in densely populated cities. The article alluded to is a review of three dissertations on the subject, the first, confirming the belief in contagion, written by an American Professor of anatomy and surgery, Usher Parsons, M. D., of Providence College, R. I., and the two latter supporting the doctrine of non-contagion, by M. M. Parent Du Chatelet and D'Arcet, of Paris.

My first impression after reading the review in the *Lancet*, and *before* I adverted to Professor Parsons' essay in the American Journal, was, that the reviewer had criticised such essay with partiality; but when I read it at length in its unmutilated form, I the more readily accounted for the numerous synonimous terms applied to the Professor's *facts* and arguments—terms such as "apocryphal," "vague," "ludicrous," "exaggerated," "unavailing," "whimsical:" while, on the other hand, as a set-off to this indiscriminate tissue of censure, the opinions of the French authors are complimented with the epithets of "strong," "unanswerable," "able," and "philanthropic." This perversion of the Professor's reasoning—this condemnation without proof—is the more to be lamented, as he possesses not the facility of promptly replying; the time occupied in transatlantic communication with this country being accompanied by the evil of an author's being held up to ridicule in the long interim without the means of averting it: add to this the fact that where the American Journal of Medical Science circulates five hundred of its copies in this country, the *Lancet* puts forth as many thousands! hence the unfairness of abridging the Professor's remarks. The reviewer triumphantly alludes to the innocuousness of the knackeries of Montfaucon as established by the before-named French authorities—a comparison which bears no analogy whatever to the exhumation of putrid bodies after being *shut up* in the recesses of a vault: the accumulation of animal matter in the knackeries of Montfaucon is *exposed to the air*, undergoes periodical removal, and therefore cannot be said to bear resemblance to putrescent human substance, generating, according to the reviewer's own showing, "sulphuretted hydrogen gas," the respiration of which is so fatal to the living subject. In the face of this admission, he strangely contends that the alleged evil of sudden exhumations, opening of vaults, &c. is a groundless theory, "fostered by the fictions of Homer, and the exaggerations of Spenser!" He in the same page as consistently admits, that the tendency of the disinterments of "single bodies" to generate disease, "may be sufficiently counteracted by careful and scientific manipulation!" What are we to understand from these admissions and counter-admissions? Further on the reviewer says: "When we remember, according to the testimony of the great Jewish lawgiver, that, after the frogs had covered the land of Egypt, when they died out of the houses and villages and fields,

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and were collected into heaps, and the land stank, (Exodus, c. viii, v. 13, 14), yet that no plague or fever followed their putrefaction,—it is impossible to refuse the conclusion, that great exaggeration is abroad on this subject."

What! is the author of the article really in earnest? If he be so, I have no hesitation in asserting that, however erudite as a critic of science, he would make but an unpopular commentator on the Scriptures, his scepticism leaving him no stepping-stone whereby to ford the dark flood of infidelity. Does it not seem consistent to every reader, that the same Almighty Power which by a miracle generated the Egyptian plague of the frogs, could, *by a like miracle*, prevent the consequents of "plague or fever?" Besides, the probable desolations of plague or fever calculated to *extirpate* the oppressive Egyptians, were not the weapons which it was in unison with the Deity's plan to wield. He punished them by progressive means; and the total sacrifice of life on the part of Pharaoh and his host, which took place on the attempt to follow the aggrieved Israelites, was the extreme act of insulted Heaven. Another singular admission of the author's is, that where any fatal effects result from exhumations, "sepulture within cities," &c. it is the result of "a depression of the moral courage;" and that "moral means should always be taken to counteract the terror so easily generated." Remove the *cause*, and the *effect* will cease. It matters little whether it is through mental emotion or bodily predisposition that disease obtains in such cases, so long as we are convinced as to the identity of its origin. Let us abolish the absurd custom of intramural interment —let us desist from interring our dead at our very doors, and then the *possibility* even of contagion may be avoided without "the potent aid of chemistry," recommended by the *Lancet* reviewer, and which it would be as well to confine to the dissecting-room.

The account of the exhumations at the St. Innocens, Paris, exultingly cited by the anti-contagionist Bancroft, as sustaining his creed, are *unnoticed* by the reviewer. And why? Simply, I opine, because Professor Parsons had so well exposed the garbled representations of Bancroft. The latter states that the disinterments took place in the *hottest weather*, that thousands of bodies were uncovered and removed without any precaution, and that no ill effects succeeded. But what are the additional facts? the exhumations commenced about August, and were discontinued in April; —but *one* body at a time was exposed, which was immediately *covered* and taken away; and such operation was carried on in *the night* only, and by *torch-light*, the smoke from which acted as a preventive to contagion. But the reviewer seems studiously to omit coming into contact with the arguments and exposures put forth by Professor Parsons in his refutation of Bancroft. He makes a selection from the *sixteen* facts adduced by the Professor, on which to animadvert, and slurs over the rest by expressing his doubts of their authenticity. One of those which he thus despatches it may be as well to glance at, quoting from the American Journal.

The vaults in the church of Dijon were filled to excess, in consequence of the ground of the common cemetery being frozen to such a depth that it was impenetrable. Orders were given for the removal of the bodies from the vaults, a process in the accomplishment of which various means were resorted to in order to prevent any serious result: the detonation of nitre, the burning of storax, benzoin, &c., and sprinkling the pavement with anti-pestilential vinegar, yet a *malignant fever* followed as the consequence of such exhumation. Another instance of a similar catastrophe the reviewer justly acknowledges to have been effected "by the asphyxiating and poisonous properties of sulphuretted hydrogen gas:"—"In the summer of 1783, M. Faure, of Narbonne, in France, bought a house, previously occupied as an anatomical hall, and employed three men to dig a cave in the cellar. In digging, they came to a wall of a covered necessary, which had been the common receptacle of the remains of human subjects, and, on extracting a few stones, an offensive putrid matter rushed through and suffocated them. M. Faure, going to see the workmen, *descended but two or three steps before he fell senseless*. Of nine persons who entered to bring out the sufferers, six died. M. Faure died in four days, and the unfortunate labourers survived but a day or two. In the mean time, *the smell increased to such a degree, as to create a pestilence*, and the neighbours were obliged to remove, but a great many of them died. The mayor of the city being informed of the circumstance, had the cellar filled up, and the house closed. But the malignant effluvia had pervaded the *town*, and a great many died of the *pestis*. The disease was attended with the black vomit, but not communicated by contagion."

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The reviewer expresses his doubts as to the probability of some of the details of this story, and says that "at a certain period of putrefaction, sulphuretted hydrogen gas is evolved in the cavity of the abdomen, which if respired in its undiluted state may do serious mischief." Now why quibble as to the unimportant point, whence arises the danger? What matters it whether it is the rotting body or the foul vapour it produces, that is pregnant with destruction, so long as we know the prime agent in the generation of such danger? Another case:—

"A soldier labouring under gonorrhœa at Governor's Island was attacked with yellow fever. The physician who attended him perceived a very offensive smell, and on examination, found three barrels of putrid beef in a cellar under the patient's bed. On removing these, the soldier recovered." Of this the reviewer says:—

"Were there not other inhabitants equally exposed in the same tenement? Yet we have no account of these having been affected." I would ask a simple question yet one which naturally suggests itself, How is it accounted for when fever attacks one or two individuals, perhaps, out of ten, the eight escaping having rendered themselves more liable than the two who are victims? The argument referred to is a fallacy. But, seriously, I cannot avoid thinking, from the talent and research displayed by the reviewer, despite his sophisms, that his belief and mode of reasoning have been but temporarily assumed for the humane purpose of quieting the apprehensions of the public as to the source of contagion—especially as at the present time fears are excited, the philosophic contemplation of which might extort a smile from the sedate features of Science herself. Yet why sacrifice on the altar of such good intention the urbane and unoffending Professor, whose opinions and arguments, I have no hesitation in asserting have immovably established the incontrovertible doctrine of *contagion?*

** H.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

"I well remember how the ship lay yonder——
There was music on the festive deck, the wine like water poured,
And they bravely drank success to her, and to every man on board:
Then that mighty Power swept on, and made her timbers quiver,
And the gazers gave a rending shout, as she went down the river!
Storm came at length—but wave nor wind could yet her course impede,
She braved a fiercely surging sea, as a strong man braves his steed.

Departure from Bristol.—Steam.—Voyage down the Channel.—"Once more upon the waters," we exclaimed, as we paced the quarter-deck of the *Palmerston* steamer, whilst she was passing through the lock-gates of Cumberland Basin, on her return to Swansea.* But Byronics, amidst the roar of steam, and bustle of a steam-packet, are out of place. What a wondrous change has there been in steam navigation within a few short years—how wide the contrast between that stately ship the *United Kingdom*, of 1,100 tons, or the splendid *Killarney*, of 200 horse-power, which has just entered Cumberland Basin in twenty-two hours from Dublin—and the little *Comet*, of four-horse power, eighteen years ago on the Clyde.† Bristol, once the proud rival of London, though still a great port, presents a sad contrast to her former greatness. The all-absorbing Liverpool has swept away the United States trade entirely—the certain result of the contracted policy, and restrictions laid upon commerce by the ruling authorities of Bristol. But we believe this ancient port, which is clearly one of the finest and most commodious in the world, is reviving. The quantity of live-stock and produce imported here from Ireland is enormous. Seven first-class steamers ply weekly to Dublin, Cork, and Waterford; five hundred fat pigs, besides other live-stock, often arrive in one vessel from the latter port. Of what incalculable importance, therefore, is steam to the Irish agriculturist!—the Emeralders, by the way, often afford a highly-amusing scene at Cumberland Basin. Steam must ultimately almost entirely absorb the coast-

* See *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 61, for *Voyage up Bristol Channel.*

† The *Comet* (built in 1813) was the first steam vessel which ever plied in Great Britain. Her engine is now used for raising water at Greenock, and is considered quite a relic there. Probably some Glasgow reader could supply an early steam-reminiscence of the Clyde. Extraordinary improvements have been made in the Thames in the modelling and construction of steam-packets within the last two years. The obvious superiority of the principle of the sharp over the round or full bow, for speed, was fully proved in the *Kent* steamer, in 1829, and almost all the old vessels in the river have been lengthened and had new bows on since. Another great improvement, besides the increased length, is that of placing the engines much more aft than formerly, and of greatly increasing the power. The fastest vessels in this country are the *Royal William*, *Magnet*, and *Dart*, Margate steamers. The voyage from Margate to London, a distance of nearly ninety miles has been performed, barring stoppages, in little more than *five hours*, with a fair wind. These facts at the present period may be interesting.

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ing trade, which, in a national point of view, is to be deplored, as destroying an important class of men. Speaking of Bristol, we may mention that George Cooke's malediction, mentioned at p. 36 of vol. xvii. of the *Mirror*, was levelled, not at the Bristolians, but at the people of Liverpool.

Whilst we are embayed amongst some coasters, and several "argosies" fresh from the spicy gales of the Indies, opposite St. Vincent's Rocks, in our passage down the Avon, let us contemplate for an instant the majesty of the scenery around, and think of the almost aërial suspension bridge, which will shortly be carried from the summit of St. Vincent's Rocks to the opposite heights of Somerset, at an elevation sufficient to admit the passage of the largest ships underneath, without lowering their topmasts. The valley of the Avon is rendered doubly interesting by its similarity to the classic vale of Tempe, in Thessaly. Dr. Holland, in his *Travels in Turkey*, says that St. Vincent's Rocks convey a correct idea of the scenery of Tempe, though on a smaller scale. The Peneus, as it flows through the defile, "is not much wider than the Avon, and the channel between the cliffs is of equally contracted dimensions." The cliffs of Tempe, some of which are covered with ivy, shrubs, and trees, are however much loftier and more precipitous, towering in some places on the northern side six or eight hundred feet above the river, and "projecting their vast masses with more extraordinary abruptness over the hollow beneath."

The magical words "ease her!" and "stop her!" of our manly and seaman-like commander, Captain Hyde, as we disembarked some passengers at Pill, recalled us from our reverie. We were entering the Severn Sea, and caught our opponent the *Bristol*—and now we are at it. What a stirring sight a gallant steamer!—a thing of life and animation, rushing meteor-like on her glittering track! and, we may add, what a triumphant spectacle for man—thus, through the agency of all-conquering steam, the subduer of the mighty ocean! The wind is fresh and fair; up goes the main-sheet as we enter King Road; away fly both jibs—"Give her plenty of it!" then our mizen-gaff is fluttering in the wind.—"We are drawing her very fast, sir," said the mate. "Reef the mizen-sheet, there!" sung out Captain Hyde, "we shall go all the steadier for it." And then paddle-box to paddle-box—waves dancing over our bows—ladies frightened—every one a-stir and interested—band playing "Conquering Hero." But we took the wind out of her, and went a-head. Such is a picture of that gloriously exciting thing—a steam-race!

Cardiff, Llandaff, Caerphilly Castle, &c.—As we are nearing Pennarth Roads (a good shelter for craft in strong weather), which form the approach to the port of Cardiff, we will give the reader a passing vignette of that town and its district. Cardiff, in Welsh Caer-daf, or a fortress on the Taff, is the county town of Glamorgan, and was originally founded by Aulus Didius, a Roman general at the conquest of Britain. Its importance may be dated from the year 1080, when the last prince of South Wales, Jestyn ap Gwrgan, made the castle his residence, and built part of the town. Cardiff was once strongly fortified, and surrounded by a moat; the castle, which is extensive, has been much altered of late years, and its walls have witnessed many interesting scenes and events. It was last besieged by Cromwell, who bombarded it for several days, and states, in a work ascribed to him, that "he should have found greater difficulty in subduing Cardiff Castle" had not a deserter from the garrison (whom he afterwards hung) conducted his troops into it by a subterranean passage from the river Taff; and in consequence it was easily taken. Cardiff may be called the port of Merthyr Tydvil, where the celebrated iron-works of Cyfarthfa, Dowlais, &c., are situated. The Glamorganshire Canal, which cost 54,000*l.*, is 568 feet higher at Merthyr than at the entrance to the sea at Cardiff, and connects the two places, distant more than twenty-five miles. Cardiff is an extensive port, and has a wet harbour: it is not a well-built town, but there is, we believe, good society. A short distance from Cardiff are the remains of the once extensive city and cathedral of Llandaff, the former of which no longer exists. The cathedral is said to have been built at Llandaff A.D. 522, and some go back almost to the introduction of Christianity into this country, A.D. 186. The present cathedral was erected by Bishop Urban, in 1120; and its dilapidated remains have been repaired in very bad taste. A very high square tower, at the west front, is an interesting specimen of the union of the Gothic and Norman styles of architecture. Llandaff Cathedral was much injured by Owen Glendower, in the reign of Henry IV. There are several other towers. The present building measures, we believe, 263 feet from east to west, and is a beautiful relic of the

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ecclesiastical architecture of Wales. The eastern portion of Glamorgan is rich, highly cultivated, and in many parts very romantic. There are numberless ruins and antiquarian remains in this district. In the neighbourhood of the village of St. Nicholas, about six miles from Cardiff, some extensive Druidical vestiges exist, of no ordinary character. Amongst them, we believe, is a gigantic cromlech, which brings to mind Stonehenge or Abury. At Boverton, near Cowbridge, are the remains of a Roman station—the *Bovillen* of Antoninus. A few miles from Llandaff, surrounded by a romantic country, are the majestic ruins of Caerphilly Castle. With what recollections of olden rapine, cruelty, and strife, is not this noble ruin associated! At Caerphilly the unfortunate Edward II. was confined; from thence he was removed to Kenilworth, previously to the closing scene at Berkeley Castle. The origin of this ruin is unknown: it was originally supposed to have been a Roman station. The foundation of the present building is ascribed in the first volume of the *Archæologia* to Edward I., where a paper will be found on the subject by the Hon. Daines Barrington. Caerphilly is so deeply interesting a ruin, that we leave it to our "righte trustie friend" the Editor to furnish a pictorial and further literary description. The scenery along the Taff is mountainous, and eminently picturesque and commanding. We may add, this river is a first-rate trout stream;—but we must abruptly quit the remembrance of these relics of old. While passing the little port of West Aberthaw, we should notice, that its limestone, a large quantity of which is shipped, possesses the valuable property of immediately setting hard under water.

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

MR. HUSKISSON AND FREE TRADE.

The following dialogue, in his own hand-writing, and bearing various marks of correction in the same, has been found among Mr. Huskisson's MS. papers; and as there is every reason to believe it to have been his own composition, it is inserted as a specimen of that easy playfulness which has been mentioned as one of the charms of his private society.

"*Fraternal Dialogue between John Bull and his brother Jonathan.* (*Date July*, 1825.)—*Jonathan.* You are a very good and constant customer, John, at my shop, for flour, hoops, staves, and many other articles of my trade; you are good pay, and I am always glad to deal with you. *John.* I believe all you say—I wish to continue a good customer; but I must say your mode of dealing with me is rather hard. Every time I travel to, or send to your shop (Sunday or not,) I am obliged to pay double toll at the turnpike-gate, which is close before it. *Jon.* You need not take that trouble. I prefer sending my goods to my customers by my own porters; and as they are always ready and punctual in delivering the packages, I do not see why you should complain. *John.* I complain because my own cart and horses have nothing to do, and my people are upon the poor-rate, whilst I am paying you for porterage. I will not go on in this way. *Jon.* Well! we will consider of it next Christmas, when the partners in our firm meet to talk over the concern. (John remains patient for another year; when, finding the Sunday toll still continued, he asks what brother Jonathan and his firm have decided. July, 1826.) *Jon.* We have resolved to grant a new lease of the tolls, without making any alteration in the terms. *John.* You have! then I withdraw my custom. *Jon.* The devil you do! (*Aside.*) We mistook him for a more patient ass than he proves to be. How shall we contrive to bring him back to our shop?"

DREAMS,

(From the "Quarterly Review" of Dr. Abercrombie's Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth.)

In discussing the subject of dreams, Dr. Abercrombie confines himself principally to an investigation of the manner in which the particular visions arise, and in this respect he arranges dreams into four classes. 1. When recent events and recent mental emotions are mixed up with each other, and with old events by some feeling common to both. Although this kind of dream is extremely common, we may quote a curious example of it given by Dr. Abercrombie.

"A woman who was a patient in the clinical ward of the Infirmary of Edinburgh, under the care of Dr. Duncan, talked a great deal in her sleep, and made numerous and very distinct allusions to the cases of other sick persons. These allusions did not apply to any patients who were in the ward at that time; but after some observation, they were found to refer correctly to the cases of individuals who were there when this woman

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was a patient in the wards two years before."

2. The second class of dreams relate to trains of images brought up by association with bodily sensations. As examples of this numerous class, Dr. Abercrombie mentions the case of Dr. Gregory, who, in consequence of having a vessel of hot water at his feet, dreamt of walking up the crater of Mount Ætna, and feeling the ground warm beneath him; and on another occasion, when the bed-clothes were thrown off him, he dreamt of being at Hudson's Bay, and of enduring much distress from the cold. At another time, when suffering from tooth-ache, he dreamt of undergoing the operation of tooth-drawing, with the additional circumstance that the dentist drew a sound tooth and left the aching one in its place. Dr. Reid also dreamt of being scalped by savages in consequence of the uneasiness which he experienced from the dressing of a blister upon his head having been ruffled during sleep.

Dreams are frequently produced by loud sounds; and Dr. Abercrombie quotes a case from a manuscript of Dr. Gregory, where the same sound produced simultaneously in a man and his wife a dream of the same general character, viz. that the French had landed near Edinburgh, an event which at the time was a subject of general anxiety. The most remarkable example, however, of this kind of dreaming is given by the same great physician in the manuscript referred to, and on the authority of an eye-witness.*

3. The third class of dreams relates to the revival of forgotten associations. The following case, given by Dr. Abercrombie, occurred to a particular friend of his own, and he assures us that it may be relied on in the most minute particulars.

"The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers' table where money is paid, when a person entered, demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being besides a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success, when at last my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction of the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under the full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and, on examination, he soon discovered that he had neglected to enter the sum which he had paid to this person in the manner now mentioned, and which exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

Dr. Abercrombie considers this case as one of the most remarkable mental phenomena connected with dreaming, and he confesses himself incapable of conceiving upon what principle the neglect of entering the money was recalled, as there was no consciousness at the time of any such fact, the importance of the case resting not upon his having paid the money, but upon his having neglected to insert the payment. To our apprehension, the difficulty does not appear to be so great; the teller did not recall in his dream the fact of his having omitted to insert the payment; he only recalled the whole transaction with the stammerer, and he awoke with an impression merely that the dream would lead to the discovery of the error. During his waking exertions to detect the cause of his mistake, he may perhaps never have recollected the transaction with the stammerer, and therefore we can on this hypothesis, easily understand how the dream, by recalling that transaction, induced him to examine the books relative to an individual payment which he had forgotten. But even if the transaction with the stammerer had been fully in his mind during the day, along with others which he remembered equally well, the dream was sufficient to fix his mind more upon that transaction than upon any other, and thus to lead him to a particular examination of it. If we suppose the teller to have had the smallest degree of superstitious feeling on the subject of dreams, it is easy to conceive how he had, when awake, the full impression that the dream was to lead to the discovery of his error.

4. The fourth class of dreams contains those in which a strong propensity

* For this Narrative, see *Mirror*, vol. xvii. wherein Lauisburg should be Louisburg.

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of character, or a strong mental emotion, is embodied in a dream, and by some natural coincidence is fulfilled. The following cases are given by Dr. Abercrombie as examples of this variety :—

"A clergyman had come to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his home, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger.

"A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumour in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening, perhaps, in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case."

The following still more remarkable dream is given by Dr. Abercrombie as entirely authentic :—

"A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire,—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals."

Dr. Abercrombie has assigned some ingenious and plausible reasons why the clergyman might dream of his house being on fire, and why the lady dreamt that the operation might be dispensed with; but even if we admit the force of these reasons, we must consider the coincidence of the dreams with the events as still inexplicable. In the second case, the dream produced no obvious good effect, but in the first and third cases a life was saved, and it is not easy to convince ourselves that the coincidences were in these instances purely accidental.

EPILOGUE TO THE NEW COMEDY OF THE SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES.

BY E. L. BULWER, ESQ. M. P.

WHAT have I done? renounced the power to vex,
The will to flirt—that charter of our sex?
Curb'd to one aim, the thousand aims of life,
And grown—oh heaven! domestic—yet a wife?
'Tis not too late—Stay: am I yet resign'd?
So young—not ugly—shall I change my mind?
Shall I *reform*—but gently—" bit by bit"—
And grow a very moderate Coquette?
A change too sweeping should I not repent?
—And after all, what husband is content?
If once to please the wretch I stoop to mend,
Say, can ye tell me where the thing may end?
May not the creature still contrive to see
My weekly routs require a schedule B?
May he not lop exclusive seats away—
And place the opera under schedule A?
Nor yet content to curb my faults alone,
Ask—universal suffrage—for his own?
Extend the elective franchise of his *frown*,
And bring my wardrobe to an annual gown?
Well, I must hope—I've said—and come what will.
I'll stand—if you permit me—on the Bill!
Come then, reform, while yet the art to teaze
Is half forgot beneath the power to please:
Come, fly the snare—agreed it does no hurt!
'Tis yet no sinecure to play the flirt.
Dull are the wretches who your charms adore—
You win the lover, to secure the bore.
Think of your spouse asleep in Piccadilly,
And own the Colonel is extremely silly;
Think of the cautions of your anxious mother;
And see—Lord Charles is flirting with another.
I grant your shawl is lovely and all that,
And yet your rival has a prettier hat:
In short, believe me, no affliction frets
Like that which crowns the conquests of Coquettes.
Each tree of life will grow the fruit "Vexation;"
But, Lord, you buy an orchard in flirtation!
Come then—I own the lesson I impart
Must often be heard, before 'tis learnt by heart;
Come then, as often as ye will, to school,
And your Honoria shall repeat the rule;
Come then, each fair, whose heart for conquest pants,
Ye married nieces—and ye—maiden aunts;
Or young, or not so young—unwed or wives—
Coquetting lasts its votaries all their lives;
Come—if the men your footsteps will pursue,
Why each true convert may select a few—
Some sober Major or demure Sir John,
To practice now and then—her scorn upon!
Come then—nor fear our school shall be too small;
We *can* contain—may we content you—all.

MAN and money mutual friendship show,
Man makes false money, money makes man so.

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SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SONNET,

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[*To B. R. Haydon. Composed on seeing his Picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena.*]

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true *poetic* thrill,—
That unincumbered Whole of blank and still—
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave—
And the one Man that labour'd to enslave
The World, sole standing high on the bare hill,
Back turn'd—arms folded—the unapparent face
Tinged (we may fancy) in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible Sun
Set—like his fortunes! but not set for aye
Like *them*. The unguilty power pursues his way,
And before *Him* doth dawn perpetual run.

New Monthly Magazine.

GOOD NIGHT TO TAGLIONI!

GOOD night to Taglioni! The thought comes down like a drop-curtain upon all my scenic remembrances! Many a time in the past and present month has this parting benediction been on our lips. Prince Leopold has wished good night to Belgium, and Leontine Fay to the Haymarket Theatre. Curious and manifold have been the changes of place and circumstance. Mr. Ward has vacated the city for Lord's Cricket Ground, and Horace Twiss the House of St. Stephen for the dwelling of Magog. Praed is out of Parliament, and a tallow-chandler is lighted in his stead. May they all live a thousand years—I shall gain nothing either by their presence or absence. I could say good night to a million of them, without a trembling of an eye-lid. But Taglioni—I should like to see the man who could say Good Night to Taglioni! A sack and the Thames, near the Isle of Dogs, would be his appropriate recompense.

I am poor, yet I have been three times to see Taglioni. The first time was after Pasta's sublime impersonation of Medea; I shall never forget it—the contrast was wonderful. It was like one of Anacreon's songs after the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or one of Moore's Melodies bound up with Paradise Lost. She came bounding forth from the dimness of the back scenes like a golden roe out of a rose-brake in Palestine, or a Hamadryad from some myrtle-nook in the Valley of Tempe, who hath heard the pipe of the shepherd among the sunlit trees. If the reader has not seen Taglioni, I cannot hope to offer any adequate picture of her countenance. It seemed to me, though not what is generally called handsome, to be perfectly interesting, as she *stood*—but that is not the word—with arched arms and flushing cheek, before the enthusiastic audience. And then her attitude! Titian might have breathed it into colour, or Canova might have kindled the marble with the life, as the sculptor did aforetime, when he had given the last touch to one of his most beautiful statues, and flinging the chisel from him, exclaimed—"*Dice!*" Speak! *I* will not attempt it—words would be weak and idle. I never *heard* silence so intense; the motion of a fan in Lady Londonderry's box fell on the ear with startling distinctness. If Juno had been petitioning Venus for her girdle, or Lady Lyndhurst twining her delicate fingers in Lord Brougham's hair, the attention could not have been more breathless. Do not suppose for a moment, however, that Taglioni is a posture-maker—Brocard is a figurante, but Taglioni is a lady. I have frequently read of performances far more scientifically wonderful than any of Taglioni. William Methold, an old traveller, in his *Relat. des Royaumes de Golconda*, speaks of a girl, not more than eight years of age, who could elevate one leg perpendicularly to her head, supporting herself meanwhile upon the other, so as to be parallel with his uplifted arm; and he has frequently seen the dancing girls place the soles of their feet upon their head.

Who ever heard Taglioni's feet touch the ground? I never did. Sometimes, indeed, I thought I could distinguish a faint melody—like the tremulous murmurs of the water round the foot of a Naiad, as she stands doubtingly by the fountain side, ever and anon shaking the ripples into silver light as she bendeth over her own shadow. Mercandotti's step was always audible. Brocard's shoes had the density of Suffolk hilloes, and Mdlle. Emile alighted with an echo like Kean falling backwards in the last scene of Othello.

But Taglioni—she seemed to float an Iris in the filmy light—a dove's wing might bear her up—the gossamer cloud of summer would not fade beneath her—and when she did touch the stage, it was with an aërial and lingering motion—if I may employ so fanciful an illustration—like a humming bird with its purple wings winnowing the air as it sinketh down into the golden bosom of the flower where it sleepeth.

It was observed to me, by a clever artist, that her arms were too long; for my own part I perceived nothing to detract from her enchanting appearance, as she glided along with her limbs wan-

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dering at their "own sweet will," and the eye acknowledged with rapture that "her body thought."

It can never be said of Taglioni, that she is first in a first class; she is the first and the last—we have had nothing like her before, and we shall see nothing like her in after time—Brocard by her side is like Mori accompanying Paganini. The dancer and the violin-player are the only individuals on record to whom history presents no parallel. We look from Turner to Claude, and from Chantrey to Canova, and from Fanny Kemble to Mrs. Siddons. They are only great in a relation to a greater. I can pardon Brocard her pretty spitefulness. It happened on the last night of Taglioni's first engagement (this season), that she was vehemently encored in a dance—she had retreated back, and Brocard was commencing—the audience cheered, and Brocard danced, but it would not do—at length Brocard walked up to the beautiful Italian, and making her a bow, awaited for the conclusion of the encore. —Poor Brocard!

It is certainly a pity that no patriotic individual has made any proposal for the endowment of a College of Dancers, privileged to confer honours and medals like the sister universities. Taglioni might read the first lecture on the *Poetry of Motion* (and sure I am her voice is lovely), illustrated in her own inimitable manner. In India the dancing girls are peculiarly protected by a provision in the Gentoo law, which permits any punishment to be inflicted by the magistrate, except the confiscation of their jewels, clothes, and dwelling. The dancing girl of Hindostan with the rings round her ankles, and her silver bells, and golden garments, and her tresses glittering along each cheek like the locks of the archer God in the old statues, affords the most picturesque resemblance to the figures of the bacchantes sometimes found on the antique bas-reliefs.

But to return to the proposal for a new college: surely it is needed. Have we not already a London University, and a King's College, and an Academy of Music? What glory will shine upon the *Monthly Magazine*, as the originator of the scheme! The spirit of prophecy is rushing upon me, and I see already in the leading column of the *Morning Herald*:—"*We have much pleasure in stating that Mdlle. Taglioni has been appointed professor in the New College. The first meeting of the proprietors will be held on the* 26 *inst.*" Who would not be a pupil! Aspasia taught Socrates to dance. Among a list of names distinguished in literature and science, I have only time to mention the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London. The Rev. Edward Irving has solicited the appointment of secretary. May the "good cause" prosper!

I am not surprised that the dance, in the old time, formed part of the religious ceremonial. It is the language of the heart, in its season of joy and freshness. So Eve danced into the nightingale-thickets of Eden; and Glycera, in the love-glow of a Grecian evening, when she bound (the first of her country's daughters) the garland of flowers about her forehead, and went leaping in front of the choir up the radiant steps of the temple of Venus.

Jeremy Taylor pronounced an anathema against dancing. Had he ever seen Taglioni, he would have taken a *stull*. In her his eyes would not have been offended by the "indecent mixtures of wanton dancing." Her gestures cannot be called prologues to voluptuousness. They address themselves, of a truth, to the senses; but they also wake up thoughts of beauty which sleep, like odours, within the spirit. The eloquent author of the "Holy Living" might have applied to Taglioni his own quaint, yet exquisite, image of light dancing in the eyes, like boys at a festival.

Good night to Taglioni! Yet she is still dancing before me in the light of imagination. That bound!—if the doctrine of the migration of souls be true, Taglioni will be changed into a fair and dark-eyed gazelle, in the gardens of Araby the Blest. How the nightingale will hush the voice of its joy as her feet pass, like a summer wind, over the spice-blossoms. She ought not to die!

Good night to Taglioni! I am sick and ill, and a poor student; and my eyes are dim with thought and study. What have I to do with thee, sweetest of Italy's daughters? Most likely I shall never see thee any more. Yet sometimes it may be, in my silent and lonely room, my heart will travel back to the days that are gone, and the gentle light of one who walketh in her own brightness, may break upon the gloom; and I may behold thee, yet once again, springing out, like a phantom of the spirit, from the darkness of memory. Good night to Taglioni!—*Monthly Magazine.*

OVER THE FALLEN.

'Tis night's unclouded noon,
And like an orb of blood,
Ascends the tranquil moon,
Out of the ocean-flood;

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Stretch'd cold along the shore
Unwaking warriors lie,
Who shall be roused no more
To victory.

Where now ambition's ray,—
The illusion they pursued?
They see it not, while they
Sleep in red solitude,
The sleep that hath no dream,
The night that hath no morn,
Festering beneath the moonlight beam
In reason's scorn.

Where are they now, with all
For which so soon they died?
The old tree green and tall
Counts ages pass'd with pride;
Runs its allotted years
In timely due decay,
Among its hoary peers
All venerably.

As if life were a thing
So light and easy won,
That a mere dry leaf's rustling
Might price its summer sun;
They fling the gift away
They never can resume,
And with a mirage foolishly
Purchase a tomb.

Go then, ambition's race!
Go, slaves of phantom-glory!
Myriads that have no place
Not ev'n in lying story;
Except in freedom's cause
I'll game not life away;
Content with nature's law,
I'll bide my day.

Lie there! forgotten men,
Until to morrow's dawn;—
Lie there! ye ne'er again
Can put your lives in pawn
For despot knave's dull play,
Who gave your blood for air!—
In premature decay,
Lie there, lie there!

Metropolitan.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

POLAR PLANTS.

DR. RICHARDSON, after one of his polar expeditions, presented to a friend a few rare specimens of the vegetable productions of the dreary, frozen regions; that gentleman not having at the moment leisure to attend to their planting, and preservation, consigned them to the care of his gardener for a few hours, when the *learned* horticulturist, conceiving that all rare *exotics* must necessarily come from tropical climates, forthwith turned them into the *hot-house*, where it is scarcely necessary to add, the hardy children of perpetual winter perished.

A MAN hung at Caen, after being cut down, began to show some signs of returning animation. He was carried to the house of a calenderer close to the place of execution, and laid on a bed. Some constables, his guards, waiting for instructions from the judge, set themselves down to cards. In the meantime the man quite recovered, and his mind still full of the pious exhortations of the confessor who had followed to the place of execution, seeing men playing at cards, he began asking himself whether gaming was permitted in heaven, where he thought he was. This he related himself, having entered a convent and taken the monkish habit, after cleverly escaping while the constables played on.

THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

Now (said Mr. Abernethy, in a lecture upon the muscles of the scalp,) I will tell you a perfectly ridiculous story about this, with a view to impress this part of the subject on your minds. It happened in the early part of my time, to become quite the fashion to put half a pound of grease, and another half pound of flour, on a man's head—what they called hair dressing; it was the fashion too, to bind this round with a piece of tape or riband, and make a tail of it, and it was the mode to wear those tails very thick, and rather short. Now a gentleman who possessed great power in the motion of his *frons occipitalis*, used to go to the boxes of the theatre, when Mrs. Siddons first appeared; and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before her. However, when people were affected beyond all description, and when they were all drowned in tears at her performance, this chap wagged his tail enormously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry "Turn him out," in vain did they cry "Throw him over!" When he had produced this effect upon the audience, then he kept his tail quiet; but again no sooner was their attention engaged, than wag went his tail, and again were the bursts of laughter re-echoed. W. A. R.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

A COUNTRYMAN walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricado of wood. "What is this for," said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever."—"Ay, I have often heard of the *Board* of Health, but I never saw it before."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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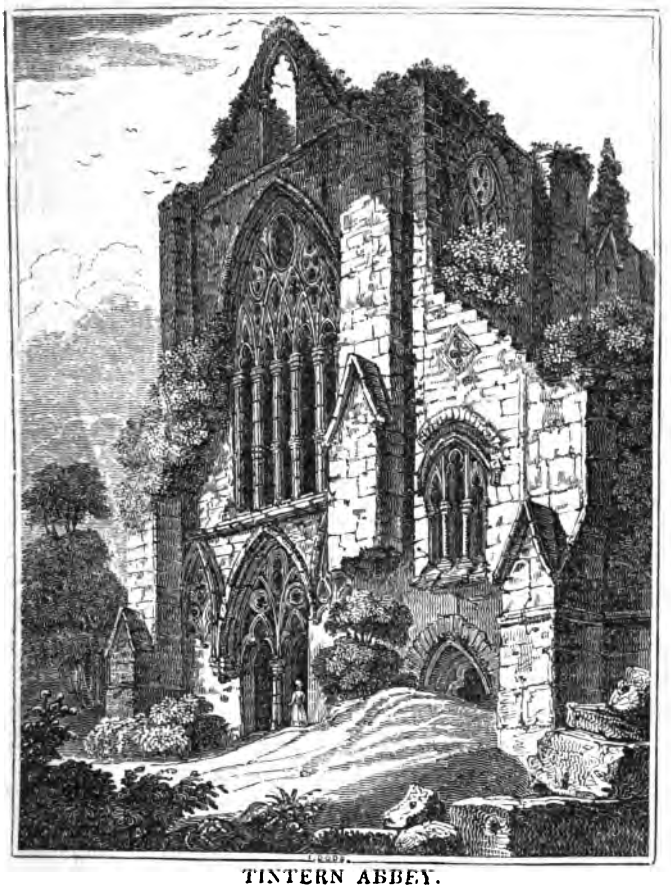

TINTERN ABBEY.

How we should enjoy another tour in Wales and Monmouthshire! "Then *why* not start?" The public and our own interest in the periodical sixteen pages of *the Mirror* is our best reply. But they who can and ought to visit such delightful scenes at this season, are often perplexed where to go. They pore over Patterson's Road Book, and bewilder themselves amidst Cary's rank and file pages; and read the Guide to *all* the Watering Places without fixing upon either of them. Let such vacillating folks but purchase Mr. Leigh's *Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire*, and they will, unless they are the most querulous, decide on the first reading, instead of debating through nights and days, and clause by clause, the attraction and repulsion of all the summer tours of Great Britain. In this *Guide* they will have all they want or how to procure it: mode of travelling, inns, expense of living, and a host of curious particulars of the Welsh people. At all the chief inns throughout Wales the Tourist will find English spoken; but if he wanders among the mountains, he may require an interpreter, and such Mr. Leigh has provided in a little book for the waist-

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coat pocket, containing familiar phrases in Welsh and English, with the mode of pronunciation.

Our friend *Vyvyan* has noted diligently in South Wales, as our *Topographer* will show. We need only point out the situation of *Tintern*, which is 5 miles from Chepstow, and 10½ from Monmouth. It is thus introduced into one of Mr. Leigh's Plans for a Tour: "Monmouth—Thence proceed by the New Road along the Banks of the Wye to Chepstow, passing Redbrook, Llandogo Tintern, TINTERN ABBEY, and Moss Cottage. Ascend Windcliff, &c." And now, having conducted the reader thither, let Mr. Leigh's *Guide* describe the ABBEY.

This interesting ruin is generally considered the most picturesque object on the banks of the Wye. It occupies a gentle eminence in the middle of a circular valley, beautifully screened on all sides by woody hills, through which the river winds its course. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. The woods and glades intermixed; the winding of the river; the variety of the ground; the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature; and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills, which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery.

The principal portion of the ruins is the Church, which has been an elegant pile of Gothic architecture. As a distant object it is not very striking, but on a nearer approach, when the eye can fix upon some of its nobler parts only, it appears a very beautiful ruin. It is seen to much greater advantage from the road than from the river.

Entering the western door, the scene bursts upon the spectator so majestic and sublime that words cannot do it justice. The walls are almost entire; the roof only is fallen in; but most of the columns which divided the aisles are still standing: of those which have given way, the bases remain, every one exactly in its place; and in the middle of the nave, four lofty arches, which once supported the steeple, rise high above the rest, each reduced now to a narrow rim of stone, but completely preserving its form. The shapes even of the windows are little altered; but some of them are quite obscured; others partially shaded by tufts of ivy; and those which are most clear, are edged with its slender tendrils and lighter foliage, wreathing about the sides and divisions.

The pavement is obliterated; the elevation of the choir is no longer visible; and the whole area is reduced to one level, cleared of rubbish, and covered with neat turf closely shorn. Moakish tombstones, and the monuments of benefactors long since forgotten, appear above the greensward; the bases of the pillars which have fallen rise out of it; and maimed effigies and sculptures, worn by time and weather, are scattered about, or lie in heaps piled up together. Other shattered pieces, though disjointed and mouldering, still occupy their original places: and a staircase, much impaired, which led to a tower, no longer standing, is suspended at a great height uncovered and inaccessible.

The best situation to view the interior is from the right-hand corner, soon after you enter the west door. The view from this spot, when the sun is shining, or when the harvest moon sheds her beams on the mouldering pile, is truly sublime.

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering stones among;
How many beads have here been told;
How many matins here been sung:

On this rude stone, by time long broke,
I think I see some pilgrim kneel,
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.

But here no more soft music floats,
No holy anthems chanted now;
All hush'd, except the ring-dove's notes,
Low murm'ring from yon beechen bough."

The Church is in the shape of a cross, measuring from east to west 228 feet, and from north to south, at the transept, 150 feet. The nave and choir are 37 feet in breadth; the height of the central arches is 70 feet; of the smaller arches, 30 feet; of the east window, 64 feet; of the west window, 42 feet. The total area originally enclosed by the walls of the Abbey is said to have been thirty-four acres.

On the north side of the church are remains of the Refectory and of an Oratory, supposed to have been used for saying grace at the time of meals. There are also vestiges of the Dormitory, or, as some suppose, the Penitentiary, and of several other apartments.

This Abbey was founded for Cistercian Monks, in 1131, by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. He, however, died the following year, and was succeeded by Gilbert, surnamed Strongbowe, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1148, and was buried at Tintern. His brother then took the estates, but the male line of this family failing, Matilda, the heiress, married Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk, by whose grandson,

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Roger Bigot, according to William of Worcester, the Abbey Church of Tintern was built, and consecrated for divine service in 1287. At the Dissolution, the Abbey was granted to Henry Earl of Worcester, and is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort. During the Civil Wars the lead was stripped from the roof.

The name of Tintern is supposed to be derived from the Welsh words *Din*, a fortress, and *Teyrn*, a sovereign; and it is probable that the Abbey was founded upon the site of the hermitage in which Theodorick King of Glamorgan resided, after he had resigned the throne to his son Maurice. In Tintern Abbey Edward II. took refuge from the pursuit of his queen Isabella.

Near the Abbey are a few cottages, termed by the inhabitants Abbey Tintern, to distinguish them from Tintern, which is about a mile distant. Amidst these cottages is the Beaufort Arms Inn, where tourists will find comfortable accommodation.

The banks of the Wye below Tintern Abbey are steep, winding, and woody, and in some parts diversified by prominent rocks, and ground finely broken and adorned. A short distance beyond the Abbey the *Bannagor Crags* form a perpendicular rampart on the left, wholly bare, except where a few shrubs spring from the crevices or fringe their summits. On the opposite side, the river is skirted by narrow slips of rich pasture, rising into wooded acclivities, above which towers the *Windcliff* a perpendicular mass of rock overhung with thickets.

By the way, this is but a fair specimen of the neatness with which all the descriptions in the above volume are written, and we need not further recommend the work than by the preceding extract.

CORONATION SCRAPS.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ATTENDANCE AND ATTIRE AT THE KING'S CORONATION.

(For the Mirror.)

Stowe in "The Survey of London," 1633 says, "All the Aldermen doe meet the Lord Maior and the Sheriffes at the three Cranes in the *Vinetree*, according to the houre of their summons appointed. The Lord Maior (for that time of service and attendance) weareth a Crimosin Velvet Gowne, a Coller of Esses and Scepter, and no Cloake. The Aldermen weare their Scarlet Gownes, and their Cloaks carried with them, either furred or lined according as the season of the yeare requireth. There taking Barge, they land at *Westminster*, and there they give attendance in the Exchequer Chamber (being served with Cakes and Wine) untill they be called by the Heraulds, and then they put on their Cloakes."—See *Temporall Government*, page 695. P. T. W.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE CORONATIONS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

(For the Mirror.)

"On the Coronation of Richard Cœur de Lion, in September, 1189, a sad massacre of the Jews, who were settled in London, was made (says Brayley) by the brutal and ignorant populace. On the preceding day, Richard had given orders that neither Jews nor women should be present at the solemnity, "for feare," says Stowe, "of enchantments, which were wont to be practised;" yet, either through the strong impulse of curiosity, or from a desire to conciliate the favour of the new sovereign by rich gifts, a number of Jews assembled at Westminster and endeavoured to gain admittance into the Abbey Church. Being foiled in their attempts by the royal attendants, a rumour spread through the surrounding multitude that the King had commanded them to be put to death, and, under this impression, "the unruely people falling uppon the Jews with staves, battes, and stones, beate them to their houses, and, after assayling them therein, sette them on fire, and burnt them in their houses or slewe them at their coming out." On the following day, however, the ringleaders in this dreadful tumult were apprehended and immediately executed by Richard's order. At the Coronation feast, as appears from Hovedon and Diceto, who were eye-witnesses of the ceremony, "the citizens of London officiated as the King's Butlers, and those of Winchester served up the meat." The principal Magistrate of London, who was then styled the Bailiff, acted as chief Butler.

"On the return of Richard to England in 1194, after his captivity in Germany, he judged it expedient to be again crowned; and at this second coronation the office of Chief Butler was finally awarded to the citizens of London, though in opposition to the claims of those of Winchester, yet not till they had paid 200*l.* in support of their right." See *Brayley's London and Middlesex*.

P. T. W.

*** In the last Coronation article, page 54, for "*loin*" read "*wine*."

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THE POET'S VOICE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Song charms the sense, but eloquence the soul."—MILTON.

[AN eloquent paper from the pen of the late Mr. Hazlitt, entitled "My First Acquaintance with Poets," describes a journey he took on foot, through a romantic district in the west of England, in company with COLERIDGE, and his rustic admirer, John Chester. The erudite and elegant author of the article represents the poet in his metaphysical disquisitions, and outburstings of rhetoric, as "sounding on his way." "Had I the quaint muse of Sir Philip Sidney," said he, "I would write a Sonnet to the road between —— and ——: I would swear that the very milestones had ears; and that the pine-trees stooped down and listened to the voice of the poet as he passed." The writer of the following lines has endeavoured to embody the scene and sentiment in words which he hopes may be thought worthy of perusal.]

A woody valley spread its sylvan charms
Unto the doting sun's receding gaze,
Which shed its golden blushes on the scene,
And stole the verd'rous hue of leaf and lawn.
Harmonious in their braky solitudes,
The ceaseless songsters of the charter'd air
Pour'd out their vesper-praise; and in their song
The sighing music of the woodland brook
Serenely join'd, and blended with the laugh—
The playsome glee—of some rude cottage child.
Across the ridge of mountain forestry
A chalky path was cut, which downward came
Into the bosom of the tranquil dell,
Which though the eve in sober sunset hush'd,
The day-break wak'd with merry minstrelsy
Of lark symphonious, and the hunter's horn,
And bending down each dewy-headed flower,
The thrifty bee forestall'd the milkmaid's smell,
But not the freshness of the flaring morn,
With all its lively sounds, the joy could give,
That evening brought.
* * * * Upon that path,
Winding and hov'ring on their devious way,
Three strangers walk'd: the first—who seem'd the god,
The potent oracle whose mandates awed
The admiring two—appear'd a rev'rend man;
Not bow'd by years, for he was in his prime;
But o'er his sadden'd face a wanness spread,
That show'd how deeply thought had drunk his blood;
His locks were whitening o'er unfurrow'd brows:
The fadeless lustre of his fiery eye,
The varied themes that stirr'd his restless tongue,
With never-ending eloquence of words
Steeped in the richness of poetic thought,—
These lustrous signs were indication meet,
That in the springtide of his chequer'd life
His ardent love had won the willing muse.
His converse turn'd upon all brilliant things,
Near and remote,—in soul or sense's eye;
From Eden's spicy fruits and balmy flowers,
The sunny pomp of oriental soil,
Unto the objects of that homely vale,
Whereabid the cowslip its retiring head;
And intermix'd with these descants he show'd,
With casuist skill and metaphysic eye,
The pride and passion of the human soul.
The vapoury ships that sail'd the sea-like sky;
The azure smoke from out the chimney low,
That form'd its clouds above the orchard's boughs
(Type of domestic peace and dear content!)
The fading outline of the far-off hills,
With gaunt-like firs upon their cloud-topp'd ridge—
Suggested matter for his high discourse,
Which soar'd beyond all rhetoric—nor Paul
Upon the steps at Athens, nor the sounds
From Memnon's statue, nor Demosthenes,
Haranguing on the beach the briny sea,
Surpass'd the music of that poet's words!
Beside him loiter'd, with enthusiast look,
A youth whose fancy deified the bard.
His visionary soul was on the wing,
And, gazing 'round him, e'en the very trees
Bow'd down their branches, list'ning to the voice,
Each leaf, impervious to the passing gust.
The streamlet hush'd its murmurings to hear,
And in the woods the nightingale was mute.
The bosom of that youth with rapture beat
He saw the rev'rence Nature had assum'd—
He saw the mystic signs which duly pass
Between her and her chosen, and he said,
"Poets are Nature's priests; their hallow'd eyes
Behold her mercy-seat *within the veil!*"
The third,
An humble follower in his master's rear,
(Master in genius only—not in wealth,)
A peasant he—his rapture had no words;
He oft had look'd upon Creation's face
With wond'ring awe, but knew not, till that hour,
There was a charm to soften all he saw—
The poet's eloquence!

* * H.

NOTES OF A SETTLER AT SWAN RIVER.

November, 1830.

ON my first landing it was my determination ever to consider the natives as brothers of this world, never to use them harshly, but always to endeavour to treat them as friends: I accordingly embraced the first opportunity of throwing myself in the way of meeting a party of the *blackees*, which soon happened. I went among a dozen of them; they all had spears, and had come down from the woods to catch fish; they were very shy at first, arising as I afterwards found, from their great terror of my rifle and a brace of pistols I had in a leather girdle: I fired one pistol in the air; the little boys shrieked out most manfully, and the old men put their hands on their ears, and shook their heads. I then laid my other pistol on the ground and offered to shake hands; one old man gave me all his spears but one; I

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importuned him for that, but he refused, pointed up to the sun and made signs, which I did not understand, but construed it was sacred; he then shook hands with me, and all the younger ones laid their spears down, and held up their hands as a token of friendship. I then said, "Well, old fellow, what is your name?" and to my great astonishment he repeated the sentence to me parrot like, but as *accurately as possible*. I then said to another "How do you do?" He in like manner mimicked me. I could not then refrain from laughing, when he laughed; I then feigned a hearty fit of laughing, and they joined in the chorus, and so heartily the little black dogs did their part, that I was obliged to hold my sides with actual laughter; after this I took some ship biscuit from my pocket, which they heartily devoured, and one of them offered me a kind of nut, which they ate, as red as a capsicum; I would not at first eat; he then ate half the nut and offered me again; I took a small piece, chewed it, found it of an astringent taste, and threw it away, when they seemed to smile at my simplicity. What is most singular they repeat any sentence of English in a most astonishing manner, and with the *utmost accuracy*. Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, in fact all foreigners, find great difficulty in pronouncing our language, but these Indians articulate some sentences beautifully. It is my opinion these people might soon be civilized if a little pains were taken. I am on very good terms with them, have no fear of them, and think no more of seeing a tribe of thirty or forty than you do of a flight of rooks. They begin to pick up a few phrases, and to understand the meaning of them. They now always salute us with "How do you do, good man, very good man," or "good womanee." Boys they call pickaninee, girls, pickaninee womanee, and in going away, they salute us with "good bye." They are, however, notorious thieves, but have no idea of the *crime* of theft. M.

RAZORS—THE TEETH.

(To the Editor.)

THE following, I think, will oblige your male readers, and also please your fair friends. I have, in the course of a life of now some sixty years standing, bestowed much time, and expended a little fortune on the ease and comfort of my outward man, by purchasing razors, of all calibres and descriptions, strops, pastes, and compositions, from Packwood's Crocus and Tallow, which enables you to shave yourself on a hard trotting horse, and Dr. Hyman's Patent Brick-bat, ycleped the Tonsor of former days, to Rigge's Powdered Slate, and Hearne's Emery Hones—but alas!

"In vain to chase my beard and bring the graces,
I cut, and dug, winced, and stamped, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
—With razors just like oyster knives."

I have, after a variety of trials and failures, at length discovered the *sine quâ non* of my wishes, and beg to give the result, as a treat, to those who, like myself, are compelled to a diurnal sacrifice of the exuberances on their chins—to the graces. As the experiment is a cheap one it is worth the trial.

I have added a little *mem.* for the ladies, requesting them to rely on an early and persevering worshipper at their shrine.

The *desiderata* of a comfortable shave, I take to be a razor with a keen, smooth edge, to produce which, form a strop of any thin elastic wood, perfectly *flat* on each side, to which glue a piece of thick buff leather, (a soldier's sword belt will be just the thing); saturate it well with the following composition, *i. e.* equal parts of the carburet of iron, Anglice black lead; and strong mercurial ointment — the black lead should be a *lump* of Spanish, the powder of the shops being impure and gritty—the ointment must be prepared precisely as the ung. Hydrarg. fort. of the Pharmacopœia of the College, of quicksilver, suet, and lard *only*.

Strop the razor well after using it, *not before*, and there is no necessity to wipe it clean, till it is again wanted—the composition being an effectual preventive from rust in any climate; this made, with an occasional use of the hone, when the edge becomes dull, I have ever found to produce all the good effects I have described. When using the strop or hone, keep the razor perfectly flat.

Ladies, pray immerse a piece of camphor, the size of a nutmeg, in a quart of spring water. You need only give this an occasional shake, and in the course of two or three days the water will be sufficiently impregnated; dip a tooth brush in the same, and with the addition of a little prepared chalk (obtainable of any druggist,) you will then possess one of the best dentrifices you can possibly use. A wine glass of the camphorated water is also a most excellent remedy for hysterical affections. Keep the bottle filled with water till the camphor is completely consumed.—P. T.

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AN HOUR OF ENCHANTMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

A summer Evening, with its golden smiles,
Descended on the earth, and as the wind
Breathed gently o'er the flow'rs that fringed the brook,
It seem'd attuned to melody by heaven.
The sun illum'd the clouds with fire, and touch'd
The gorgeous woods suspended on the steep;
And hill and valley caught the beauteous glow
Which kiss'd the flow'rs to slumber;—even the plains,
Whose verdant robes assumed a tint of green,
Were yellow'd by the glare of sunny light;
And numerous insects gleaming in the air,
United their soft murmurs with the tone
Of bells, whose dreamy music seem'd to flow
From some ethereal world!

At such an hour,
With all its charms alluring me to thought,
My spirit soar'd on Fancy's magic wings;
And dreams, that to the gifted heirs of song
Are fraught with beauty, round its temple threw
A spell prophetic of my future fame! G. R. C.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 59.)

Approach to Swansea by Sea.

"The wind was high on *Severn's wave*," and as evening approached, there were inevitable symptoms of a rising gale; but the *Palmerston* was a first-rate sea boat, and her decks, despite of wind and weather, were perfectly dry. As we were rounding the Nass Sands, and bearing up for Swansea Bay, the effect of the Atlantic breasting the waters of the Channel was sublime.—The shrieking of the sea-birds winging their flight to their savage and rocky habitations, or the roaring of the wind amidst the canvass of a vessel, while staying, as we passed rapidly under her lee like some supernatural thing, with a light at our mast head,—alternately kept the attention alive. In the distance, glimmering through the scud, the Mumbles Light could now be discovered. We know few objects which come more completely home to the mind than a lighthouse rising above the waters, when seen from the distant deep. The beacon light of Hope to the anxious and storm-tossed mariner—the sailor's friend—a lighthouse is to us, when viewed under any circumstances, an object of no ordinary interest; but when it lifts its head over the ocean, like some warning spirit amidst the darkness of night, what a rush of ideas and associations does it not convey to the mind! Our thoughts and feelings then invest it with a deep and vivid interest:

"Yes, Desolation, on her viewless wing,
Even now, perhaps, is speeding with the blast
In deathful haste;—with angry visiting
The surges sweep around us, and the mast,
Bereft of sail, bends like a fragile reed
Submissive to the storm;—but for you light
I had begun to dream this weary night
For us, would have no morn. In greatest need,
When through life's sea man's erring bark is driven,
Thus doth the beacon Hope, with friendly gleam,
Speak peace unto his soul."—*Alaric A. Watts.*

We now ran under the shelter of the Mumbles Head, to wait till there was water over the bar. It was getting dark, and the eye could guess at the adjacent coast from the glimmering lights in the habitations on the heights along shore. Several vessels have been lost in Swansea Bay, and elsewhere along the coast, by mistaking any conspicuous light for a lighthouse; and persons living on the coast should be careful when the weather is fresh, even if a lighthouse is at a considerable distance from them, in not unnecessarily displaying lights from their windows. Over the central extremity of the Bay, the glare of the copper-works and town of Swansea, now and then indistinctly streamed before us, as we stood across for the harbour; and the masses of breakers bursting over the whitened summits of the pier-heads, and the light at its entrance, told us our voyage was near its conclusion. Vyvyan.

LOSS OF THE FROLIC STEAMER.

Since we wrote the preceding, the Nass Sands have acquired a melancholy celebrity. As we formerly described, the Nass is an extensive bank on the Glamorganshire coast, lying west of the Nass Point, at the extreme verge of Swansea Bay. A large portion may be seen dry at low water. The exposed situation—for the Atlantic often rolls over the shoals in the channel with a frightful swell at early flood—the extreme wildness and bold perpendicularity of the adjacent coast—render these sands extremely formidable to the mariner in dark or stormy weather. The Swansea steamers in moderate weather traverse the channel inside, where the water is as calm as the Thames. The occurrence to which we allude—fraught as our shores are with recollection of nautical disaster—is one which must powerfully impress even the most unreflecting mind. The *Frolic* steamer, on the night of the 16th of March last, with between seventy and eighty persons on board, on her voyage from Haverfordwest to Bristol, struck on the Nass Sands, and must instantly have gone to pieces. *Every soul perished* at dead of

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night, amidst the most awful scene in nature, storm, and wind, and maddening sea—where no earthly power could save them for an instant; without any previous expectation, seventy souls were hurried to eternity.

The night was dark, but the sole cause of the disaster, beyond a doubt, is attributed to the conduct of the commander (Lieut. Jenkins, R.N.) who was ignorant of the coast, yet had imprudently quarrelled with his pilot, and set him ashore on leaving Haverfordwest. He is believed to have been standing off and on, waiting for daylight, and not calculating on the state of the wind and flood, to have run with his bows right on the sands. The solitary and desolate appearance of her boilers, next morning, on the sand bank, was all that told the fate of the *Frolic:*

Morning came at last:
The eye looked out upon the watery world—
With fearful glance looked east and west, but all
Was wild and solitary . . . . . .
Naught was heard
But the mad mirth of mountain billows, mixed
With revelry of winds, that through the night,
Like bloodhound on the stretch, had chased that ship
Flying with lightning speed in vain. Alas!
The flash had lit the seaman to his grave—
The sea-dog feasted on the dead!

N. T. CARRINGTON.

Lieut. Jenkins was found lashed to the rigging; his watch had stopped at four o'clock. This harrowing disaster has caused the most powerful sensation in the west. Amongst the passengers were some military officers of rank. Many bodies have since been cast ashore; among them were those of a mother and her infant, *fast locked in each other's arms.* "Every shop in Haverfordwest," we are told, "was closed; it was one scene of mourning; fourteen of the most respectable tradesmen of this little town have perished, and ten of the lower class. Grievously as many have suffered, the captain's case was most melancholy." His wife, whom he had left near her confinement, was seized with premature labour on the communication of the sad tidings, and died, leaving nine orphan children. She had recently had £1,500 left her; it was all invested in the *Frolic,* which was a new vessel with engines nearly one hundred horse power, and made her first trip only in October last. We believe this is the first steamer which has been lost in the Bristol Channel.

It may seem singular after such a narrative as the foregoing, that we should here say a word or two on the great safety of steam vessels. Capt. Ross, the celebrated navigator, justly remarks that under the worst circumstances, that is, if the engines go wrong—an occurrence in the present perfection of machinery which hardly ever takes place—the steamer is placed in a much better situation than a sailing vessel. The lowness of the masts, and the comparative absence of rigging is of vast consequence in case of a storm—when the prodigious force which the wind exerts over the masts and shrouds of a ship, is considered. The paddle-boxes also break in some measure the force of the waves. And we will give one instance out of very many of the importance of machinery. The *City of Edinburgh* steamer, off a lee shore (near Bridlington Bay) in one of the most dreadful storms that ever ravaged the east coast, (February, 1830,) let go two anchors and eased, or gently worked her paddles so as to relieve the strain on her cables; by which means she safely rode out the gale, which was of long duration. We may add that forty or fifty sail of vessels were driven ashore on the adjacent coast at the time. VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

Thunder Storms in France.

The Count de Triston has made observations on the direction of the thunder-storms which have devastated the department of the Lorich for the last sixteen years. The following general inferences have been made by him, respecting the progress and intensity of thunder-storms in plain countries, intersected by shallow valleys. Thunder-storms are attracted by forests. When one arrives at a forest, if it be obliquely, it glides along it; if directly, or if the forest be narrow, it is turned from its direction; if the forest be broad, the tempest may be totally arrested. Whenever a forest, being in the path of a thunder-storm, tends to turn it aside, the velocity of the storm seems retarded, and its intensity is augmented. A thunder cloud, which is arrested by a forest, exhausts itself along it, or, if it pass over, is greatly weakened. When a large river or valley is nearly parallel to the course of a thunder-storm, the latter follows its direction; but the approach of a wood, or the somewhat abrupt turn of the river or valley, makes it pass off. A thunder-cloud attracts another which is at no great distance, and causes it to deviate from its course. There is reason to believe, that the action is reciprocal. A cloud attracted by a larger, accelerates its motion, as it approaches the principal cloud. When

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there is an affluent cloud, which was committing ravages, it sometimes suspends them on approaching the principal mass, which is perhaps a consequence of the acceleration of its course; but after the union the evil generally increases. Twenty-one thunder-storms, whose course has been dictinctly traced, have extended from N.N.W. to S.S.W. No destructive thunder-storm has come from any other points of the horizon. Lastly, the position and form of the forest of Orleans, Blois, &c. satisfactorily accounts for the frequency of hail-storms in certain communes, and their rare occurrence in others.—*Jameson.*

Temperature of Mines in Cornwall.

The following interesting observations were made by Robert Were Fox, Esq. of Falmouth, and communicated to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall: At Tingtang copper-mine, in the parish of Gwennap, at the bottom of the engine-shaft, which is in Killas (clayslate), and 178 fathoms deep, the water, two months ago, was at the temperature of 82 deg. In 1820, when the shaft was 105 fathoms deep, the temperature of the water was 68 deg.; thus an increase of 14 deg. has been observed in sinking 73 fathoms, which is equal to 1 deg in 5 fathoms. At Huel Vor tin-mine, near Helston, the water was 69 deg., at the bottom of a shaft 139 fathoms deep, in the year 1819. It is now 209 fathoms deep, and the temperature is 79, which gives an increase of 1 deg. in sinking 7 fathoms. This part of the mine is in Killas. The highest temperature of the water, at the bottom of Poldice copper and tin-mine, in the parish of Gwennap, in 1820, which was then 144 fathoms under the surface, was 80 deg. It is now 176 fathoms deep, and the temperature is 99 deg.; and, in a cross level, 20 fathoms further north, the water is 100 deg. The two last mentioned temperatures are the highest hitherto observed in any of the mines of Cornwall; and the increase is equal to 19 deg. in one case, and 20 deg. in another, in sinking 32 fathoms, or 1 deg. for 1¼ fathom. Three persons only were employed at the time near each of these stations, and the water pumped up from this part of the mine was estimated at 1,800,000 gallons in twenty-four hours; and it was found to contain a considerable quantity of common salt in solution.—*Ibid.*

Volcano in New Zealand.

Accompanying a specimen of volcanic ashes sent to me by Colonel Lindsay, of Sydney, is a notice to the following effect:—This substance is found on what is called *White Island,* from the ashes that continually fall from a volcano, at present in a state of activity, and which has been long in the same condition. It is about three miles round, and lies opposite to the Bay of Plenty, between the river Thames and the East Cape, and from twenty to thirty miles from the mainland of New Zealand. When this island was last visited, it presented a frightful display of flame and smoke from the crater of its volcano. At the foot of the hill in which the volcano is situated, there is a lake of *boiling sulphur,* and all around the lake the ground is encrusted with sulphur. The natives say the volcano runs under the sea, and bursts out again in the interior of New Zealand, about twenty miles from the shore, in a district where there is a large hot lake in the waters, of which the natives cook their provisions.—*Ibid.*

Dr. Turnbull Christie.

Dr. Turnbull Christie, who has been appointed to examine the geology of the Presidency of Madras, by the India Company, has left Edinburgh for our Eastern Empire. He travels through France and Italy, embarks for Alexandria,—from thence he visits the Holy Land, Mount Sinai,—sails down the Red Sea for Bombay, and from thence by land or sea to Madras. From the varied talent and information of this accomplished individual, his indomitable zeal and activity, and experience of eastern climate and travelling, we anticipate great accessions to our knowledge of the natural history of the various countries he visits. He takes with him a painter for the purposes of zoology, comparative anatomy, botany, and geology, and a complete set of instruments for ascertaining the nature of the meteorological and hydrographical phenomena that may present themselves to his attention.—*Ibid.*

Imitative Champagne.

The crystallized acids of the currant and of the gooseberry are used by some foreign chemists to acidulate well fermented sugar, in imitation of champagne. For this purpose the best white raw sugar of the East Indies, in consequence of more readily and effectually running into a vinous state, is preferred. The wine thus produced, certainly approaches nearer to the flavour, &c. of genuine champagne, than the wine of the green gooseberry or of the white currant, and is probably as wholesome, if not more so, than genuine champagne.—*Gazette of Practical Medicine.*

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The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

DICTIONARY OF THE ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

This work is from the elaborating hand of Mr. Britton, who announces it as "his last literary undertaking." We, however, hope he will revoke, but follow the suit he has been so long and we know, as far as the public are concerned, so profitably, engaged in. In truth, he is well entitled to the motto he has chosen for this Dictionary, from Antony Wood:—"What toyle hath been taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth, but he that hath made the trial."

The reader knows our partiality to popular antiquities, and will, therefore, not be surprised at the present work having delighted us. The First Part, the only one yet published, does not extend through the letter A. The object of the whole is to include "the words used by old and modern authors in treating of architectural and other antiquities: with etymology, definition, description, and historical elucidation, and biographical notices of ancient architects." Its preparation has occupied the editor many years; the copy must have accumulated "line upon line—here a little and there a little," so that it may be regarded as the digest of an active literary life—of a mind ardently devoted to one branch of study, yet taxing all knowledge for its furtherance—and without such enthusiasm no man can hope to attain his object. In his title-page the editor quotes from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*—"Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records, and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we doe save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time," and these eloquent lines convey no inadequate idea of the labour bestowed on the Dictionary before us. The authorities quoted in its progress are enumerated to 114, and, as our extract will show, the references are specially made.

Altar. *Ara*, Lat.; *altare*, It. and Sp.; *autel*, Fr.; *altar*, Port. and Ger. An elevated table of either stone, marble or wood, dedicated to particular ceremonies of religious worship. The earliest authentic notice of altars occurs in Holy Writ, where it is said that "Noah built an altar to the Lord." In the patriarchal times it is evident that they were made in the simplest manner, and generally of single blocks of stone. The principal altars, under the Mosaic ritual, were those of *incense*, *burnt-offering*, and the *table of shew-bread*. The first was small, and of shittim-wood, overlaid with plates of gold; the table for the shew-bread was of the same materials, but of a more extended size; and that for the burnt offerings was a large coffer of shittim-wood, covered with brass, within which, suspended from the horns of the four corners, was a grate of brass whereon the fire was made and sacrifices were laid. After the Jews returned from captivity in Babylon, the altar was differently constructed; but, in general, it was a pyramidal pile of stones. That erected by Joshua, at the command of Moses, was of unhewn stone; Solomon's was of brass and unhewn stones; and the altar built by Zerubbabel and the Maccabees was of similar stones. All the nations of antiquity considered large, massive, unhewn stones, to be emblematic of dignity and power.

The heathens made their primitive altars of turf: wood, stone, and marble, were afterwards used; and, at Delos, the altar of Apollo was of horn. Their form, as well as material, varied considerably, being round, square, triangular, &c. They were commonly placed to face the east; stood lower than the statues of the divinities to whom they were consecrated; and were frequently adorned with sculptured representations of the gods, or of their symbols. According to the superior character of the divinity were their height and name. Those to the celestial gods were placed on lofty substructures, whence called *altaria*, from *alta* and *ara*, "a high or elevated altar." Those terrestrially consecrated were called *aræ*, and were laid on the surface of the earth; whilst others, inscribed to the infernal deities, were placed in pits and excavations, and termed *βοθροι λακκοι*, *scrobiculi*. Before temples were generally constructed, altars were often placed in groves, and dedicated to certain gods; also by the sides of highways; and on the tops of mountains. In the great temples of ancient Rome, there were ordinarily three altars. The first, upon which incense was burnt, and libations offered, was raised in the sanctuary, at the foot of the statue of the divinity; the second stood before the gate of the temple, and on it were sacrificed the victims; and the third, upon which were placed the offerings and the sacred vessels, was portable. In the Roman houses, small

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altars were dedicated to the lares, penates, and genii. In the camps they were stationed before the general's tent. Among the Greeks and Romans, altars were resorted to as asylums, or places of refuge, by slaves who fled from the cruelty of their masters; also by debtors, and criminals of every description.—[*Adam's Rom. Antiq.* 6th edit. p. 327.] On many solemn occasions it was customary to swear by and upon altars.

In the Celtic, or Druidical temples, there were altars; and it is generally agreed that a flat stone, near the western part of the interior area of Stonehenge, was used for that purpose. Cromlechs are considered to have been used as altars by some antiquaries.

In the Christian church the principal altar is almost invariably situated at the eastern end of the choir, or presbytery. In the early ages altars were made of wood, and were mostly small, plain, and portable; but, on the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, stone was used. Pope Sylvester, in the early part of the fourth century, decreed that *stone altars* should be generally adopted; but the wooden one in the Lateran church at Rome was left as a memorial of former usage. The sixth canon of the council of Hippo forbade the consecration of any altar unless made of stone; and the same prohibition was repeated by the Epauniensian council, in the beginning of the sixth century. Erasmus mentions a wooden altar as remaining in his time at Canterbury Cathedral.—[*Archæ* vol. xi. p. 359; and *Bingham's Works*, vol. i. p. 302.] Where wooden altars were retained, a marble, or stone, slab was always used to cover them. "*Altare* portabile consecrationem amittit, cùm *lapis* à ligno avellitur."—[*Du Cange.*] Christian altars are generally in the form of small oblong tables, but they are sometimes made to resemble sarcophagi. The early Christians were accustomed to assemble for public worship at the tombs of saints and martyrs; and they afterwards raised altars at the places where the bodies of such persons had been interred. Hence, probably originated the monumental shape, and the general usage of enclosing holy relics within them. These being inserted, the aperture was closed up with a small stone, termed *sigillum altaris*, and with mortar tempered with holy water.—[*Du Cange, in voce* MALTA; *Ciampini, Vet. Mon.* vol. i. p. 180.] The churches of the Greek Christians have but one altar to each; and it is generally admitted that the Latin churches did not contain more before the sixth century. From that time altars appear to have become very numerous. Bingham remarks that there are no fewer than twenty-five, besides the high altar, in St. Peter's Church, at Rome [*Works*, vol. i. p. 302]; and Battely enumerates thirty-seven altars in Canterbury Cathedral prior to the Reformation. Their increase became so extensive in the time of Charles the Great, that he ordered the number to be reduced.—[*Battely's Cant. Sac.* pt. ii. p. 26, in which work is a dissertation on the subject.] In some parish churches, there were various altars dedicated to different saints; that of Lambeth, in Surrey, had five, besides the high altar. The decorations of Roman Catholic altars were often very splendid, being richly adorned with carving or embossed work; they were also sometimes studded with precious stones and metals. The high altar in St. Augustin's Church, at Canterbury, was not only embellished in a costly manner, but was accompanied by eight shrines, containing relics: of this, an engraved representation is given in Somner's "Antiquities of Canterbury," copied from an ancient drawing in Trinity Hall, Cambridge. On great festivals, all the relics of a church were displayed on the high altar, which was illumined by numerous wax tapers. [*Owen and Blakeway's Shrewsbury*, vol. ii. p. 52.] In the cathedral church of York there were two altars covered with plates of gold and silver; one of which, ornamented with a profusion of gems, supported a lofty and splendid crucifix. Above it were three ranges of lamps in a pharos of very large dimensions.—[*Lingard's Antiq. Ang. Sax. Chur.* p. 143.] Bequests were often made to provide candlesticks, sconces, lamps, and oil, for the different altars.—[*See Nicolas's test. Vet. Index; Dugdale's Baronage*: and *Webb's Essay on Gloucester Abbey*, p. 10 in *Cath. Antiq. Gloucester.*] In some parts of the country a tax, called *leot-shot*, was levied to furnish wax for the same purpose.—[*Lingard, ut sup.* p. 90.] On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, injunctions were issued for taking down the altars in parish churches, and substituting in their stead the plain communion-tables.—[*Burnet's Hist. of the Reform.* Vol. iii., book iii.] Numerous entries on this subject appear in the churchwardens' books, which prove a strict compliance with the queen's order. In the "Accompts of the Parish of St. Helen's, Abingdon, Berks," [*Archæ.* Vol. i. p. 11—23.] are these items: "An. 1559. For taking down the altere, 20*d.*" —"An. 1560. Payde for tymber and

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making the communion-table, 6s. For a carpet for the communion-table, 2s. 8d. For paving the place where the adultere stood, 2s. 8d."

The plates in the present Part are twelve in number, of large octavo size. They are mostly drawn by Cattermole, and the whole are engraved by J. Le Keux—both men of excellence in their respective branches of art. The title-page—the south porch Kings College Chapel, Cambridge—is exquisitely engraved: the other plates illustrate the varieties of arcades, arches, bases, and bosses. Altogether, to the professional man or amateur this work will doubtless prove highly acceptable.

The Cosmopolite.

A VISION OF THE PAST.

(For the Mirror.)

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
ROGERS.

As I was reclining one sober evening beneath the spreading shade of a stately elm, memory assumed even more than her wonted sway over my mind, and portrayed before me, with her brightest colours, the scenes of the past. 'Twas the eve of a fair summer's day, when the shades of night were gradually closing upon me, and enveloping all surrounding objects in obscurity as with a veil, that my mind withdrawing itself from the present, recurred to many events which took place in my early days, to me ever pregnant with the deepest interest. Methought I once more wandered over those spots where I sported in youth, in the golden age of boyhood, when the events of life passed lightly over my head. How many busy thoughts flitted spectre-like over my mind! I saw as though they were present those scenes of my childhood, when all was well with me, and the cup of happiness as yet undashed with bitter. Fancy presented to my view the companion of most of my youthful frolics; he stood before me in all the force and vividness of reality; I almost expected to hear him bid me welcome. Then I beheld that school where my daily tasks were performed, and waited anxiously, hoping to perceive the well-known faces of my former associates, issuing tumultuously from its humble portal, like bees in a mild spring morn, eager to cull their load of sweets from each fair flower.

With lingering steps I departed from its loved precincts, and turned slowly towards the ivied church, in which I was wont to offer my weekly mite of prayer and praise. Gazing, with reverential awe, upon the sculptured monuments which covered its sacred walls, I almost expected to see the meek and lowly pastor of my youth, ascending the oaken pulpit, and once more in the honeyed words of religion and truth, exhorting us "to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!" but a humble stone sequestered from the public gaze, reminded me that he had ceased to be numbered among the living. Then I was transported on the wings of fancy, to that dwelling which I inhabited in my youth, but which had long been no home for me. At its sight, what a mingled feeling of sorrow and melancholy overshadowed my mind! I saw those parents whom I had long lamented as inhabitants of the grave, occupied as they were wont in olden time. I gazed on the form of my beauteous and talented mother, busied in the care of those fair flowers, which emblems of their saint-like mistress, were soon to be mingled with the dust; and I heard the round mellow tones of my father's voice, pronouncing that farewell blessing, which he uttered with affecting fervour, as if conscious it would be the last.

Almost while the parental benediction was ringing in my ears, some notes I used to love in days of boyhood and in riper age, met my ear:

Ah! how welcome breathed the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

What a thrill of emotion passed through my mind, too delightful to be permanent, too affecting to be described. It brought back to my recollection the days of yore, when the sun of happiness shone brightly over my head, and the horizon of my existence presented a cloudless expanse of sky. I watched the partner of my cares, the wife of my early love, putting all things in order for the coming of the husband of her choice, and then sitting down at the comfortable fire-side, ever and anon raising her head to listen for the sound of his well-known footstep, starting at the least noise, and rushing to the door, eager to be the first to be folded in his embrace. Suddenly while I was yet enjoying this delightful vision, one of the few sources of happiness life now possesses for me, the strain was changed, the train of my ideas was snapt asunder

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by a merciless hand, and I felt with sorrow it was but a waking dream, different, far different, from the reality. An orphan and a widower, a houseless wanderer in a foreign land, among a people who have nothing in common with me; without a sympathizing mind to share my distress, and alleviate my sorrow; life is but a blank, and death is my desire.

Memory heedless of the present again conducted me to the past. I was once more present among those scenes, where I had enjoyed felicity pure and untainted by any admixture of evil, undisturbed by any trouble for the present, or any fear of the future. With what transport did I gaze upon the stately façade of the Vatican Cathedral, as it stood before me in all its grandeur and magnificence; first softened and embellished by the benign rays of a southern moon, then as it last presented itself to my view, glittering with the thousand lights, which annually deck its proud colonnades, at the return of the paschal feast. Having looked and looked again with unwearied delight, I passed the mausoleum of Hadrian, crossed the Ponte St. Angelo, and threading my way through the dirty tortuous streets of modern Rome, arrived at the Forum, sacred to the manes of orators and statesmen, illustrious in the mind of every lover of classical learning, though now devoted to the degrading station of a pig-market. There I saw, in thought, the Good Agrippa borne along in his triumphal car, amid the plaudits of the multitude accompanying him to the Temple of Palatine Jove; rejoicing in the goodwill and admiration of all, save of his envious and distrustful sovereign, the tyrant Tiberius. Following the sacred way as my guide, the Flavian Amphitheatre, that stupendous monument of Roman magnificence, attracted my notice. With due reverence I surveyed that holy spot, where many saints and martyrs had shed their life blood, in attestation of the truth of their Christian calling; where the Apostle Paul had, in all the fervour and animation of inspired truth, called upon all men everywhere "to turn from these vanities to the living God;" and where, having done the work which was appointed him to do, in that he had "preached Christ crucified" to Jew and Gentile, bondsman, and free, he submitted to the fatal stroke with a cheerfulness worthy of the cause for which he was to suffer.

Then my imagination bore me to Naples' matchless gulf, and I beheld it successively illumined by the parting rays of the setting sun, and in the quiet midnight hour, besprinkled with the myriad torches of the fishermen engaged in the pursuit of the finny tribes. As I once more examined its beauteous sites, gay in all the luxuriance of an Italian spring, I recognised Misenum, where Cornelia, the noble wife of the brave though unfortunate Pompey, mourned in a long widowhood, the loss she had sustained; and where Agrippina wept the death of that Germanicus, who proved himself the first among Rome's citizens, and her bulwark against the foreign foe. Before me was Sorrento, sacred to the memory of Tasso, who found in its humble villa an asylum from the injustice of princes. Rearing its lofty summit above the vine and the olive, Vesuvius, "the mountain," as it is termed par excellence, claimed regard, as the voluntary tomb of the elder Pliny, who there fell a victim to his zeal for science.

After but a brief gaze upon the many objects which everywhere presented themselves to my view, each deserving a separate and minute attention, I was suddenly transported to the tribune in the Florence Gallery, and paid my customary tribute of admiration to the Medicean Venus, to Raphael's matchless St. John, to Sassoferrato's exquisite Madonna, and last though not least, to the famed Sibyl Samise. These were only present for a moment, when they vanished, and I stood in the Place of St. Mark, at Venice, in the midst of those edifices which from their picturesque singularity and oriental splendour, render that city so widely different in character from any other—everything in this extraordinary place partakes of such singularity. The total absence of animals of every kind and the want of vegetation, strike the stranger with wonder; while the funereal form of the gondola, the fiacre of Venice, and the solemn silence which reign throughout, cause melancholy to pervade the mind. Hardly had these impressions of gloom subsided when I was sailing over the transparent waters of the lago maggiore, enjoying the most beautiful scenery which even "La belle Italie" offers to the view of the tourist; before me lay the "Isle of Beauty," its sides clothed with oranges and myrtles, surmounted by terraces, gay with the most brilliant flowers; while the cloud-capped summit of Monte Rosa, one of the loftiest of the Alpine chain, formed a bold and picturesque background. Then landing at Arona, I examined with almost the curiosity which novelty inspires, the colossal

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statue of St. John Borromeo, who during the time that the plague laid waste Milan, and depopulated half Europe, went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men

Now, as if to heighten the effect by the aid of contrast, memory conveyed me to the dreary waste of an Appenine hill, which had been the scene of many a midnight murder, near the approach to the ancient city of Sienna—there no man, nor beast, nor green herb, is to be seen for many a mile, while the arid sterility of the soil, formed by volcanic remains under the guise of jet black rocks, and yellow sulphureous earth, contribute to render this a scene of desolation and misery. Then I stood upon that noble terrace, whence looking over the Leman Lake, I beheld the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc, the Alpine Queen, towering in peerless majesty over the adjoining heights. The Savoy shore with barren and precipitous rocks contrasted beautifully with the Pays de Vaud, and its fertile mountains covered with the vineyards which furnish the Vin de Côte. But here my recollections were tinged with melancholy, since it was here that the seeds of that malady were sown, which was to send to a premature grave, one who was the apple of my eye, the sun of my existence. Here my angel bride first faded, like a spring flowret nipped in early bud, and here she discovered the first signs of that fatal disorder, which with slow though certain steps, cut her off in the morning of her youth, and the midst of her enjoyment. Here she acquired that delicate and almost unreal beauty, which is too often the harbinger of fatal malady; here the paleness of her cheek and the brightness of her eye, first indicated that consumptive tendency, which makes the young and lovely so dear to the heart—and now that it was evident even to my unwilling eyes, her days below were numbered, now that I could not but be aware her gentle spirit would soon wing its flight to him who gave it,—my love increased if possible in a tenfold degree, and I felt my very existence was bound up in hers. Memory led me by the same route which I had followed with my Abine, and my reflections gradually assumed more and more of a sombre hue, as I approached the place which received her last breath. By travelling slowly and taking but short stages, she managed with difficulty to reach Paris; there nature became incapable of further effort, and even the desire of revisiting her native land, which had sustained her thus far, became inadequate to support her enfeebled frame; she sunk in that sleep from which she was doomed never to awaken, the last link which bound her to existence having been broken.

My sufferings had now reached their climax, and their recollection was too much for me to bear. I remembered that I was alone in the wide world, that joy would be for ever a stranger to my heart, and that tearful melancholy was to be my portion, till such time as I should be united to my beloved, in those regions of bliss where

Morning waits with golden eye
To dawn upon life's weary night.

VIATOR.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FAMILY POETRY.

MY LETTERS.

"*Litera scripta manet.*"—OLD SAW.

Another mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there's no appearance,
So I'll sit down without delay,
And here at least I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er, "in such a day as this,"
Would Dido, with her woes oppressed,
Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have staid at home, like me,
And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea;
—On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table—
Bring that portfolio—stir the fire—
Now off as fast as you are able.

First, here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
"A Ball"—she knows that I'm no dancer—
That woman's asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

"Dear Jack,
Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
Yours truly,
Henry Gibbs."
Why, z——ds!
I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my cousin, Sophy Daw,
Full of Aunt Margery's distresses.
"The cat has kitten'd in the draw,'
And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses."

From Sam, "The Chancellor's motto"—nay
Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em;
"Pro Rege, Lege, Grege"—ay,
"For king read mob!" Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—"At two—
Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir."
Two more, because I did not go,
Beginning "Wretch!" and "Faithless monster!"

"Dear Sir,
This morning Mrs. P.
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby;

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand"——Five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd call'd it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames, and drown'd it.

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What have we next? A civil Dun,
"John Brown would take it as a favour"—
Another, and a surlier one,
"I can't put up with *sich* behaviour."

"Bill so long standing,"—"quite tired out,"—
"Must sit down to insist on payment"—
"Call'd ten times!"—here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and in—
—form Mr. Snip he needn't "call" so,
But, when his bill's as "tired of standing"
As he is, beg 'twill "sit down" also.

This from my rich old uncle, Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present,
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid Nelly—vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle—
Another from that precious fool
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

"If you was in the puddle," how
I should rejoice that sight to see'—
"And you were out on't, tell me now
What that same puddle then would be?"

"D'ye give it up" Indeed I do!
Confound these antiquated minxes,
I won't play "*Billy Black*," to a "*Blue*,"
Or Œdipus to such old Sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent, to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King,
"I'll burn them b——y stacks down, blow me!
Yours, most sincerely,
Captain Swing."

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
'll "execute a few commissions"
In Bond Street, "when I go that way."

And "buy at Pearsal's, in the city,
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses,
Colour no matter—so it's pretty;
Two hundred pens——" two hundred curses!

From Mrs. Jones: "My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you *just step* to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?

"And then, perhaps, you will as well see
The poor dear fellow safe to school,
At Dr. Smith's, in Little Chelsea?"
Heaven send he flog the little fool.

From Lady Snooks: "Dear sir, you know,
You promised me last week a Rebus,
Or something smart and *apropos*
For my new Album?" Aid me Phœbus!

"My hint is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shock'd my first would be.

"Were I but what my Whole implies,
And pass'd by chance across your portal,
You'd cry, 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal.'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon,
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—stay—
"Reform demanded by the nation;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail,"—ay,
By Jove, a blessed *Reformation!!*

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose,—
Or no—the filly—she's the fleeter;
The devil take the rain—Here goes—
I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NOSE.

THE facetious Mr. Theodore Hook has written an excellent song on the subject, which we are sorry we cannot insert here. The admirers of Shakspeare (a pretty considerable number) must remember that the great poet has devoted part of his amazing genius to the matter under consideration. Indeed, the celebrity of Bardolph's nose will endure as long as the name of the mighty bard himself, which we take to be a most venerable longevity. Stevens, Malone, Johnson, and other commentators of Shakspeare, are greatly to blame for not giving sufficient importance to Bardolph's "lantern in the poop." Every one is aware that the first duty and business of commentators (after abusing their predecessors) is to find ways and means of swelling the bulk of the work on which they comment, to double its size. How is it then that not even a single page is devoted to an erudite illustration and exposition of Bardolph's extraordinary feature—a feature, too, which used to serve the owner for such a splendid diversity of purposes. It is clearly proved that it was available in the capacity of a link to light Master Bardolph to the public houses. Now only conceive of what immense service this must have been at a time when no one dreamt of the discovery of gas; when London was so imperfectly illuminated as to render it specially perilous to walk about the streets in a dark night: then again this very peculiar lamp consumed no oil, but derived its nourishment from the *pure spirits* that presided at Bardolph's potations. There is a tradition in Andalusia, somewhat resembling the interesting account of Bardolph's nasal appendage; still it savours so strongly of the miraculous, that we are almost afraid to present it as deserving implicit faith. It is related that there lived a man at Carmona possessing a tremendous fiery nose. This person got into a rage, one night at supper, with his better half, and giving a kick to the table, extinguished the light. The wife, amidst the obscurity which pervaded the room, observed a fiery globular spark buoyed in the air, and with great promptitude applied the candlestick to it. Lo! what was her astonishment when she discovered that she had lighted the candle at her irascible husband's nose! Probably it was this same individual, of whom it has been said that his friends made it a common practice to use his olfactory organ to light their cigars. But independent of these extraordinary uses, for which some

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noses have been available, we perceive in daily life the multifarious services they render to mankind. Now let us calmly ask how would snuff-takers indulge their taste without noses? Again, what would be the use of pocket handkerchiefs? Would John Farina, the immortal inventer of *eau-de-Cologne*, have realized a fortune? And what would become of the whole tribe of perfumers? nay, even the very existence of odoriferous flowers would be useless; the rose itself would lose half its merit, and then of course one half of the poetry on the rose would be lost to the world. With just reason does the Persian poet, Saadi, exclaim—

"Oh! Queen of flowers! lovely rose!
What wouldst thou be without the nose?

But if any thing else were necessary to prove the genius and poetry of the nose, we have but to recur to the figurative expressions which we find even in familiar parlance. Now observe, "*He pokes his nose every where.*" Can any thing be more appropriate to designate a meddling intruder—a curious Paul Pry: again, "*I smell a rat;*" what strong meaning is there in that humble metaphorical phrase! But examples are endless.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

In this exhibition we observe, that thirty-six of the pictures were contributed by his majesty, and that the nobility and gentry, stimulated by the example of that illustrious personage, have added one hundred and thirty-six more from their own collections. The admirers of painting have, therefore, an excellent opportunity of viewing some of the choicest specimens of those masters who have flourished in the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools. The few subjoined notes were made at the Exhibition.

No. 4. The Duke of Buckingham's two sons, painted by Sir A. Vandyke.

5. The Holy Family in a Landscape, Titian. The colouring of this picture is extremely fine.

8. Portrait of a Jew, painted by Rembrandt in 1637.

12. Forest Scene with Figures, richly coloured and freely executed by Hobbima.

16. Sea Port, evening; Claude. It is worthy of remark, that no artist before the time of Claude ever succeeded in representing faithfully the different times of the day. The same observation may be applied, with almost equal justice, to those who have painted since the period of that great master. The picture before us portrays the sea, with a glorious setting sun; the water is gently rippled, and receives from the retiring sunbeams a peculiarly glowing and sparkling appearance. Some vessels are introduced, and there are a few figures on the beach.

22. A a Romantic Landscape, by Gaspar Poussin. It consists of abrupt rocks, which are finely relieved by a clear Italian sky, stately trees, mounds of earth, adorned with vegetation, and a few figures introduced with great taste.

27. Portrait of Navagero, a celebrated Latin poet, Titian. A very intellectual physiognomy is here displayed.

30. The Death of Mary Magdalen, is a chaste and delicately painted picture by Albano.

35. Boors quarrelling. A. Ostade.

52. Absalom and Tamar, painted for the Cornaro Family in 1645, by Guercino.

54. Landscape with Figures, a sweet little work by Wynants and A. Vandevelde.

65. Portrait of Gerard Douw, by himself.

72. A Stag Hunt, by Philip Wouvermans, containing a great deal of incident.

76. A Musical Party, called *Le Corset Bleu;* a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, by Metzu.

102. A *Fête Champêtre*—Watteau.

139. Portrait of William, Duke of Cumberland; a majestic performance, by Sir J. Reynolds.

150. The Effects of Intemperance—Jan Steen. This picture represents a drinking party; the two principal figures in the piece are a man and a female, who appear nearly intoxicated. At a little distance from them is a drunken woman, leaning her head on a table; a boy is in the act of picking her pocket.

On the top of an article of furniture, placed against the wall of the room, is observed a mischievous monkey, who is pulling *up* the weights of a clock that hangs by; and in the foreground of the picture appears a dog about to form an acquaintance with a fine piece of beef.

July 7, 1831. G. W. N.

*** An Antiquary's Notes on *Lodge's Portraits*—in our next.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles
SHAKSPEARE.

ODDITIES.

By the newspapers we perceive that *Mount Ararat* is to be let, *furnished*, and that for tickets to view the same, application is to be made to Mr. *Rainy*.

Light offices are also advertised by Mr. *Day* and *Son*; and *Dining*-rooms in the *heart* of the city—*coming-in* very moderate.

There is some confused drollery in the title of a book—"Dates and Distances: showing *what may be done* in a Tour of sixteen months; as performed in the years 1829 and 1830." Then comes the critic's opinion—very gravely given, and recommending the book as "useful to *future* travellers:" why *say* future? "it is anything but a *dry* itinerary. The *tables* at the end are excellent." This is all very like *cut and dry*. Being a travelling book, it is in *post* 8vo.: quarto would be better, as it would be *four in hand*.

A champion has just started against Cæsar, and written a book called "Cæsar and the Britons; an *attempt* to defend Ancient Britain from the Calumnies of Historians and Economists." If the thing is just now an *attempt*, when will it be settled? This is surely the eleventh hour.

"Six Lectures on Liberality" are announced. We conclude they are to be gratuitously given.

"The Stranger's Bride" is described as "a truly delicious composition;" "tells a pretty tale, to which the plaintive character of the air is well wedded."

In a critique on a Tale of Real Life, we read that "The hero, as becomes an Irish gentleman and a recruiting officer, is always in love with a married lady, a single one, and a widow."

The first line, in large type, of an advertisement is "Family Mansion, with the right to shoot over one."

Among some effects to be sold is "a Chariot Fly:" what will Naturalists say to this a century hence?

"A Library of Books and choice old Wines." "To be viewed and tasted in the usual manner." — "Collection of Pictures of the late John Maitland, Esq."

Maps.—Everything may be illustrated by maps. The French printsellers have a gastronomic map, explaining the eatables and drinkables each division of France produces, and coloured accordingly. The other day we saw a Political Map of Blue and orange, explaining the feeling of Great Britain on the Reform Bill; and now we have a Map of the course of the Cholera Morbus.

A hotel at Bognor has "a terrace and walk, with uninterrupted sea-views, on the sea-side."

A person "accustomed to tuition in the higher circles solicits a small loan:" No bad proof of proficiency.

"Blair's Pills" are recommended for the Gout. Would not *Blair's Lectures* be better?

"Loss of Teeth, as supplied by —— claims general attention." We always thought the perfection of false teeth to consist in their being unnoticed.

At a conference held between the Catholics and the Hugonots, one of the chiefs of each party, with an assistant, were selected to attend before the governor of Caen. A numerous assemblage of persons of both sects were waiting without, anxiously inquiring of every one who came from the meeting how matters went on; "To tell you the truth," said M. de Biacourt, a Catholic, to a Hugonot inquirer, "we cannot say that your wiseman has more wisdom than our wiseman, but to make amends, our ignoramus is ten times more ignorant than your ignoramus."

"SHOCKING BAD HAT."

Emerson, the mathematician, who was otherwise singular in his dress, had but one hat, which he made last him the best part of his lifetime, gradually lessening the flaps, bit by bit, as it lost its elasticity and hung down, till nothing but the crown remained."—*Tatler.*

The composition of bread with sawdust is likely to become highly popular with parish *boards*.—*Morning Herald.*

INS AND OUTS.

In promise rich, but poor in pay,
In the King's Bench, a *Talent* lay;
"Why, *In?*" cried *Colin Clout.*
His visions fled—his fortunes crost,
Broad-bottom answer'd, "Borough lost,
"I'm *in*—because I'm *out*."

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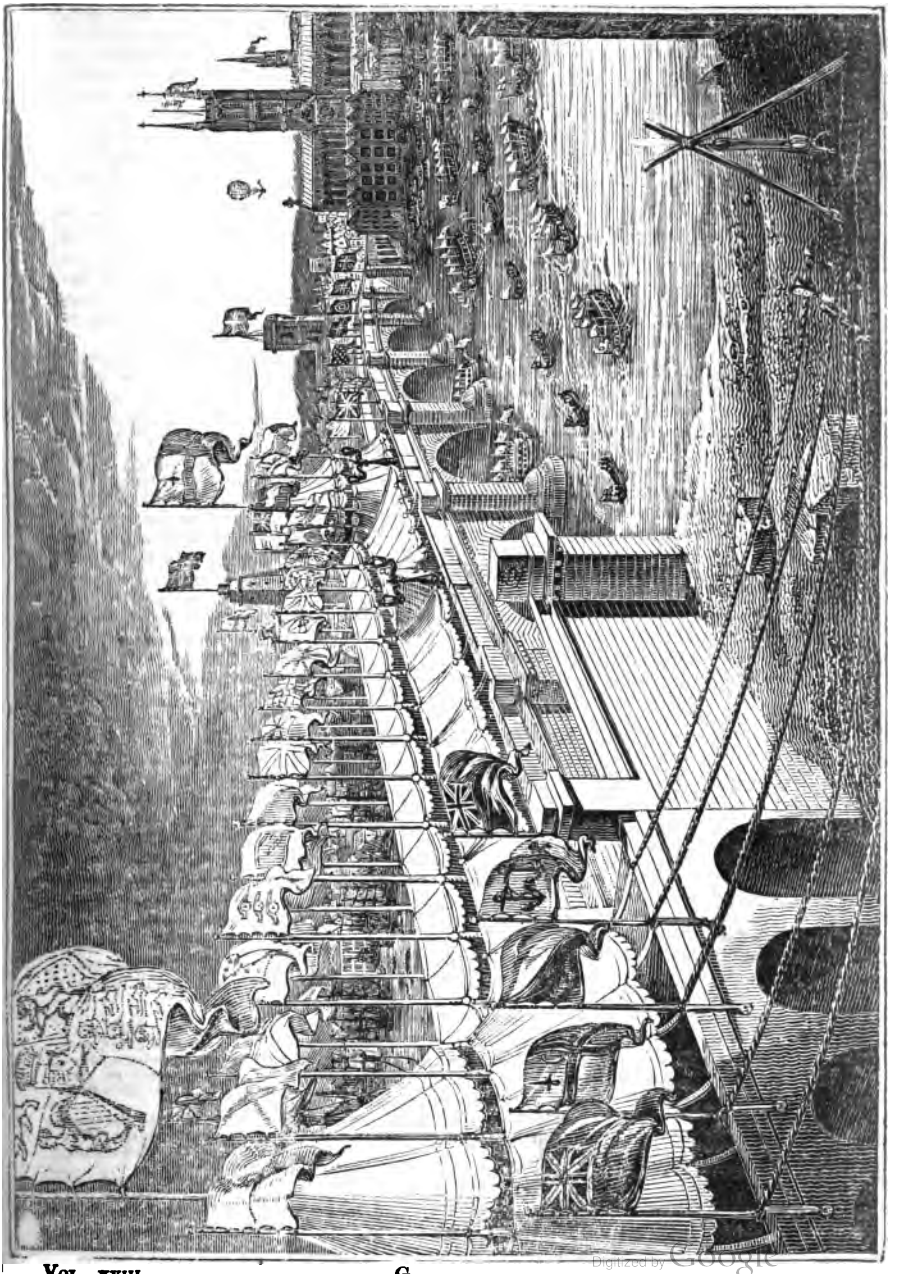
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 502.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

OPENING OF THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.



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OPENING OF THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

THE annexed Engravings are intended to represent a portion of this magnificent ceremony, and to record its celebration rather in these pictorial essays than by any lengthy details. The latter belong to the journalist, but in connexion with a splendid triumph of art —such as is London Bridge—they, in some measure, claim register in our columns. Nevertheless, we must confine ourselves to a mere outline — "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times;" premising that we leave the architectural details of the Bridge for some future occasion—to accompany a suitable Engraving of the elevation.

The choice of *the First of August* for this ceremony was very appropriately made. It is a day of Thames celebrity, being that on which Doggett's Coat and Badge Match is decided; whilst it makes a glorious stand in the long list of our naval triumphs, as the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile. But no *First of August* on the Thames ever resembled that of Monday last: why, old Doggett would have rubbed his eyes as if wakening up with visionary delight at a scene which could not have been surpassed in the best day of aquatic fashion and theatrical taste, when 40,000 persons were employed on the River Thames in conveying persons to the playhouses on its banks.

The grand attraction of the scene was, of course, the presence of the King and Queen, who graciously condescended to take that opportunity of honouring the citizens of London with a visit. The preparations on the Thames, and at both sides, from Waterloo to London Bridge, to receive the royal visiters, had occupied several days. Boats and barges were formed into lines from Somerset-stairs to London Bridge, through which the Royal procession was to pass, and too much credit cannot be given to the parties by whom these regulations were planned and executed. Many of these, particularly the lines opposite Somerset House, were profusely decorated with flags, presenting in this as well as in the gay attire of the respectable parties seated on platforms on their decks, one of the most brilliant and imposing spectacles that can be imagined. The bridges were crowded with occupants. Tiers of seats were raised on the toll-house of the Southwark bridge, and the road was in part occupied with tents, platforms, &c., whilst Waterloo and Blackfriars bridges were thronged with persons from morn till eve. On the shores, north and south, the same curiosity was evinced to witness the passing pageant, and means were taken to satisfy it. The banks, wharfs, and timber-yards, where they could command a view, were thickly peopled. Storehouses, warehouses, factories, and private dwellings, teemed with human beings to the very roofs. The stone and iron galleries of St. Paul's Cathedral were occupied by such as preferred a birds-eye view of the scene;* on the roof of St. Saviour's church were raised seats for upwards of 150 persons; but the Monument was not tenanted.

The arrangements made at Somerset House for the reception of their Majesties, partook of the same order and regularity which distinguished those in the whole line to the Bridge. The whole were, we understood, under the superintendence of Sir Byam Martin.

The stairs leading from Somerset House, as well as the platform, were covered with dark cloth, over which was laid red cloth, in that part by which their Majesties were to pass. At the end of the stairs were placed two splendid union jacks, of rich silk, and of immense size.

Their Majesties and suite left St. James's Palace in twelve carriages. The King, who appeared in the Windsor uniform, entered the last carriage, accompanied by the Queen, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Duchess of Cambridge. In the preceding carriages were the Duke and Prince George of Cumberland, and the royal suite.

The party reached Somerset House at 3 o'clock, their arrival being announced by the hoisting of the Royal Standard of England over the centre of the building; which signal was followed by discharges of cannon from the wharfs and barges, and loud cheering from the surrounding crowds. The embarkation was a scene of peculiar interest. The King (with the Queen on his arm,) descended the stairs with a firm step, declining the aid of the proffered arm of one of the lords of his suite. All the party having embarked, the procession moved in the following order†:—

* Our esteemed Correspondent T. W. was in one of these galleries nearly three hours, and represents the *coup d'œil* as of surpassing beauty By the way, the fine effect of boats on the Thames is admirably shown in the celebrated Panorama at the Colosseum.

† We copy this programme from the *Morning Herald:* it is, we believe, a correct picture of the Royal Pageant, although it did not appear in all the newspapers.

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Thames Police, Capt. Richbell.

The Trinity House Barge.
The Victualling Office Barge.
The Commissioners of the Navy.
Treasurer of the Navy.
Admiral.
Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships in the Medway.
The Lords of the Admiralty.
The Lords of the Treasury.
The Vice-Chancellor.
The Attorney and Solicitor Generals.
Barge with Earl Grey and the Cabinet Ministers.
THE ROYAL BARGE,
With the KING and QUEEN, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cumberland and Cambridge.
SECOND ROYAL BARGE,
With the Lord Chamberlain and the Lords and Ladies in Waiting; Principal Officers of their Majesties' Household.
THIRD ROYAL BARGE.
Her Majesty's Maids of Honour.
Officers in attendance on their Majesties.
State Navy Barge.
With
Lord Amelius Beauclerk, Chief Naval Aid-de-Camp to his Majesty, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas M. Hardy, Sir Henry Blackwood, and other distinguished Naval Officers.
The Deputy Comptroller of the Navy's Barge, commanded by Captain Fanshaw, R. N.
Navy Office Barge.
The Duke of Buccleuch's Barge.
Together with numerous Government State Barges and Men-of-Wars' Launches, Cutters, &c.

Thames Police Boats.

Thames Police Boats

Sir Richard Birnie and the High Constable of Westminster.

The scene at this moment was indescribably grand. "The whole space within the lines, and a great part of that without, seemed studded with a moving mass of glittering splendour. The floating of the Royal Standards, of British banners, union jacks, pennants, and streamers, mixed with other flags, of every colour and of all nations, the gay attire of countless thousands on the river and its banks, the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, discharges of artillery, and the deafening shouts of those near the procession, answered like a distant echo from those more remote,—all contributed to give to the spectacle an effect of which no description could convey a correct idea to those who were not present."* Their Majesties acknowledged the applause with affable courtesy, the Queen repeatedly bowing, and the King being frequently uncovered. The progress of the procession was intentionally slow, from the considerate wish of their Majesties that all those in the line should have a full opportunity of seeing the royal party. Thus, it was past 4 o'clock before the barges reached the new bridge.

The preparations here were upon a scale of tasteful magnificence. Their extent, though explained within a few inches, will be understood by the annexed Engraving. An awning or pavilion extended more than one third across the bridge. On the London side, adjacent to the site of the Fishmongers' Hall, was also erected a splendid pavilion for their Majesties, the Royal suite, the civic authorities, and the more distinguished of the company: its appurtenances and appointments are thus described in *The Times'* report: The pavilion "was in all respects worthy of the purposes for which it was designed. Constructed of standards that had formerly waved over the armies of almost every civilized nation in the world, its decorations were of an equally striking and princely character. The breadth of it was co-extensive with that of the bridge itself. Its form was quadrangular, and at the four corners were placed, upon raised broad pedestals, groups of men in armour, which had an extremely picturesque and agreeable effect. The pillars which supported the Royal Pavilion were adorned with flags, shields, helmets, and massive swords. Their Majesties' seats were beneath a gorgeous canopy of state—of crimson cloth—the back of which was formed of plate glass. To the right and left of this canopy were places for the members of the Royal Family, the Ministers, and many of the nobility. From the ends of this, the principal table, and at right angles to it, ran two other narrow tables, which were reserved for the civic authorities and members of Parliament. No other tables were placed in the Royal Pavilion; and thus a large open space was preserved in front of their Majesties, whose view of the whole of the company under the awning was free and unobstructed, except by the drapery which formed the front of the tent. From this pavilion the awning extended along the narrow part of the bridge to

* Times Journal.

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Interior of the Awning or Tent.

the distance of about 500 feet. On either side there were tables for the guests. These tables were filled with gaily and elegantly dressed company, of which the female part was perhaps more numerous than usual; and we need hardly observe, that this was a feature in the festivity which must confer additional eclat and interest on any spectacle. On that part of the bridge which was not covered, the only ornaments consisted of large flags, and these were placed at so short a distance from each other, that when they gave their swelling canvass to the wind they nearly touched each other. Many of them were mere signal flags, but there were, besides, the standards which wave over the palaces of all the great Powers in the world. Our own national colours floated more proudly and conspicuously than the rest. Besides, however, the glorious flag of Old England, we noticed the black eagles of Russia and of Prussia, the keys and mitre of the Pope, the rich emblazoned shields of Venice, of the King of the Two Sicilies, and of Spain, the flag of America, and the colours of the Trinity House."

On the London side of the bridge, the landing stairs were covered with crimson cloth, and here their Majesties were received with the formalities customary upon royal visits to the city. The King was handed out of his barge by Mr. Routh, one of the London Bridge Committee; and Mr. Jones, as Chairman of the Committee, was present to receive the Queen on her landing. Upon stepping ashore, the King addressed these gentlemen in the following words: "Mr. Jones and Mr. Routh, I am very glad to see you on London Bridge. It is certainly a most beautiful edifice; and the spectacle is the grandest and most delightful in every respect that I ever had the pleasure to witness." The King then paused to survey the scene around him, and acknowledged the deafening cheers of the multitude by taking off his hat, and repeatedly bowing.

Upon reaching the top of the stairs, the sword and keys of the city were tendered to his Majesty by the Lord Mayor, when the King returned them, signifying that they should remain in his lordship's hands. The Chairman of the Committee then presented the King

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with a gold medal, commemorative of the opening of the bridge, having on one side an impression of the King's head, and, on the reverse, a well-executed view of the new bridge, with the dates of the present ceremony, and of the laying of the first stone.

Their Majesties, attended by the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and by the principal members of the Royal Family, the city authorities, and followed by the Royal Household, nearly all the Ministers, several of the nobility, Members of Parliament, &c. then crossed the bridge in procession, and on reaching the Surrey side, witnessed the ascent of Mr. Green, in his balloon, this being his 192nd voyage. Mr. Green was attended by a Mr. Crawshay, and the aeronauts descended in the evening at Charlwood, in Surrey, about twenty-nine miles from the metropolis.

This part of the ceremony was considered the *opening of the bridge;* after which the whole party returned to the pavilion, and partook of a sumptuous collation, Mr. Jones being in attendance behind the King's chair, and Mr. Routh behind that of the Queen. The Lord Mayor, in characteristic fulness of hospitality, proposed the King's health, which was drunk with four times four, and the whole company sung "God save the King." His Majesty bowed to all around. Sir C. S. Hunter then proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk with correspondent honours. The Lord Mayor then handed a beautiful gold cup to the Sovereign, who said, taking the vessel, "I cannot but refer on this occasion to the great work which has been accomplished by the citizens of London. The City of London has been renowned for its magnificent improvements, and we are commemorating a most extraordinary instance of their skill and talent. I shall propose the source from whence this vast improvement sprung, The trade and commerce of the City of London." The King then drank of what is called the loving cup, of which every other member of the Royal Family partook. This must have been not the least interesting incident of the festival. It reminds one of the olden glories of hospitality, and is associated with the best feelings of our nature.

The King next drank the health of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress; soon after which, his Majesty rose, and bowing to the company, retired with his suite. Messrs. Jones, Routh, and the whole of the committee, followed the King to the royal barge, and about six o'clock, the party re-embarked. The notes of joyful respect were once more renewed, and the procession was even more splendid than heretofore, it being joined by several of the city barges. The King frequently waved his hat in enthusiastic acknowledgement of the people's applause, and the whole scene was one of the most gratifying that heart could enjoy. The feelings of the people at their Majesties re-landing at Somerset House resembled one burst of accumulated joy, and cheers loud and continued accompanied the party to St. James's.

It would be easy to enlarge the incidents of this day into a volume, in such style as the *progresses* of sovereigns are recorded in cumbrous and costly quartos. Its joys would fill many pages: its sorrows, we hope, but a single leaf. We attempt little beyond the simple record of the pageant, and aim chiefly at its importance as an era in the history of art—for such we conceive to be the completion of the new London Bridge. The mere show, however, had its sweet uses, since it must have prompted patriotic feelings in many an aspiring breast. What an idea would such a scene as that of "royal tower'd Thame" on Monday last, afford to a foreigner of the vast wealth of the British metropolis, and what a gratifying picture of the good order of English society. The intelligent Rammohun Roy, who was invited to the civic party, must have indeed enjoyed the scene, and probably asked, as did the late Emperor of Russia, where were the poor people of England. Within London and Waterloo bridges were concentrated the wealth and pride of LONDON: along her banks floated in goodly splendour the most popular sovereign and court in Europe, with all the delicious gale of the people's affection. What a delightful page will this event furnish to the chronicler of our times, and how the philanthropist may rejoice at this peaceful triumph—this untarnished work of national splendour.

The gayest part of the river was that between Southwark and London Bridge: here we were much struck with the effect of the massive gilding of the City barges and their superb appointments, throwing into shade even the boasted barks of the Bosphorus, or the Adriatic; right emblematic of British opulence,* and in their companies abounding with flowers of surpassing loveliness. Neither were the hospitalities of the

* We were told on the river that the regilding and refitting of one of the Company's barges exceeded one thousand pounds.

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day confined to the sumptuous pavilion on the bridge, since every boat on the river and building on its banks had its festivity, ay, and what the poet calls "the loud festivity of mirth."

Soon after the departure of the King and Queen, the company were on the wane. A light fall of rain disconcerted a few parties, but many lingered till dark in the hope of witnessing a display of fireworks. Their anticipations were, however, but in part gratified by the discharge of a few rockets. On the bridge all without was silent; but, doubtless, the mirth ran high within the tent, for, first and last there were upwards of 800 dozens of wine provided for libations. Lights on the river were few and far between, if we except in the stupendous barge, named the *Maria Wood*, which was moored near the bridge. Here were festoons of lamps which threw their golden fires upon the water, and reminded one of the creations of romance. Towards eleven o'clock their light began to flicker, and about this time we caught the last festal echo of an anthem for him who had been the harbinger of the day's joy.

CANINE FIDELITY.

(For the Mirror.)

PATRIOTISM in warriors, affection in lovers, fidelity in the married, and sincerity in friends, have all been wisely depicted on the tomb for the benefit of those who come after. The readers of the *Mirror* may, perhaps, be amused with the following instance of faithfulness in a dog—"*even unto death.*"

At Acton Place, near Lavenham, in Suffolk, *Squire* Jennings resided. During Mr. J.'s last illness in town, tradition informs us that a faithful dog insisted on remaining at his master's bedside all day, and watching at the chamber door all night. The evening before Mr. Jennings' death, the vigilant creature very reluctantly left the room to take up his usual sentry post on a mat outside the door, and next morning, on being refused admittance to his dead master's bedside, he immediately took his way to the PLACE at Acton, where he crept to his master's dressing room and lay himself down under a piece of cabinet furniture. When discovered, the domestics endeavoured to entice the animal from the room, but finding their efforts useless, and remembering the fondness of their late master for "poor Duchess," the butler took some meat and water to the room, which the dog even refused to eat. In thirteen days after her master, this affectionate creature died too, and lies buried in the park, under a neat slab, about 6½ feet in length, and 3½ in width, protected by rails, with the following inscription deeply cut upon the stone:—

Here
Lyeth DUTCHESs
The Dame of the
Setting Dogs, an Intire
Favourite and Constant
Companion of her
Master's and Dyed 13
Days after him on the
10 of March
1725.

This circumstance of extraordinary affection will serve to show some of the stoical disciples of *modern* reasoning that brutes *can* and *do* feel deeply for the loss of a friend—"Greater love hath no *man* than this," says the GREATEST, "that he died for his friend."

Those friends and acquaintances who make vows of sincerity, and who *profess* to have an everlasting regard for each other, may think worse things than reflecting on the love of poor Duchess.

Lavenham. F. R.

CANONBURY.

(For the Mirror.)

Fos ever sacred be thy green retreats,
Unalter'd record of the "golden age!"
With face upturn'd unto thy ancient tow'r,
I inly breathe an apprehensive pray'r,
That sacrilegious hands may spare its walls;
For, hov'ring o'er these groves, the unseen power
Of many a sympathy and thought sublime,
Exalts my rev'rence to poetic love.
The city's din
Hath died away upon my wearied ear,
And now I feel 'tis blessedness to live:
Nor joys the body in that change alone—
The spirit breathes a mental atmosphere
Of purer feeling, prompting gratitude;
To think that e'en the worshipp'd love I bore
To fields and flowers, should still survive the blight
Of foolish faith, believing earth a heaven.
In sunset's light how sweet to linger here
Where mus'd of old that ardent devotee
Of 'witching learning, gallant RALEIGH—here
Amidst the woody solitudes, at eve,
That high-soul'd man his philosophic walk
Calmly pursued, and from his nervous mind
Shook off the business of the babbling day.
Soldier and poet, patriot, and sage!
Honour'd am I, to tread where thou has trod.
Now while the murmur of the modern Rome
I hear but faintly sounding far away,
Imagination's panoramic skill
Pictures thy prison in the grim old Tower;
Where, though the body 'neath its bondage bow'd,
The soul, unfetter'd, spurn'd the dungeon dank

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And took its eagle-flight to other climes,
Or, with unstring eye surveyed our isle,
And merged each record in historic page.
Oh, gentle RALEIGH, I have felt the tears
Forsake my quiv'ring eyelids as I read,
That genius, virtue, honour, like to thine
Sav'd not from scaffold and the sanguine axe.
What cheeks were wet to see thy patriot blood
Mix with the kennel's mire! Yet good men there
Soften'd their sorrow with a patient smile:
For while translated to more glorious state
Than hers who rais'd thee from thy lowly sphere;
Thy fate, they knew, would aye remember'd be,
To cast contempt upon the grov'lling time—
And brand with scorn the brainless monarch too,
Who gave his sanction to thy savage judge
* * * * *
Here shone that sun
Whose lonely rising o'er the Avon's flood
Grew to a bright meridian, ne'er to wane.*
In dreamy reverie the train I view,
Bestarr'd and plum'd, conduct the "virgin queen,"
In stately pomp, unto her hunting tower.
Thoughtful and modest, in the nobles' rear,
I see the manly bard—his fancy fir'd,
He weaves a moral from the motley scene,
And warns ambition from the wav'ring throne.
His love, secluded from the dazzling court,
Finds meet return but in the bowery woods.
The titled peer awards a passing nod;
The garter'd lord salutes him with a smile.
Unconscious they, that while their pictur'd forms,
Rang'd in the dull, untrodden corridor,
Are but their medium of immortal fame,
That lowly man, more than himself assumes,
Will move the universe to own his power,
And be the worship of a wond'ring world.

* * H.

* I am not aware of any authority for assigning to Shakspeare a residence in this locality, other than that of a letter of the poet, which is dated from the neighbourhood. Poetical license may be pleaded in excuse for his being represented as one of Elizabeth's court, as he no doubt had the honour of occasionally being attached to it. There is an interesting account of that antique building, "the Old Queen's Head," in *Mirror*, vol. v. p. 321.

Fine Arts.

LODGE'S EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE collection of portraits published by Mr. Lodge must be, as they deserve to be, well known. The spirited publishers of this work determined to collect all the portraits from which the engravings are taken, and to throw open the gallery gratuitously to the public; no true lover of the art has, we hope, neglected to visit this splendid collection. The painters whose works adorn the gallery are Titian, Holbein, Vandyke, Mark Gerard, Zucchero, Jansen, Retel, Walker, Van Somer, Honthorst, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Ant. More, Mytens, Sir G. Kneller, Sir J. Reynolds, Dahl, Jarvis, Riley, Rubens, Flick, Juan de Pantoxa, Mirevelt, and P. Oliver; thus we have the works of twenty-three of the first painters before us. It would be impossible for me to notice more than very few of the portraits in the limits of a few lines.

6. Sir Christopher Hatton. Retel. A beautiful painting, colouring very rich.

8. Dorothy Sydney, Countess of Sunderland. Vandyke. A very beautiful woman. Waller's Saccharissa. Vandyke in general displays a great hardness about the features of his women, but he has a few splendid examples of the contrary.

9. King Henry VIII. Holbein. We never recollect to have seen a portrait equal, or at all approaching to this, in either depth and richness of colouring or in preservation. The face is perfect; beautiful, yet an expression of tyranny is to be perceived in the features. The dress is splendid, and the tints as fresh as if the painting had just left the easel of the painter. I have a print of this king, stated to be taken from a picture by Holbein, now in the possession of Barret Brydges, Esq. of Lee Priory, in Kent, in which the dress appears different to that in Lodge's gallery, yet the face is the same. How this is I do not know.

10. Mary, Queen of England. Holbein. This is the sovereign who is said to have flooded England with the blood of the Protestant martyrs; whereas upon deeper research it is discovered that the Roman Catholic martyrs that were immolated by the ignorance and superstition of the Protestant monarchs, were far greater in number than those sacrificed by Mary. But we are to judge not the woman but the painting, which is very good, the countenance bearing the impress of a mind full of vigour and benevolence.

11. Queen Elizabeth. Zucchero. Painting very good, but we fear somewhat flattering. The complexion is beautiful, but rather too pale. Mr. Pennant thus describes her dress: "Her gown is close-bodied; on her head is a coronet and rich egret, and a vast distended gauze veil; her face is young, her hair is yellow, falling in two long tresses; on her neck a pearl necklace, on her arms, bracelets. The lining of her robe is worked with eyes and ears, and on her arm a serpent is embroidered with pearls and rubies, holding a great ruby in its

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mouth; all to denote vigilance and wisdom. In one hand is a rainbow with the following flattering motto: '*Non sine sole Iris.*'"

15. Queen Catherine Parr. Holbein. The best in the whole collection. I shall resume my notice shortly.

Foley Place. AN ANTIQUARY.

The Cosmopolite.

A FRAGMENT TOUCHING THE ELEPHANT AND HARD BOILED EGGS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Upon my life it's true."

THE blue devils came over me one summer's morning—my books became dead letters—my drawing-box and all its colours looked blue—a nervous irritability came over me; I could have quarrelled with the very best of wives, and felt myself in hot water before the tea-kettle began its "Morning Hymn." The fold of my table-cloth was not at right angles with the side of my table; my tea was insipid; the very chair I sat on was uneasy, (I fancy it was ricketty); I was too crusty to enjoy the crust of my toast, and my eggs were hardly boiled before I found them hard! "Hard eggs! who can eat hard eggs," I exclaimed. "Egad," thought I, "I have eaten them with no uncommon appetite after a hard ride, or travelling on the top of a coach during a long journey."

"Ring the bell—call a coach—I'll eat these said eggs just out of spite; put them up with a dry crust, I'll be off, and mount the first long coach that comes up to the Elephant." Now that is the way to kill blue devils or the devil is in it!

Having given directions for the feeding of my dog—locked up my valuables, and pulled on my boots, very square in the toe, and tight in the pinch—the hard boiled eggs were in a short time at the Elephant and Castle door.

A hundred cads were plying me—my hackney-coach no sooner stopped than both doors were immediately opened, and faces of all sorts and sizes, shaved and unshaved, washed and unwashed, stared at me in rows of five and six deep on either side. "Brighton, sir?" "Brighton, Dover, sir?" "Margate, sir?" "Chatham, sir?" "Now, sir." "Bill, the gemman's all right." "Now, sir," exclaimed one stout, active fellow, who seemed to have obtained a favourable reply by my silence. "Now, sir, it's all right," and he laid hold of my travelling bag as a matter of course. "Bill, clap this here in the front boot—any thing else, sir—inside or out, sir—are you book'd, sir?" All this occurred in a moment; and I found that as I was not proceeding either to Brighton, Dover, Margate, or Chatham, it was determined by mutual and instantaneous consent among the cads and porters, that I must be for the Hastings coach. "Any where that I may eat my eggs in comfort," thought I, "and Hastings it is."

I had been inducted to a front seat just behind the coachman, and next to a very lovely lass — happy prospect —day delightful—companion agreeable, and going all the way; by heavens, how I shall relish my eggs after all! At last we started—a fair and excellent start it was. "Hoy, hoy, hoy," from a hundred voices; coaches pulled up, the wheelers were almost on their haunches. The cads were standing right across the road hallooing after us, and a jarvey came up full gallop. "Quite full, miss," said coachee. There was an intensity of expression in her face, that was startling and painful. "Oh, God," she exclaimed, or rather shrieked, "my mother, my poor mother." An elderly lady here explained that the young lady had just received the dreadful intelligence that her mother was dying, and that she was hastening to receive her last blessing, before it might be too late.

"Take my bag out of the fore boot," said I, getting down, "there is my place at the service of any gentleman inside, who will resign his seat for the accommodation of this young lady." A whiskered puppy in a check shirt and rings on his fingers, looked out of the window perfectly unconcerned, and stared impudently vacant; but a venerable old gentleman opposite to him, called out vehemently, "Open the door, I say, open the door," as if dreading that any other passenger might volunteer, and frustrate his generous desire of sacrificing his immediate comfort for the relief of an agonized child.

"I feel grateful for your kindness," said the old lady, the young one's heart was too full. I transferred the old lady's thanks to the elderly gentleman, and away went the Hastings coach.

"Where the deuce shall I eat my eggs this day," thought I, as I returned to the Elephant—an interesting excursion of about forty yards: *sous verrous* —I shall wait for another chance.

"T'other Hastings will be up presently, sir," said my old friend the cad, who took me under his special care, and answered his brethren for me as they were gathering round us.

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"Leave the gemman—he's for Hastings, and pirlitely gived up his place to a young woman wot wanted to go."

What a scene of bustle and fun is the doorway of the Elephant and Castle—men and horses—bag and baggage—bustle and bother—calls and catastrophes—cads and coachmen, from the driver of the Fly to the conductor of the Royal Sovereign. Then again the passengers—what a medley—the old and young packed up for their various journeys. Some smirking, some grave; the ladies dressed out in their best, the wary old traveller wrapped up in his worst. Some haggling for a fare, others looking after their coats and bags, as if every finger of every stranger was a separate and distinct thief. Ladies popping their heads out of the windows to see if that blue bandbox is quite safe, and giving strict orders to put nothing on it to crush it.

"Oh, yes, ma'm, all right," says the porter, who never saw anything of it. "It's in the fore boot."

"Take it out; oh, law, it will be smashed. Here porter."

"Here Bill," said the cad who found that he had made an unlucky random shot about the bandbox, and thought to quiet, instead of distress, the owner. "Here Bill, here's a lady about her bandbox."

"Yes, ma'm, it's all right, that man arn't the porter; I know all about it. Where do you wish to have it, ma'm?"

"On the top, to be sure, take it out and put it where I tell you."

"Why, ma'am there it is on the top, under the tarpauling, in case it rains."

"Oh, very well, now I'm contented."

The bandbox was in the fore boot all the time, and the cad settled her fears for the rest of the journey.

In the midst of all this fun, an elderly gesticulating Frenchman was forcing his way amidst a host of cads. He was all pet and fury, "No sare; no sare; no sare!"

"But it is, sir, this is the helephant, sir."

"No, sare."

Then a volume of French naughty words, which even the cads thought very queer language, and somehow suspected the gentleman to be "slanging a bit in his own way."

"I most see de Elephant."

"Well, sir, here it is."

"Dis? dis is a house! I vant de Elephant, you gredin."

"Lawks, Bill, here's a lark, he calls you a gridiron, show him your donkey."

"Show him your'n if you come to that."

"No, sare; I was told by my friend, for walk up the road of London, and at end of which I shou'd tumble on de Elephant, where I shou'd find him with his tronk"

"Ha, ha, that's a good un, he's asome to look for the Elephant and his trunk."

The Frenchman's tale caused roars of laughter amid the cads who were amusing themselves at his dilemma. In the meantime I heard a rough, coarse accent inside of the house:

"Donder and Blitzen deysch is no coot. I must put de pottle in which I garry my chin in my drunk." Meaning he must place his gin bottle in his trunk.

The sound of his voice reached the ears of the Frenchman, who jumped forward with ecstasy.

"Ah, by Gar, dat is my friend who was arrive to de Elephant."

The German blundered away about his drunk, and the Frenchman quietly adjusted his collar against the dark window of the door.

The scene and the business of the morning is principally in the export trade, although a considerable portion consists in a kind of coasting trade, such as clerks, real merchants, sham merchants, respectable custom-house officers, and insolent excisemen, who go daily into town, and retire, after the fatigues of the day, to their country residence. The clerks are fatigued because their masters work them hard enough. The real merchant is harassed by the depression of the times; the sham merchant at the depression of his pocket; the custom-house officer is overwhelmed and *torn* to pieces by weights and *tares;* and the insolent exciseman is wearied of his idle monotonous life. Shoals of two-horse coaches came rolling up with their usual freight. Tiers of men inside and out— an army of quill-drivers. Here was the Clapham, there the Brixton. In one part was the Camberwell or the Peckham, in another the Greenwich or the Deptford coach, pouring in the daily population. The more distant coaches, such as Streatham, Croydon, and Reigate were sprinkled with the richer sort, who kept real country houses; many of them with pale, unmeaning faces, for citizens have very frequently inquisitive but unintellectual faces, heightened by a bit of a twist, contracted from close application to *£. s. d.* On some of these faces could be discerned a harassment which might lead one to imagine that

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some charter bond had become forfeited, some cargo lost and not insured, or some heavy bill was to be taken up, in order to save another that ceremony; while the proud placeman is above all that idle nonsense, especially if he is a tall, long-backed fellow, who has married some cosy old woman with an East Indian property.

So much for the coasting trade, or regular morning freights. Then came the long coaches with their beautiful horses, neat harness, and bang-up swell coachmen, who are the aristocrats of their genus. What a difference between the dirty coated, unshaved driver of a two-horse vehicle, as great a rip as the rips he drives, and the dapper whip of a long journeyed coach; they hardly appear to be of the same caste, and happy is the one for the rest of his journey through Blackman-street, and over London Bridge, if he has been honoured by a nod or a knowing shake of the elbow from one of his more exalted brethren. Around the long coaches you see clustering the Jew boys with their oranges, "Buy some oranges, sir, eight for sixpence, eight for sixpence, vell, I'll put you up ten, vill you buy? have twelve, here take twelve; give me a hansel this morning, you shall have fourteen—that's a bargain—fourteen; come now, sir, vill you say sixteen;" and the importunate fruit merchant clambers up the side of the coach to poke a rich juicy orange under your nose. It is charity to buy of these boys, and for this reason, because the wise policy of the richer Jews provide for their poor, not by giving them money, but by giving them some article of traffic, at a most moderate or almost nominal value, so that they do not eat the bread of idleness; thus charity herself makes them industrious even in their infancy. Then again is the bustling newsman, with the early editions of the daily papers, and a few stale ones damped up for the benefit of the unwary and short-sighted. Boxes, bags, packages, and parcels are bandied about by the porters, who are busily engaged, some on the roof of the coach, others at the boots, (fore and aft) who bundle them in, or stow them away with incredible despatch, while the passengers sit mum and mute, staring at each other, till the rolling of the coach jumbles them into conversation. All being ready, the dandy coachman steps up gracefully to the off wheel, draws on his gloves, gives directions to the horse-keeper, orders the curb of Kitty to be taken up a bit, then placing each rein between its proper finger, springs lightly to his seat of power. "All right—whit," and away rolls the glory of English travelling, a well regulated stage coach.

Just opposite the Elephant, under the shelter of a low wall which surrounds the alms-houses, dressed in an old drab coat, which identical coat I remember many winters, and with his hat slouched over his face, and his head on one side, is seated on a low three-legged stool, the old blind fiddler, the Paganini of St. George's-fields: many a summer's sun, and many a winter's blast has my old friend the fiddler worked vigorously and sedulously at his cat-gut, but the melody has not improved with his practice; his mind scorns the lighter music of the day, and he pertinaciously adheres to the College Hornpipe, enlivened by Drops of Brandy and other airs, whose names are lost in antiquity, and which only exist in the euphony of the old blind fiddler. While the fashionable world are running mad after Paganini, and squandering thousands upon a fiddling foreigner, let the honest passenger near the Elephant and Castle, bestow, or fiddle away a mite upon the British violinist who, I would stake a diamond to a gooseberry, has worn out an equal quantity of cats' bowels in the same laudable pursuit of making a noise in the world, though doomed "to waste its sweetness in the desert air."

* * * *

"Egad," thought I, "I feel getting hungry, I shall eat one of my hard boiled eggs before I start; my appetite has returned, and as for blue devils, they are gone off by the blue coach. I wonder," thought I, as I cracked the shell, "where I shall eat the other egg."

JAMES SILVESTER.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MAGICIAN OF CAIRO.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood's Magazine.)

North.—Now fill your glass, and to your story.

Tickler.—Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix being at Cairo last autumn, on their return from Abyssinia, where they picked up much of that information which has been worked up so well by Captain Bond Head in his life of Bruce, found the town in a state of extraordinary excitement, in consequence of the recent arrival in those parts of a celebrated Magician from the centre of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of the

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Mountains of the Moon. It was universally said, and generally believed, that this character possessed and exercised the power of showing to any visiter who chose to comply with his terms, any person, dead or living, whom the said visiter pleased to name. The English travellers, after abundant inquiries and some scruples, repaired to his residence, paid their fees, and were admitted to his *Sanctum*.

North.—Anno Domini millesimo octingentesimo trentesimo?

Tickler.—1*mo*. They found themselves in the presence of a very handsome young Moor, with a very long black beard, a crimson caftan, a snow-white turban, eighteen inches high, blue trousers, and yellow slippers, sitting cross-legged on a turkey carpet, three feet square, with a cherry stalk in his mouth, a cup of coffee at his left elbow, a diamond-hefted dagger in his girdle, and in his right hand a large volume, clasped with brazen clasps———

North.—The *Supellex* is irreproachable.

Tickler.—Laugh as you please—but let me tell my story. On hearing their errand, he arose and kindled some spices on a sort of small altar in the middle of the room. He then walked round and round the altar for half an hour or so, muttering words to them unintelligible; and having at length drawn three lines of chalk about the altar, and placed himself upright beside the flame, desired them to go seek *a Seer*, and he was ready to gratify them in all their desires.

North.—Was he not a *Seer* himself?

Tickler.—Not at all—but you mistake the business—Did you never read the History of Cagliostro?

North.—Not I.

Tickler.—If you had, you would have known that there were in the old days, whole schools of magicians here in Europe, who could do nothing in this line without the intervention of a *pure Seer*—to wit, a Maiden's eye. This African belongs to the same fraternity—he made them understand that nothing could be done until a virgin eye was placed at his disposal.

North.—Had he never a niece in the house?

Tickler.—Pooh! pooh?—Don't jeer. I tell you he bade them go out into the streets of Cairo, and fetch up any child they fancied, under ten years of age. They did so; and after walking about for half an hour, selected an Arab boy, not apparently above eight, whom they found playing at marbles.

North.—What was he?

Tickler.—I can't tell you—nor could they—but he was a *child*, and they bribed him with a few halfpence, and took him with them to the studio of the African Roger Bacon.

North.—Go on——I attend——Fill your glass.—Was all this after dinner, by the bye?

Tickler.—The gentlemen were *impransi*—and a d——d deal more sober than you ever were even before breakfast.

North.—Perge, puer!

Tickler.—Now listen, like a sensible man, for five minutes. The child was much frightened with the smoke, and the smell, and the chatter, and the muttering—but by the bye he sucked his sugar candy, and recovered his tranquillity, and the Magician made him seat himself under a window—the only one that had not been darkened, and poured about a table-spoonful of some black liquid into the hollow of the boy's right hand, and bade him hold the hand steady, and keep his eye fixed upon the surface of the liquid; and then, resuming his old station by the brazier, sung out for several minutes on end—What do you see? Allah bismilla! What do you see? Illalla Resoul Allah! What do you see? All the while the smoke curled up faster and faster———

North.—Of course—of course.

Tickler.—Presently the lad said: "*Bismillah!* I see a horse—a horseman—I see two horsemen—I see three—I see four—five—six—I see seven horsemen, and the seventh is a *Sultan*."—"Has he a flag?" cries the Magician.—"He has three," answered the boy.—"'Tis well," says the other, "now halt!" and with that he laid his stick across the fire, and, standing up, addressed the travellers in these words:—Name your name—be it of those that are upon the earth, or of those that are beneath it; be it Frank, Moor, Turk, Indian, prince or beggar, living and breathing, or resolved into the dust of Adam, 3000 years ago—speak, and this boy shall behold and describe him!"

North.—Very good—now be so good as to bring on Lord Prudhoe.

Tickler.—I can't say whether he or Mr. Felix named the first name—but it was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. The Magician made three reverences towards the window, waved his wand nine times, sung out something beyond their interpretation, and at length called out, "Boy, what do you behold?"—"The Sultan alone remains," said the child—"and beside him I see a pale-faced Frank—but not dressed like these Franks—with large eyes, a tall hat, a pointed beard,

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roses on his shoes, and a short mantle!" You laugh—shall I proceed?

North.—Certé—What next?

Tickler.—The other asked for *Francis Arouet de Voltaire*, and the boy immediately described a lean, old, yellow-faced Frank, with a huge brown wig, a nutmeg-grater profile, spindle shanks, buckled shoes, and a gold snuffbox!

North.—My dear Tickler, don't you see that any print-book must have made this scoundrel familiar to such phizzes as these?

Tickler.—Listen. Lord Prudhoe now named *Archdeacon Wrangham*, and the Arab boy made answer, and said, "I perceive a tall grey-haired Frank, with a black silk petticoat, walking in a garden, with a little book in his hand. He is reading on the book—his eyes are bright and gleaming — his teeth are white—he is the happiest-looking Frank I ever beheld."

North.—Go on.

Tickler.—I am only culling three or four specimens out of fifty. Major Felix now named a brother of his, who is in the cavalry of the East India Company, in the presidency of Madras. The Magician signed, and the boy again answered, "I see a red-haired Frank, with a short red jacket, and white trousers. He is standing by the sea-shore, and behind him there is a black man, in a turban, holding a beautiful horse richly caparisoned." — "God in Heaven!" cried Felix.—"Nay," the boy resumed, "this is an odd Frank—he has turned round while you are speaking, and, by Allah! he has but one arm!"—Upon this the Major swooned away. His brother lost his left arm in the campaign of Ava! *Verbum non amplius.* Seeing is believing.

North.—Why the devil did they not bring Maugraby with them to England?

Tickler.—Perhaps the devil's power on y lingers in Africa!

North.—Tell that to the marines.

Shepherd.—I'll tell ye a ten thoosan' times mair extraordinar story than that o' Lord Proud-O's—gin I had only something till eat. But I wad defy Shakspeare himsell to be trawgic on an empty stammack.

LINES.

THE rose on Beauty's cheek may bloom—
But coming years
Will hide its hues in Passion's gloom
And streaming tears.

Heed not the light of maiden's eyes;
Their brilliant beams
Despair shall dim—as wintry skies
E'er darken streams

If things so beautiful but brief
Thus droop away,
Oh, who would view with aught of grief
Life's dull decay?

Literary Gazette.

A TRIBUTARY STRAIN TO NICHOLAS PAGANINI.

Uscite pur, chiusi pensieri, uscite.
SALVATOR ROSA.

GREAT bowman; man of sharps more sharp than swords;
Grand executioner, that hang'st in chords
The dying notes through which our rapture lives;
Swart neck-romancer of the magic scroll;
Mystic musician; oh, let me enrol
My homage with the praise that Europe gives.

Great Cambist, that exchangest notes for notes,
Wise votary, that dost secure all votes;
Pet child of fashion,—leader of the tone;
Arch-tollman of the string-supported bridge;
High scaler of perfection's air-iest ridge;
Oh, how can words thy vast perfection own?

True alchemist, illustrious Paganini,
'Tis thou canst turn each note into a guinea,
Thus giving notes a premium above gold:
A galvanist, thou mak'st dull bodies start
With thine electric touches—and thou art
"Master of Arts" more rife than may be told.

Wieschel, Viotti, Spagnoletti, Mori,
Lafont, De Beriot, bold Spohr, and Oury,
Loder, and Cramer, and the noted Mayseder, all great, are little against thee;
Thou Lord of Crowderos, competition-free,
The *ne plus ultra*, and *non plus ambrai*.

All others milk-and-water, every one, are,
Compar'd with thee, thou music's own Cream-owner;*
Of thee it shall be said, with praise not scanty,
"This is the knight beyond La Mancha's name;
This is the knight careering forth to fame
With bow and hair-row, and with Rosin, a'nt he?"

Thy wild, mysterious, haggard, unstrung looks,
Thy raven hair that no coercion brooks,
Have made suspicion try at a false bar t'ye;
But well I know, thy doings are all sound;
Alas, what mischief can in him be found
Whose friends, foes, fiddle, are alike *amati*?

They call thee names (I see their paltry drifts)—
As "one-stringed Jack, of neck-or-nothing shifts"—
But heed not thou of malice such a stale-piece;
And, while false rogues to draw the long-bow taught are,
Draw thou but thine, far better, although shorter:
Neglect their tales, and mind thy fiddle's tail-piece.

Time hath beat many who before beat him;
But wilt thou yield unto the tyrant grim?
Shall he o'er thee chant forth his mower's chime?
No, fashions change, and seasons pass away,
But thou in fame canst never know decay,
Who art thyself "the very Nick of Time."

Farewell, most mental instrumentalist:
Most learned fiddler harmony's high-priest;
Farewell;—but do not go, thou dearest hope;
Borrow our ears and cash to any tune,
So that thou wilt not shift from us too soon:
Oh, make thy stay with us a double step.

Metropolitan.

* Quære, Cremona?—*Printer's Devil.*

INTERIORS OF OLD ENGLISH "HALLS."

THE chief feature in the interior of an ancient residence of every class was the

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great or stone *hall*, which often gave its name to the whole house. It corresponded to the refectory of the abbey, and its disposition and plan varied very little under any circumstances, or at any time. The principal entrance to the main building, from the first or outer court, opened into a *thorough lobby*, having on one side several doors or arches leading to the buttery, kitchen, and domestic offices; on the other side, the hall, parted off by a screen, generally of wood elaborately carved, and enriched with shields and a variety of ornament, and pierced with several arches having folding doors. Above the screen, and over the lobby, was the minstrel's gallery, and on its front were usually hung armour, antlers, and similar memorials of the family exploits. The hall itself was a large and lofty room, in shape of a parallelogram; the roof, the timbers of which were framed with pendents richly carved and emblazoned with heraldic insignia, formed one of its most striking features. "The top-beam of the hall," in allusion to the position of his coat of arms, was a symbolical manner of drinking the health of the master of the house. At the upper end of this chamber, furthest from the entrance the floor was usually raised a step, and this part was styled the *dais*, or high place. On one side of the dais was a deep embayed window, reaching nearly down to the floor; the other windows ranged along one or both sides of the hall, at some height above the ground, so as to leave room for wainscoting or arras below them. They were enriched with stained glass, representing the armorial bearings of the family, their connexions, and royal patrons, and between the windows were hung full-length portraits of the same persons. The royal arms usually occupied a conspicuous station at either end of the room. The head table was laid for the lord and principal guests on the raised place, parallel with the upper end wall, and other tables were ranged along the sides for inferior visiters and retainers. Tables, so placed, were said to stand "banquet-wise." In the centre of the hall was the rere-dosse, or fire-iron, against which fagots were piled, and burnt upon the stone floor, the smoke passing through an aperture in the roof immediately overhead, which was generally formed into an elevated lantern, a conspicuous ornament to the exterior of the building. In later times, a wide arched fire-place was formed in the wall on one side of the room. From a pleasing passage in an old religious writer, of the date of 1511, it appears that the hall fire was discontinued at Easter-day, then called "God's Sondaye."

"Ye knowe well that it is the maner at this daye to do the fire out of the hall, and the black wyater brondes, and all thynges that is foule with fume and smoke, shall be done awaye; and there the fire was shall be gayly arrayed with fayre floures, and strewed with green ryshes all aboute."

"The lords of manours," says Aubrey, "did eate in their greate gothicque halls, at the high table or oreile, the folk at the side tables. The meate was served up by watchwords. Jacks are but an invention of the other daye; the poor boys did turn the spitts, and licked the dripping-pan, and grew to be huge lusty knaves. The body of the servants were in the great hall, as now in the guard-chamber, privy-chamber, &c. The hearth was commonly in the midst, as at colleges, whence the saying, 'round about our coal fire.' Here, in the halls, were the mummings, cob-loaf stealing, and great number of old Christmas playes performed. In great houses were lords of misrule during the twelve dayes after Christmas. The halls of justices of peace were dreadful to behold. The screenes were garnished with corslets and helmets gaping with open mouth, with coates of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, battle-axes, bucklers, and the modern callivers, petronells and (in King Charles's time) muskets and pistolls." *

The halls, in fact, of our colleges, at either university, and the inns of court, still remain, as in Aubrey's time, accurate examples of the ancient baronial and conventual halls: preserving, not merely their original form and appearance, but the identical arrangement and service of the tables. Even the central fire is, in some instances, kept up, being of charcoal, burnt in a large brazier, in lieu of the rere-dosse. In other respects, probably little, if any thing, has been altered since the Tudor æra; and those who are curious to know the mode in which our ancestors dined in the reign of the Henries and Edwards, may be gratified by attending that meal in the great halls of Christchurch or Trinity, and tasking his imagination to convert the principal and fellows at the upper table, into the stately baron, his family, and guests, and the gowned commoners, at the side tables, into the liveried retainers. The service of the kitchen, butteries, and cellars, is conducted, at the present day, in every

* Aubrey M S.

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point, precisely according to ancient unvaried custom.

The hall, such as we have described it, is found in every old English mansion down to the Elizabethan period; and there is scarcely any finer example left than that of Longleat, in spite of its Italianized exterior. But about that time, or still earlier, the nobles began to disuse the custom of dining in company with their retainers and household in the great hall, and a separate apartment was reserved for the use of the family, and called the dining parlour, or banqueting-room. This change of manners seems to have partly taken place by the time of Henry VIII., since it was then made a subject of complaint that the "hall," at court in particular, was not duly "kept." In the ordinances of Eltham, 1526, complaint is made, that "sundry noblemen, gentlemen, and others, doe much delight and use to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the high chamber nor hall, &c." Peers, in attendance at court, or in parliament, as well as all the officers of the royal household, had the privilege of eating in the hall with their retainers, the number of the latter being expressly stipulated, according to their rank or office, as appears in the "Liber Niger Domus Regis," the book of household regulations of Edward IV.: "a duke," it is there said, 'shall have etyng in the hall one knyghte, a chapleyn, iii squyers, iiii yeomen," and so on, down to a baron, who is allowed "etyng for a gentelman and a yoman." This privilege was called "avoir bouche a court." The whole list of persons having "etyng in the hall" is enormous, and makes it clear, that the magnificent hall at Westminster, built for this use, by Edward II., must have had its spacious area completely crowded at times when the king had summoned his peers around him. The great hall of Eltham, also probably built by the same monarch, is but little inferior in grandeur to that of Westminster.

The chapel was another principal feature in the early English residence of every class. It usually formed one side of the first court, and was occasionally quite detached from the main building. Both the hall and chapel were often overlooked from windows in galleries and upper rooms. Archbishop Parker, in a letter dated 1573, says, "If it please her Majesty, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall at dynner-time, at a window opening thereunto."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Sketch-Book.

WINDSOR REVISITED.

(To the Editor.)

"—— Scenes whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years."
COWPER.

PERHAPS there is no enjoyment more generally, and more sincerely prized, than that of revisiting the home of our youth—of rambling among the scenes dear to our remembrance, and connected so strongly with the feelings and circumstances of our early days. In after life whatever situation we may be placed in—however advanced we may be in the scale of society—be our pursuit one of wealth or of fame—still the memory of our early home is paramount over all others; even though we may in our early days have drunk deep of the cup of bitterness, we yet, in the midst of our prosperity, feel inclined to cast

"One longing, lingering look behind;"

our sorrows then, appearing through the long vista of past years to occupy but a small item in the amount of our recollections.

I have been led to make these observations, by reflecting, how very few places there are better adapted for the encouragement of pleasant fancies in a native than Windsor. To me there is magic in the name, and at the sound I ofttimes turn my "mind's eye" to a contemplation of its beauties—of its "majestic tower," its woods and meads, and its meandering river, where first

"—— I learnt to dash
With pliant arm the wave aside."

Nor do I fail to mingle with these, its associations of history and poesy—the graces of the place.

Your frequent views in Windsor and its vicinity, have made the *Mirror* always acceptable, doubly so, to me from my intimate acquaintance with the places they represent. Of the old Castle in particular, there was hardly a nook to which my knowledge did not extend. Of the present one I cannot say quite so much. With respect to the vicinity, my humble addition, some time back, to your account of Stoke, will, I trust, be taken in evidence of my assertion.*

A few weeks ago, encouraged by the fine weather, and certain longings for green fields and shady walks, I resolved to snatch a brief hour from worldly cares, and pay a visit to Windsor. It was a fine Sabbath morning, the sun shone brightly, whilst a gentle wind was

* See *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 324.

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astir, which served to counteract its otherwise powerful rays,—that I started on my journey. A short ride of three hours placed me safe at the foot of the Castle Hill. In the course of the afternoon I proceeded to inspect its "lordly towers," and in spite of my predilection for the "ancient pile," I could not but acknowledge the immense superiority of the present building over its predecessor, in the beauty and grandeur of its structure, and the uniformity of its style and ornaments. One thing displeased me when I looked upon the quadrangle, and found there nothing to relieve the eye from the monotony of stone and glass, but a large gravelled space, exchanged for what was formerly an agreeable grass-plot: this may be in accordance with the general design, but it is not near so pleasant to the eye. The improvement of the terrace is a most important feature: such a delightful promenade is in itself a sufficient attraction to strangers, were there nothing else of note connected with the place. The reopening of the Home Park, or more properly speaking, the re-extension of its privileges to the people, by allowing them to walk wherever their inclination may direct them, leads me to say a few words on times past and present.

In the reign of George the Third, the Castle, the Terrace, the Slopes, and the Parks, were, under certain regulations, open to all. At his illness, the only alteration that took place was, the closing of the Terrace; the Courtyard, or Upper Quadrangle, remaining open to the public as a thoroughfare; and I myself, in conjunction with my fellows of the schoolboy tribe, have found many a hiding-place in the nooks and corners of the old building, whilst playing at the noisy game of hide and seek. A short time after his death, "a change came o'er *the face of things*;" and when George the Fourth began to make it his residence, commenced also the reign of seclusion; gates were closed, paths stopped up, all access to the upper ward prevented; even the jackdaws and starlings, whose dwellings were in the ivy that grew up the walls, and in the crevices and decayed parts of the building, were forcibly ejected from their ancient hiding places, and every means was adopted to prevent either intrusion or annoyance to the royal privacy, or a too near inspection of the castle and walks, hitherto open to the public, if we except a small portion of the terrace being occasionally opened, and the state-rooms continuing to be shown. These arbitrary restrictions were said to be in some measure owing to the influence of the intimates of the king; for the correctness of this report I do not, however, vouch.

With the accession of our patriotic King, has come a greater accession of liberal feeling, on all matters as regards the comforts or enjoyments of the people; and in no instance has it been shown more, than in the readiness with which all these obnoxious restrictions have been removed, which prevented the public holding a free intercourse with the beauties of a place, towards the production of which, the meanest native visitant has contributed his share.

It was with a considerable degree of satisfaction, that I beheld from the terrace, groups of happy faces wandering about at their pleasure in the park beneath; it served to remind me the more forcibly of similar scenes in my early days, making me almost fancy myself a happy boy again. Upon turning my head from contemplating this scene, I was agreeably surprised to see the Queen advancing down the steps from the castle into the flower-garden, sloping from the terrace: this was another incident similar to those of the olden time; a Queen walking amongst her subjects free from the paraphernalia and pomp of her rank. It is by such acts as these that royalty may expect to find its way to the hearts of the people; it may be a virtue, in the opinion of some, that kings and queens should shroud themselves in the impenetrable veil of majesty; there was a time perhaps, when it might have been well to do so; but that time has passed, and mystery and unmeaning state can exist no longer.

The sun was now on the decline, and the pleasant hour for the real enjoyment of the country about to commence, as the "subtle thief of life" warned me to depart.

With a heart, therefore, light as the breezes that floated around me, I turned to depart from this scene of innocent enjoyment, in my own breast well satisfied, that though I had not spent my day in prayer and fasting, yet, in surveying the objects with which I was surrounded, and in looking "through Nature, up to Nature's God," sentiments had been awakened, which were not unacceptable to the great searcher of all hearts. J * * *

P. S. The engraving in a late No. as a representation of "the Hermitage" in Frogmore Gardens, is known as "the Gothic Ruin."

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FICTION AND FACT.

(For the Mirror.)

MATURIN has, in one of his extraordinary novels, placed two tender lovers together in prison, there to be starved to death. Their enthusiastic affection changes into deadly hatred, and becoming, as it were, merely wild beasts, raging in the agonies of hunger for food, they eat each other. Most persons have considered this picture overcharged; nothing in fact is more true to nature, as many an anecdote of shipwreck, and famished crews wandering over the wide seas, and world, amply testifies; let the following suffice:—In the Mary Frances, an American vessel shipwrecked, in February or March, 1826, one of the passengers was James Frier, who was working his way home, under promise of marriage to Anne Saunders, servant to the master's wife; the unfortunate crew of the wrecked vessel were daily dropping off by famine, and amongst them died Frier. When Saunders heard of his death, "she shrieked a loud yell," says the account, seized a cup from Clark, the mate, and cutting the throat of her late betrothed husband, drank his blood, alleging she had the greatest right to it. A scuffle ensued between Clark and her, in which she conquered, but afterwards "allowed him to drink one cup to her two!"

Maturin desired to prove the empire of appetite, and the natural instinct of self-preservation over the pure and fervent affections of the soul: who shall say that the philosophy and fiction of the poet outraged fact and nature?

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

IN the memoir of Lord Brougham, prefixed to vol. XVII of *the Mirror*, there occurs an error which we are anxious to correct. It is there stated that his Lordship married the widow of John *Slade*, Esq., whereas it should be John *Spalding*, Esq. We were misled by *Stockdale's Peerage*. By way of rendering this more interesting than a mere correction, we subjoin a few etymological particulars of the name SLADE.

The word *slade* was formerly used to describe sloping land, but is now a provincial term. Mr. Keightley, in a note to his new *Mythology*, says "The Anglo-Saxon *slaed* is certainly a valley; all the spots denominated slades that we have seen, were rich, irriguous, but somewhat depressed lands." We have a friend named *Slade*, of Somersetshire family, and may not his name have originated from *slaed*, rich lowlands being by no means rare in that county. Mr. Leigh Hunt says "May not *slade* come from the same root as the word *slide*, and imply one of those gentle dips of land, which would often be characterized, like those which Mr. Keightley speaks of? There is a place on the road between Kilburn and Edgeware called *the Slad*, which if our memory does not deceive us, is of that description."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD MAID.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries, and dotes at forty-five.
Thus weathercocks which for awhile
Have turned about with every blast,
Grow old, and destitute of oil
Rust to a point and fix at last.

GEORGE III.

OUR "good old king," was remarkable for possessing a strength and activity, mental and corporeal, which completely put *hors du combat*, his less able-bodied and lively minded suite. He took, and seemed to require, but little sleep, rose early, and went through a daily routine of business and amusement, which few constitutions would have been capable of sustaining; nor was very severe exercise, quite of the gymnastic order, omitted by the monarch. He has been known to go through military manœuvres which would have knocked up a heavy dragoon; and at the riding-house to tire out daily three horses.

SONG.

THE gale is sighing o'er the wave,
The moon her watch hath set;
Above the sailor's crystal grave
Calm eve and peace have met.

I love this hour, the rippling sea
Makes music to my mind,
The spirit of sweet poesy
Sings in the restless wind.

And oh! the viewless form of bliss,
I feel is hov'ring near;
'Tis he who haunts each scene like this,
And prompts the joyful tear!

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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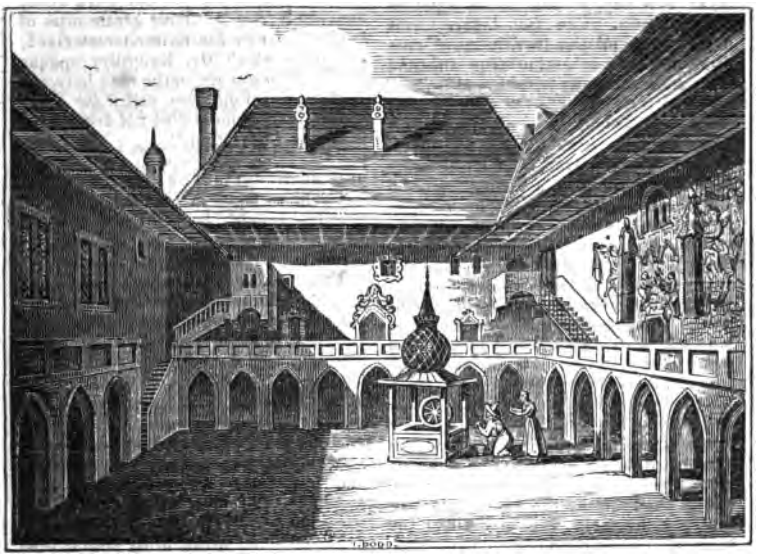

UNIVERSITY OF CRACOW.

"Cracow," says one of the most intelligent travellers of our times, "exhibits the ruins of a magnificent capital in ruins." It is a melancholy memorial of the primitive splendour of Poland; and its scenes of desolation would make "the very angels weep." The city was founded by Cracus, one of the earliest of the Polish rulers, whose virtues and genius are highly eulogized by historians: "he repressed the licentious, encouraged the peaceable, established tribunals for the administration of justice, and triumphed over all his enemies, domestic and foreign." His grave was long denoted by a large earthen *tumulus* on the bank of the Vistula; and a little higher up was a similar erection, reported, by tradition, to be the sepulchral monument of his daughter Wenda, whose marvellous story we quoted a few weeks since. Beyond these memorials, a place of interest in later history is eagerly pointed out to the traveller:—the field of Zechokino, a spot where the brave Kosciusko, with a band of peasant soldiers, gained a victory over the Russians during their second attack upon the liberties of Poland.

Cracow was formerly the capital of Poland, where the kings were elected and crowned, and once almost the centre of the Polish dominions; but is now a frontier town. It stands in an extensive plain, watered by the Vistula. Many of the streets are broad and handsome; the great square is very spacious, and has several well-built houses, once richly furnished and well inhabited, but mostly now either uninhabited or in a state of decay. Almost every building bears striking marks of ruined grandeur; the churches alone seem to preserve their original splendour. The devastation of this unfortunate city was begun by the Swedes at the commencement of the last century, when it was besieged and taken by Charles XII; but it has since suffered far more destructive mischief. The effects of cannon, grape, and musket-shot, are still discernible on the walls and houses. Such is the description of Coxe, whose travels first appeared in the year 1792.

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James, who visited Poland in 1813-14, says on driving through the place, the streets appeared old and dismal, and marked in general with that aspect of gloom which the decay of a once flourishing trade never fails to produce. In the outskirts appeared many houses fallen into neglect, and in an absolute state of ruin. The fact indeed, that out of a population which once consisted of 80,000 only a fourth part should now remain, is conclusive, and may serve to give an idea of the present lonesome and impoverished condition of Cracow.

The UNIVERSITY is described by Coxe, as follows:—

"The university was founded and endowed by Casimir the Great, and improved and completed by Ladislaus Jaghellon; the number of students amounts to about 600; the library is not remarkable either for the number or rarity of the books. Among the principal objects of attention, the librarian pointed out a Turkish book, of no intrinsic value, but esteemed a curiosity because found among the spoils at the battle of Chotzim, and presented by John Sobieski to the university, as the memorial of a victory which saved his country from desolation, and raised him to the throne of Poland. This university was formerly, and not unjustly, called the mother of Polish literature, as it principally supplied the other seminaries with professors and men of learning; but its lustre has been greatly obscured by the removal of the royal residence to Warsaw, and still more by intestine convulsions.

"The most flourishing period of the university was under Sigismond Augustus in the sixteenth century; when several of the German reformers fled from the persecutions of the emperor Charles the Fifth, and found an asylum in this city. They gave to the world several persions of the sacred writings, and other theological publications, which diffused the reformed religion over great part of Poland."

The fall of the University was, however, reserved for Austria to complete. Towards the year 1806, under the plea that the spirit of the students of Cracow was too revolutionary to consist with a monarchical government, she destroyed that venerable seat of learning, which during more than four centuries had supported the religion and the civilization of Poland; and though in lieu she founded a college at Leopol, the jealous regulations and vigorous surveillance introduced into that seminary were not likely to fill its halls with native students.

The University of Warsaw was likewise founded in 1816, in lieu of that of Cracow; it has 48 professors, and about 750 students.

CHOLERA, &c.

(To the Editor.)

I send you the following extraordinary fact, which is taken from *Memoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes, par St. M. Le Comte de Segur.*

This anecdote may serve, in the peculiar circumstance in which England is now placed, to show the evil of abandoning ourselves to fear: all diseases are generally increased by the nervous state of the patient, consequently every effort should be made to guard against unnecessary dread, or what is called a panic fear.

Louis XV. of France, in the month of April, 1774, as he was proceeding on a hunting expedition, met a funeral procession and approached the coffin. As he was a man fond of asking questions, he inquired whom they were going to inter: he was informed that it was the body of a young woman who had died of the small-pox. The king was instantly seized with terror, he returned to his palace, and was, two days after, attacked by this cruel malady, the mere name of which had frightened him. He received his death-blow: his blood became inflamed, mortification appeared, he died. His body was covered with lime, and he was carried without ceremony to Saint Denis. Forty days after, his obsequies were performed, and he was placed with great pomp in the tomb of his ancestors.

INTERPRES.

*** The newspapers have lately teemed with recipes for the Cholera. The *Leeds Intelligencer* gives the following "by a gentleman who vouches for its efficacy in a great number of cases of cholera morbus, and affections of the bowels generally:—Prepared chalk six drams; white sugar two drams; gum arabic two drams; tincture of opium thirty drops; essence of ginger thirty drops; tincture of kino, (misprinted kion) half an ounce; water seven ounces. Two table spoonsful twice a day."

The *Morning Herald* gives the following as Sir Matthew Tierney's recipe for this disease:—"Cajeput oil, twenty five drops in a wine glass of hot water. If not relieved in five minutes, take fifty more."

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THE BARD'S MONOLOGUE.

(For the Mirror.)

He, whose spirit loves to soar
'Mid the spheres of Bardic lore,
Borne aloft on seraph wings,
Harping some celestial things,
Feeding hope and sweet desire
With the flames of living fire;
He alone has felt the throes
And the pangs of earthly woes,
Felt the anguish and the smart
Carking in a broken heart,
Ever carking while he pants
Under everlasting wants:
Drowned in misery forlorn—
Thus poor Chatterton did mourn!

Oft I revel in my dreams,
Warm and basking in the beams
Of that genial spring of light,
Mirth and every soft delight,
Poesy, from whence arise
Melting charms of Paradise.
Oft my fancy roams astray
At the twilight hour of day,
Through some solitary scene,
Solemn, silent and serene,
Or in some sequestered spot
Musing on my checkered lot.
Oh! 'tis charming to beheld
Blazonries of streaming gold,
Spangling brilliantly and bright
In the firmament of night.
See the blooming blush of May,
See young summer laughing gay,
Nature decked in every hue,
Sapphire, emerald, and blue,
Redolent of fragrant flowers,
Jessamines of amorous bowers,
Buds of amaranths—as those
Pendent o'er a sylph's repose.
But alas! a deadly sting
Galls the good of every thing;
Loveliest visions of the mind
Quickly vanish, and I find
Thoughts and recollections sad
In my bosom once so glad.
And if o'er a prospect fair
Gilds the shadows of despair,
Soon again a tempest sore,
Darkening, lowering as before,
Leaves me but a faint relief
In my melancholy grief:
Drowned in misery forlorn—
Thus poor Chatterton did mourn!

Had I but a heart of steel,
Such a heart as could not feel,
Such a spirit, such a soul,
As were free from all control,
Then perhaps I could enjoy
Happiness with less alloy,
Weather out the ruthless strife
In a reckless mood of life,
As I waged the war of fate,
Cool and tranquil, and sedate.

But alas, my bosom yearns,
Sighs in anguish when it learns
All the wretchedness of man,
Since the dreary world began,
All the sorrows that impend
O'er him till the world shall end.

Yes; alas, the weeping muse
Gnaws to pour her tears profuse,
To bedew her sombre strains
O'er the melodies and pains,
O'er the horrors that embrace
Every child of Adam's race.
Here the woe of every age
By a settled heritage,
Ever ready to enhance
By a retrospective glance,
Shades of terrors that were cast
Over generations past;
Ever ready to enhance,
Deep endurance in advance
Of some black events in doom,
Written on that awful gloom,
Where futurity conceals
With impenetrable seals
Things unsearchable afar,
Waiting for the reigning star,
Till the destinies unfold
Every ordinance of old,
Reaching forth their sacred rod
O'er the providence of God.

But 'tis useless to bewail
And repeat the mystic tale,
Such as many a Bard of yore
Numbered on Plimlimmon hoar,
Such as many a Druid still
Numbers on some Cambrian hill:
Drowned in misery forlorn—
Thus poor Chatterton did mourn!

GORONWY.

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GENERAL DIEBITSCH.

(For the Mirror.)

THE late Count Diebitsch Sabalkansky, born May 13, 1785, was descended from an ancient and noble Silesian family: his father was an officer of such distinguished talent, that Frederick the Great, a short time before his death, appointed him on his personal staff as extra-adjutant. After Frederick's demise, he occupied the post of garrison-major at Breslaw; and when holding this post, was one day agreeably surprised by receiving a ministerial despatch addressed to "Lieutenant-Colonel von Diebitsch." In his delight at this unexpected honour, he spread the tidings instantly among his comrades, and solicited his commander to make it public on the day's parade; the request was refused, because his superior had received no official intimation of his promotion; and indeed it turned out that the whole arose from a blunder on the part of the office clerk who had directed the despatch. Major Diebitsch, deeming that he had compromised his character with the government, sent in his resignation, left his son to complete his education in the academy for cadets at Berlin, and entered the service of Russia. He was immediately intrusted with an important command, and created a

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major-general on the staff of the Emperor Paul; and his son having received a commission in the Russian guards, he wrote to Frederick William II., requesting his sanction to the transfer of his own services; but at the same time insisting that, as his child had been educated in a Prussian military school, and at that time held a commission as a second lieutenant in the Prussian army, the services of that child should be devoted to the Prussian state. Frederick, however, refused to shackle his sanction with any such stipulation; and the consequence was, that the late Field Marshal Diebitsch, who has acquired so brilliant a name, enlisted under Russian banners. His strategetic acquirements, as far as regards theory, were perfected in the military school at St. Petersburgh; he rose rapidly from the Guards to an appointment on the staff: though young, his talent was so eminent as to entitle him to the grades of Lieutenant-General and Quarter-Master-General in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; and he became subsequently Adjutant-General to the late Emperor Alexander, whose confidence in him descended to the present emperor, Nicholas. In the conflict of Austerlitz he was wounded by a spent ball, which lodged in the palm of his hand. The Marshal also distinguished himself in the actions of Eylau and Friedland, and in the celebrated campaign of 1812. At Dresden he received a severe contusion, and had two horses killed under him. The passage of the Balcan and his operations in Poland are of too recent a date to need repetition. Poland has been to Diebitsch what Russia was to Napoleon; the overthrow of their military despotism, and the destruction of the colossal power of their adopted countries.

W. G. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

CURIOUS ANCIENT TENURES.

William, son of William de Alesbury, held three-yard-lands of the king in Alesbury, Bucks, by the sergeantry of finding straw for the bed of the king, and to straw his chamber; and by paying three eels to the king, when he should come to Alesbury in winter, and also finding for the king when he should come to Alesbury in summer, straw for his bed, and moreover grass or rushes to straw his chamber, and also paying two green geese; and these services aforesaid, he was to perform twice a year, if the king should happen to come three times to Alesbury, and not oftener.

The manor of Brineston, in the county of Chester, is held of the king in *capite*, by the service of finding a man in the army of the king, going into Scotland, barefoot, clothed with a shirt, and breeches, having in one hand a bow with a string, and in the other an arrow unfeathered.

William de Albemarle, held the Manor of Loston, by the sergeantry of finding for the king, two arrows and one loaf of oat-bread, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmoor, Devon.

Henry de Averyng held the manor of Morton in Essex, in *capite* of the king, by the sergeantry of finding one man with a horse, of the price of ten shillings, and four horse-shoes, and one leather sack, and one iron jug, as often as it should happen for the king to go into Wales with his army, at his own charges, for forty days.

The manor of Moor, in Hertfordshire, formerly belonged to the Abbey of St. Alban's. In the year 1431, a tenant named Fleete, refused to pay the quit rents or to perform the covenanted services, claimed by the abbot; among which was that of finding for his use, and that of his successors, "one nag-horse to carry him to Tynemouth, whenever he or they should visit that cell." "The dispute (says Newcome,) was at length decided in favour of the abbot, by Sir William Babyngton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Fleete was compelled to the observance of the accustomed homage and fealty."

Mardley Bury, a subordinate manor in the parish of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, was formerly held by the rent of a July clove-flower.

Solomon Attlefeld held land at Keperland and Atterton, in Kent, that as often as the king would cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs ought to go with him, to hold his head on the sea, if it were needful.

Sir Osbert de Long-Champ, knight, held certain land which is called Ovenhelle, in Kent, by the service of following the king and his army into Wales, forty days, at his own costs, with a horse of the price of six shillings, a sack of the price of sixpence, and with a needle to the same sack.

The manor of Wilmington, in Kent, was anciently held by a family of the same name, by the service of finding for the king, one pothook for his meat, whenever he should come within the manor.

Seuton, another manor, near Wil-

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ington, was, in the time of Henry III. held also in grand sergeantry, by the service of providing one man, called a *Vautrer*, i. e. a wild-boar hunter, to lead three greyhounds, when the king should go into Gascoign, and till he had worn out a pair of shoes of the price of fourpence, bought at the cost of the king.

The manor of Shorne, in Kent, was held by Roger de Northwood, in *capite* by the service of carrying a white standard in the king's wars, towards Scotland, at his own expense, for forty days.

The manor of West, or Little Peckham, in Kent, was held in the time of King John by the service of bearing one of the king's goshawks beyond sea, when demanded, from the Feast of St. Michael to that of the Purification. Oxenhoath, near the above manor, was formerly held of the manor of Hoo, near Rochester, by the yearly payment of a pair of gilt spurs.

Robert de Eylesford held three-yard lands in Lewe, in the county of Oxford, of the king, by the service of finding a man with a bow and arrows, for forty days, at his own cost, whensoever it should happen that the king went to Wales with his army.

Ela, Countess of Warwick, in the 13th year of King Edward I., held the manor of Hokenorton, in Oxfordshire, by the sergeantry of carving at the king's table on his birthday, and she to have the knife the king then uses at table.

Laurence de Broke, for his hamlet of Ronham, in Middlesex, found the king one soldier, a horse worth five shillings, a sack worth fivepence, and a brooch worth twopence, (this brooch was a kind of cup, jug, pot, or basin,) for forty days, at his own expense, whenever his army should be within the four seas. "This was settled (says Blount,) at the Stone Cross, which stood neare the May Pole in the Strand, London, where the judges, itinerant, used in old times to sit."

Roger Corbet held the manor of Chettington, in the county of Salop, of the king in *capite*, by the service of finding one footman, in time of war, in the king's army in Wales, with one bow and three arrows, and one pale, and carrying with him one bacon, or salted hog; and when he comes to the army, delivering to the king's marshal a moiety of the bacon; and thence the marshal was to deliver to him daily, some of that moiety for his dinner, so long as he stayed in the army; and he was to follow the army so long as that half of the bacon should last.

Peter Spileman paid a fine to the king for the lands which he held by the sergeantry of finding an esquire, with a hambergelt, or coat of mail, for forty days in England, and of finding litter for the king's bed, and hay for the king's palfrey, when the king should lie at Brockenerst, in the county of Southampton.

John de Rockes held the manor of Winterslew, in the county of Wilts, by the service, that when the king should abide at Clarendon, he should come to the palace of the king there, and go into the butlery and draw out of any vessel he should find in the said butlery, at his choice, as much wine as should be needful for making a pitcher of claret, which he should make at the king's charge, and that he should serve the king with a cup, and should have the vessel from whence he took the wine, with all the remainder of the wine left in the vessel, from whence the king should drink that claret.

Mr. Blount says, "Whilst I was perusing many of our, both public and private, records for other ends, I thought a small collection of some remarkable Tenures of Lands, and unusual Customs of some Manors, might not be unacceptable to the studious, who when weary with poring upon Littleton's *Tenures*, and his learned *Commentator*, might *relaxare fibulam* by recurring to these, and smile at the inoffensive mirth both of our Kings, in former times, and Lords of Manors in creating them; some of which I confess are since converted into a rent, having a *Modo Arrentatur* entered in the record, others are by length of time disused, and others yet remain in force; as not long since I had the curiosity to ask an officer in the Exchequer, whether he ever remembered any herring pies paid to the king for the Manor of Carlton, in Norfolk. 'Yes, very well,' answered he, 'for we had some of them in court among us here last term.'" He further says, "Neither are these kind of Tenures unusual in other countries; for we read of a Queen of Hungary, who upon her death bed bequeathed the city and province of Altenburg to one of the lords of her court, upon condition that he and his successors should always keep a certain number of peacocks; in defect thereof, the territory should revert to the crown." — See Blount's *Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, or *Ancient Tenures of Lands, &c.*

P. T. W.

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Notes of a Reader.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

THIS is really an interesting little book for little folks, and it bears the high recommendation of coming from the ingenious author of "Conversations on Chemistry," which has run through many editions, and is attributed, we believe, rightly, to Mrs. Marcet.

A page or two of these stories would scarcely satisfy "children of a larger growth," so that we can only observe that no word in the book exceeds three syllables, and the whole is in the very type of simplicity. The last story, a visit to a chalk-pit and a coal-pit is ingeniously told; each page of the volume having its rational inquiries and replies in the prettiest colloquial style of the author. We may name a specimen of the manner in which this little conversation is carried on. The juvenile hero sees some men in a chalk-pit, and having himself only used chalk to draw with, the little fellow inquires "What is the use of digging such a quantity of chalk? Why, there is enough to draw with for a hundred years, if all the boys did nothing but draw." "Chalk is good for many other things besides drawing," replies the man: "it makes mortar to build walls with." "Oh, yes, I remember seeing the bricklayers spreading the mortar between the bricks, when they were building the house: and what else is chalk good for?" Then follow its uses as plaster, whitewash, and in plate-powder, and this leads to the burning of chalk into lime, and so on, as the wise man of Scripture saith "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little." Altogether, we are much pleased with this literary trifle and recommend it to all caterers for little persons; but, the book bids fair to be known by the author rather than by its title.

LONDON BRIDGE.

THE Second Part of Mr. Britton's *Architectural Dictionary* has reached us opportunely enough to quote from it the following synoptical particulars of the old Bridges. "The most interesting ancient bridge of England, in its extent and historical relations, is that of *London*, which forms a road of communication between the south-eastern extremity of the city and Southwark." The history of this edifice, its first erection, reconstruction, additions, alterations, and eventful changes, have been minutely and judiciously narrated in a volume intituled *Chronicles of London Bridge*; also in vol. ii. of *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*. Dion Cassius states, that the Gauls, about A.D. 44, passed a *bridge* on the Thames; and Snorro Sturlesoni asserts that a bridge wide enough for two carriages to pass each other, was standing at London in 1008. According to Stow (*Survey of London*, vol. i. p. 57), the monks of St. Mary Overies were the first builders of the bridge. With many houses, churches, &c., it was nearly swept away by a whirlwind, or hurricane, in November, 1091. In 1176, the first *stone* bridge was commenced here, by Peter, curate of Colechurch; it was thirty-three years in progress, was 926 feet in length, 20 in width, and was 40 feet, in the centre, above the surface of the water; near the middle was a drawbridge. It consisted of twenty pointed arches, supported by massive piers of from 24 to 34 feet in thickness. A chapel was built on the eastern central pier, in which the architect was afterwards interred; and at the two ends of the bridge were fortified gates. If not at the original formation of the bridge, very soon afterwards, several houses were built on it; for in the year 1213, a fire occurred on the Southwark side, which produced very calamitous effects: a concourse of people assembled on the bridge, and whilst they were occupied in extinguishing the flames on the south side, the city end took fire, and thus enclosed the people between the two conflagrations. Dismay and terror ensued; many sought safety in descending to the sterlings and to boats, under the bridge; but, according to Stow, "above three thousand persons were destroyed." To detail all the direct and incidental anecdotes connected with this bridge,—the tilts, tournaments, and markets held on it,—the decapitated heads of the Lollards and rebels exhibited on its tower and gate,—the numerous royal edicts, charters, and patents to levy tolls, obtain rates, and exact pontage,—the many accidents which have occurred on and under it,—the complicated water-works attached to it,—would occupy much space, but would afford many striking facts illustrative of the customs and manners of the Londoners at different ages. The houses on each side were partly founded on the road-way, and partly sustained on timber-work rising from the sterlings. At three places there were parapets, admitting views of the river. With various additions, by widening and strengthening it, and by taking away a pier, and thus forming

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two arches into one, this bridge has continued to the present time (1831); but it is now destined to be taken down, a new one of five arches having been erected to supply its place, at a little distance westward.

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY

Progresses, and, from the announcement of a Second Series, and the reprinting of part of the first, we judge with success. The present volume, the 4th, contains Discourses by Bishop Huntingford, Hobart, and Sumner, and two of Archbishop Lawrence's Bampton Lectures, with other Sermons, &c. There are also two by the late venerable Archdeacon Nares; in one of which, "Love the Principle of true Religion," from "I drew them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love," (*Hosea* xi. 4.) the following passages occur to us as very beautiful:

Love was always the foundation of true religion.* God was first made known to the parents of mankind by his goodness. He created them; he placed them in a paradise of delights; he informed and assisted them by benificent revelations of himself. It was not possible that they should fail to love him: they could only love him. But as soon as they had sinned, immediately they began to fear. "When I heard thy voice, I was afraid, and hid myself." (*Gen.* iii. 10.)

Of the coming of Christ on earth:—

His purpose seems to have been to show completely that God would draw mankind to him, as his prophet had foretold, "with the cords of a man, and with the bands of love." The cords of a man can only mean the natural feelings and proper motives of our human nature; and in order to draw us to love God by such means, every thing must be made clear to our understandings, concerning the goodness and the justice of God. Whatever mystery must, of necessity, hang over some parts of a covenant formed to connect finite man with the infinity of God; still, if man was to have a *natural love* for God,—that is, one suited to his nature,—it must be made clear to him that God is infinitely good and just, as well as holy; for, without that, no love natural to man could be produced. No clouds must envelope this part of the dispensation; nor must we be driven to ask ourselves in vain, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" otherwise our love to God must be unnatural and forced, consequently not sincere, nor seated in the heart.

No clouds, in fact, are interposed; every thing is plain and clear in this part of the subject, till darkened by the false systems of men. It is made as intelligible as words can make it, that the "Lord will judge the world in righteousness, and minister judgment to the people in uprightness," as he promised by his prophet David. *Psalm* ix. 8. He sent his blessed Son to call us to salvation; he has commanded us to love him, for the reason most consonant to human feeling, because *he has so loved us*. He has commanded us to love each other, because it is natural for brethren of good dispositions so to do. One affection is as natural as the other; but, though the love of God is first in dignity and importance, the love of man is, of necessity, first in order; for, as St. John asks, "he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" 1 *John*, iv. 20.—We are also taught to love God, not selfishly, because he has loved us *partially*, or to the exclusion of others; but benevolently, because he hath so demonstrated his love *to all mankind*.

* *Note.* Human mythology had made some advances to improvement when it had learned to consider its gods as givers of good things (δοτηρας εσων); and the idea of deifying human benefactors might have been suggested by the desire of having some certain friends in their imaginary heaven.

THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY

Has commenced well with Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, handsomely printed, embellished by Cruikshank, and we must add, superbly bound in watered canvass, blue, and gold. Prefixed is a memoir of Smollett, by Mr. T. Roscoe: of the Novelist the following is a good intellectual portrait:

The characters of literary men present very various degrees of difficulty to the biographical inquirer. While the springs which give birth to the noble thoughts and conceptions of one order, lie too deep in the heart to admit of being traced either to their origin or in their course, the impulses which set the intellects of others in action are the common accidents or passions of our nature, and their operation is open and manifest. It is to the latter class that Smollett belongs. Endowed with a lively disposition, spirits as elastic as the gales of his own mountains, and a poetical imagination, he quickly seized on the most striking traits of every scene

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and every individual character presented to his observation. The vale of Leven and its associations were early dear to his fancy and affections; and his ardent feelings prompted him to display the objects so beloved in his youth, in verses which the best of poets would be glad to have written. But even in his boyhood, the shrewdness and penetration, the love of satire and caricature, which appear so markedly in his subsequent writings, seem to hold more than half possession of his mind; and his course from the commencement, was that of an active, aspiring man, of great intelligence, and warm temperament; but possessing a knowledge of character, and a susceptibility to external scenes, in far greater proportion than either imagination or sentiment.

UNITED EFFORTS:

A MODEST volume of 100 pages, "the mutual offspring of a Brother and Sister." The following lines on the Violet, are in a pleasing strain:

> Beauty and innocence combin'd
> Resemble thee; in thee we find
> A blessing oft desir'd:
> Amid the bustling scenes around,
> Tho' one, alas! but seldom found,
> To live in peace, retir'd.

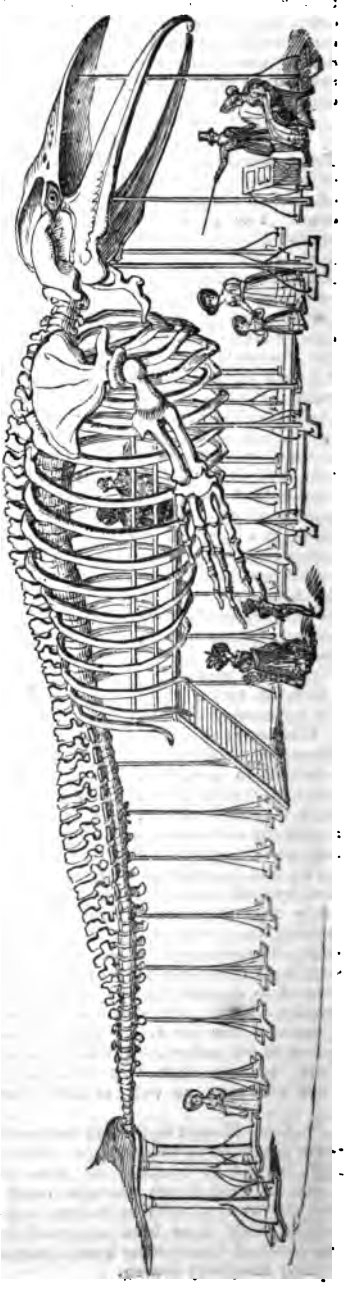
We know that families are checkered in brains as in bulk, so that these "Efforts" are worthy of treasure. Let not their modest title mar their merit.

The Naturalist.

THE GIGANTIC WHALE.

MUCH of the small-shot of wit and pun has been lately fired at an extensive Pavilion erected upon the area of the King's Mews, at Charing Cross. Epigrammatists, (probably with Carlton House in their recollection,) have called it the "Palace of the Prince of W(*h*)ales;" others a tub for a Whale, &c.; but we must assure them that the stupendous occupant, (if a skeleton can be so called,) of this handsome building is entitled to their courteous attention.

The interior of the Pavilion is tastefully fitted up: in its centre is placed the entire skeleton of an immense specimen of the Greenland Whale (*Balæna Mysticetus.*) The entire animal was found dead, floating off the coast of Belgium, about twelve miles distant from Ostend, November 3, 1827, by a crew of fishermen; their boat being of too weak tonnage and sail to move so enormous a mass, they hailed two other boats to their assistance, and the three together towed the Whale towards Ostend Har-



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hour, on entering which, the cable with which it was fastened to the boats, broke, and it was cast on the sands east of the harbour, where the preparatory operations of dissecting, cleaning, &c. were effected. The dimensions, weight, &c. of the Whale are stated as follow:—

	Feet.
Total Length of the Animal	95
Breadth of ditto	18
Length of the head	22
Height of the cranium	4½
Length of the vertebral column	69½
Number of the vertebræ	62
Number of the ribs, 28—Length of ditto	9
Length of the fins	12½
Length of the fingers	4½
Width of the tail	22½
Length of ditto	3

Weight of the Animal when found, 249 tons, or 498,000 lbs.

Weight of the Skeleton only, 35 tons, or 70,000 lbs.

Quantity of Oil extracted from the blubber, 4 000 gallons, or 40 000 lbs.

Weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, 85 tons, or 170,000 lbs.

Cuvier, and the Professors of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, estimate this enormous animal to have lived from 900 to 1,000 years; and one proof of its great age is in the cartilages of the fingers of the *hands* or side fins, which are perfectly ossified, or converted into bone.

At Ostend this wonder of the deep created what journalists call a sensation among all ranks of the people, and our gay neighbours made its capture the occasion of three days *fêtes*, with a host of allegorical and processional accompaniments, which are detailed in a *Memoir pour servir* of the whole affair. The proprietors next visited Paris, and there pitched their pavilion in *Place Louis XV.*, where the Skeleton was inspected by all the *savans* as well as the sight-loving persons of the Capital. Thence they journeyed to London, where we hope the exhibition will receive all the encouragement it merits.

The skeleton, as our Engraving shows, is ingeniously supported upon iron-work. The bones are bound or cemented together, and the appearance of the whole is unique. The breast-fins, or *hands*, as they are properly called, can scarcely fail to attract the notice of the most listless visiter.* The upper jaw was provided with 800 pieces of baleen, improperly termed *whalebone*.† The brain, a model of which is exhibited, appears extraordinarily small.‡

The fitting-up of the Saloon or Pavilion is in tasteful convenience. Around the building is a gallery, the skeleton being placed in the area, or pit. Within the ribs is a stage, to which the visiter ascends by a flight of steps. Here are tables and seats; on the former we found three volumes of Lacepède's Natural History, and a folio Album, with epigrams, puns, and other small wit of visiters at Ostend and Paris—and not a few London gleanings. One specimen, a conundrum, signed by two illustrious gladiators, is as follows:

"Why should we be mourned for if killed by the falling of the bones of the whale?"
MOUNTNORRIS.

"We should be be-wailed."—HUMPHRA.

Below Stairs is a table with another album for the entry of visiters' names: among them we noticed the Duke of Braganza, Donna Maria, and a few names with "Pair d'Angleterre" attached. Altogether "the Pavilion of the Gigantic Whale" is one of the pleasantest places we have visited this season.

There is an interesting fact connected with the food of the above species, or the Greenland Whale. They abound in the olive waters of the Greenland sea, on account of the incalculable number of the animalculæ, or medusæ, which occupy about a fourth of that sea, or about 20,000 square miles. The whales cannot derive any direct subsistence from the animalculæ; but these form the food of other minute creatures, which then support others, till at length animals are produced of such size as to afford a morsel for their mighty devourers. Mr. Scoresby estimates that two square miles of these waters contain 23,888,000,000,000,000 animalculæ; and, as this number is beyond the range of human words and

* Dr. Harwood in his recent Lecture on the Whale, says, "The breast fins, instead of being composed of straight spines, like those of fishes, conceal bones and muscles formed very like those of the fore-legs of land animals; but so enveloped in dense skin, that the fingers have no separate motion, though the *hand* (if it may be called so) is flat, very pliant, large, and strong, enabling the whale to sustain the young closely compressed to its body, as was remarked by Aristotle. Cuvier states the young of the whale to be twenty feet long at the moment of its birth.

† These plates of baleen strain the water, which the whale takes into its large mouth, and retain the small animals on which it subsists. For this purpose the baleen is in sub-triangular plates, with the free-edge fringed towards the mouth, the fixed edge attached to the palate, the broad end fixed to the gum, and the apex to the inside arch. These plates are placed across each other at regular distances.—*Fleming's Philosophy of Zoology.*

‡ Mr. Scoresby found the brain of a whale 19 feet in length to weigh about 3½ lbs. although the weight of the animal was nearly 11,200 lbs. Here the weight of the brain was about 1-1000th part of that of the body, whilst that of the brain of an adult man is about 4 lbs. and that of the body 140, the brain being the 1-35th part of the whole body.—*Notes to Blumenbach's Man. Nat Hist.*

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conceptions, he illustrates it by observing that 80,000 persons would have been employed since the creation in counting it.

A single glance at this stupendous skeleton will convince the reader of the vulgar error of terming the whale a fish. Upon this distinction we find the following judicious observations in a recent work.* Speaking of *Cetacea*, to which class of animals whales belong, the writer says: "Although their home be entirely in the depth of the waters, they have several features in common with the larger quadrupeds. They belong to the Linnæan class of *mammalia*, or suck-giving animals; they produce their young alive; their skin is smooth, and without scales; their blood warm; and the flesh tastes somewhat like coarse beef. They have a heart with two ventricles, and lungs through which they respire; and being unable to separate the air from the water, as fishes do by means of their gills, they must come to the surface in order to breathe. *It is thus by no means strictly scientific to call the whale a fish;* yet he is entirely an inhabitant of the sea, having a tail, though placed in a different position from that of ordinary fishes, while his front limbs much more resemble fins than legs, and are solely used for paving the deep. Hence the vulgar following a natural and descriptive classification, obstinately continue to give the name of fish to these watery monsters."

Among the cetaceous tribes the chief place is due to the *whale*, of all animals "mightiest that swim the ocean stream." Enormous as his bulk is, rumour and the love of the marvellous have represented it as being at one time much greater, and the existing race as only the degenerate remnant of mightier ancestors. Mr. Scoresby, however, by collecting various good authorities, has proved that sixty feet was always nearly the utmost length of the *mysticetus*, or great Greenland whale. Of 322 individuals, in the capture of which that gentleman was concerned, none occurred of a length exceeding 58 feet; and he gives no credence to any rumour of a specimen which exceeded 70 feet. Even 60 feet implies a weight of 70 tons, being nearly that of 300 fat oxen. Of this vast mass, the oil in a rich whale composes about thirty tons, and when, as was the case some years ago, that article brought 55*l.* or 60*l.* per ton, we may form some idea of the great value of the capture; the bones of the head, fins, and tail, weigh 8 or 10; the carcass, 30 or 32 tons. The oleaginous substance or blubber, the most valuable part of the animal, forms a complete wrapper round the whole body, of the thickness of from 8 to 20 inches. The head is disproportionally large, forming about a third of the entire bulk. The basis consists of the crown-bone, from each side of which descend those immense jaw-bones which are sometimes presented to our wondering eyes, and which the whalers place on deck as trophies of their success, and in order that the fine oil contained in them may ooze from their lower extremities. These jaw-bones are from 16 to 20 feet in length, and extend along the mouth in a curved line, till they meet and form a species of crescent. The lips, nearly 20 feet long, display, when open, a cavity capable of receiving a ship's jolly-boat with her crew. The whale has no external ear; but, when the skin is removed, a small aperture is discerned for the admission of sound. This sense accordingly is very imperfect; yet the animal, by a quick perception of all movements made on the water, discovers danger at a great distance. The eyes are proportionally small, though the sense of seeing is acute; more so, however, through clear water than through an aerial medium. But the most unique feature in the structure of this animal consists in the *spiracles* or blow-holes placed nearly on the crown of the head. These have been compared to natural *jets d'eau* throwing up water to the height of 40 or 50 feet; but the more careful scrutiny of Mr. Scoresby ascertained, that they emit only a moist vapour, and are neither more nor less than huge nostrils. When, however, the vehement breathing or blowing is performed under the surface, a considerable quantity of water is thrown up into the air. The sound thus occasioned is the only thing like a voice emitted by the animal, and, in the case of a violent respiration, it resembles the discharge of a cannon.

The tail is the most active limb of this mighty animal, and the chief instrument of his motion. It does not rise vertically like that of most fishes, being flat and horizontal, only four or five feet long, but more than twenty feet broad. It consists of two beds of muscles connected with an extensive layer surrounding the body, and enclosed by a thin covering of blubber. Its power is tremendous. A single stroke throws a

* *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, (one of the most valuable of all the Periodical Libraries.)—Vol. I. Polar Seas and Regions, the above portion by Hugh Murray, Esq F. R. S. E.

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large boat with all its crew into the air. Sometimes the whale places himself in a perpendicular position with the head downwards, and, rearing his tail on high, beats the water with awful violence. On these occasions the sea foams, and vapours darken the air; the lashing is heard several miles off, like the roar of a distant tempest. Sometimes he makes an immense spring, and rears his whole body above the waves, to the admiration of the experienced whaler, but to the terror of those who see for the first time this astonishing spectacle. Other motions, equally expressive of his boundless strength, attract the attention of the navigator at the distance of miles.

The fins, called by the French *nageoires*, and by Dr. Fleming "swimming paws," are placed immediately behind the eyes. They are nine feet long, enclosed by very elastic membranes, and provided with bones similar in form and number to those of the human hand. Such is the spring and vitality of the parts, that, if we may believe De Reste, they continue to move for some time after being separated from the body. According to Mr. Scoresby, however, while the whale swims, these organs lie flat on the surface of the water, and are not at all instrumental in producing his motion, which arises entirely from the tail. The fins merely direct and steady the movement, and thus serve rather as a helm than as oars.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

Sir Charles is a tall man with a considerable stoop, and a swing in his gait—his face is intelligent and rather remarkable; the forehead expansive, the eyes not large but expressive of humour; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice is good but not musical, and his manner is sometimes calm and impressive, but, for the most part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, are attended by a whimsicality which is the most distinguishing feature of his manner as an advocate.

His oratory is a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument with out-of-the-way irrelevancy, or what seems irrelevant, until he, by some odd application, which no one under Heaven but himself would have thought of, contrives to connect it with his argument. His violent excitement about matters of dry equity, is of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning, we find they all combine to make up his character for eccentricity as a Chancery Barrister. When he goes forth into the street, he is even more strange than in Court. He wears clothes that seem to have been suddenly grabbed from some shop-window in Monmouth-street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorns the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wears a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, are wont to sink below the ordinary level—his inside coat is old, his outside one, for he often indulges in two coats, is of great antiquity, and commonly flies behind him in the breeze, while he strides along, muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches-pockets—his cravat seems as if it had not been folded, but rolled up, and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest—he wears huge shoes, tied with great black tapes, or what should be black, except that, like his hat, the vicissitudes of time hath turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume he moves along, cheery and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognised by many, who say, "There goes honest old Charley Wetherell." I am persuaded there is not a particle of affectation in his singularities—they arose, perhaps, out of the darling notion of his mind "independence," and have become confirmed by long habit. Many stories are told of the strange way in which he lived in Chambers, when it was not his custom to come to Court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet, and sometimes, when some one would come in after he had commenced the process of shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and has been found in the evening with a crust of "lather" upon his face, which had remained from the morning, without his being conscious of it. Sometimes he will be seen walking quickly along, his mind evidently full of something, which he indistinctly mutters as he goes, when some article in a pawnbroker's shop-window will attract his attention, and he will travel from

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pane to pane for half an hour, in diligent examination of the miscellaneous collection which such windows present. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

OLD ENGLISH HALLS.

(Concluded from page 94.)

The other apartments were the great chamber, or withdrawing room, usually reserved for state occasions, and hung with tapestry, and the gallery, appropriated to the reception of visiters, to amusement, and indoors exercise. This was a long room with several bay or oriel windows, projecting externally, and forming agreeable nooks for private conversation within. The gallery was often embellished with royal or family portraits, maps, and genealogical tables. The larger houses had, in addition to these apartments, the smaller in their stead, the parlours — sometimes divided into summer and winter parlours. Of these rooms, some were hung with arras, others wainscoted in small panels of richly grained oak. Aubrey says, "the drapery moulding in wainscot is peculiar to the time of Henry VII. and VIII. In the halls and parlours there were wrote texts of Scripture, and good sentences on the painted cloths, which does something evidence the piety of those days, more than now." The ceilings were framed into panels by moulded ribs, enriched with bosses and pendants at their intersections. When plaster was substituted for timber in the ceilings, the patterns became more intricate, and the ornaments still more numerous.

The staircase in the older houses was carried up in a separate turret, generally circular, the steps being of stone running round a central pillar, and the outer handrail grooved into the substance of the wall. In the castle of Amboise, built on a high cliff above the Loire, the principal entrance to the castle from the level of the river below, is by means of a circular tower of this kind, containing a spiral road, (it cannot be called a staircase, having no steps,) accessible for horses and even carriages. In the reign of Elizabeth, staircases first became splendid ornamental features in houses, being framed of wood, enriched with massive handrails and balustrades curiously carved, as were also the bracketed string-boards and soffits. The newels at every landing supported the figures of heraldic animals or other devices, as well as pendant ornaments at their lower extremity. The effect of these elaborate staircases was highly ornamental and characteristic; and their introduction is always advisable when that style of building is attempted.

Heavy tables formed of planks laid upon trestles, massy oak benches or stools for seats, and floors strewed with straw, formed the accommodation which satisfied the princes and prelates of our early history. The artisan now enjoys household luxuries, which were, but three centuries ago, beyond the reach of the crowned head. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the comfort of a carpet was seldom felt, and the luxury of a fork wholly unknown. Rushes commonly supplied the place of the former, and the fingers were the invariable substitutes for the latter. Harrison, writing in the time of Elizabeth, thus describes the furniture in use immediately before his time.

"Our fathers (yea, we ourselves also) have lien full oft vpon straw pallets, or rough mats, covered onlie with a sheete, vnder coverlets made of dogswain or hopharlots, (I use their own terms,) and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that our fathers, or the good man of the house, had, within seven yeares after his marriage, purchased a mattresse or flockebed, and thereto a sacke of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne, that, peradventure, lay seldom in a bed of down or whole feathers. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking strawes that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and rased their hardened hides."

The lateness of the period at which the luxurious improvements in furniture were introduced is shown in Sir John Harrington's amusing reproaches of the "error rather than austerytie" of those sticklers for old customs who looked upon cushions and carpets as heretical innovations. He asks—

"Doth it not as well become the state of the chamber to have easye quilted and lyned forms and stools for the lords and ladyes to sit on, as great plank forms, that two yeomen can scant remove out of their places; and waynscot stools so hard, that since great breeches were layd aside, men can scant indewr to sitt on?"

But though the balance in point of comfort is infinitely in favour of modern upholstery, on the other hand the splendour of our hangings, bed furniture, and plate, is far inferior to that of the earlier periods Carved and inlaid bed-

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steeds, with hangings of cloth of gold, paled with white damask and black velvet, and embroidered with heraldic badges; blue velvet powdered with silver lions; black satin, with gold roses and escutcheons of arms; tapestry of cloths of gold and silver for hanging on the walls; gold plate, enamelled with precious stones, and cloths of gold for covering tables,—these are pomps and vanities occurring in every page of the elder time—and no doubt their effect must have exceeded in magnificence anything we see or hear of in the present day. These gorgeous "moveables" descended from generation to generation, and every ancient will is filled with bequests and inventories of them. Indeed, in the times that preceded the invention of those ingenious improvements upon the financial arrangements of our ancestors,—consols and reduced three per cents., and when the lending out money for hire was considered a disgraceful transaction, and almost confined to the Jews, such rich chattels, including plate and jewels, were employed as the most convenient, if not the only investments of spare funds, being convertible into cash, upon pledge or by sale, at will. Thus the "world of wealth" accumulated by Wolsey, "to gain the popedom, and fee his friends at Rome," consisted in—

"The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household."

And it may be, that a "cypresse chest," filled with cloths of gold and silver, rich velvet hangings, and embroidered tapestries, or a cupboard of massive plate, such as chargers and goblets, and cups of gold set with rubies, sapphires, and other jewels—articles which were then met with in every wealthy establishment, according to Harrison,—were a substantial and secure representation of wealth, and as readily realized, in case of need, as a pocket-book of Mexican bonds or Columbian scrip in the present day.—*Abridged from the Quarterly Review.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

TOUR THROUGH SOUTH HOLLAND.

This work (No. XXIII of the *Family Library,*) is but a very slight affair, and hardly entitled to the rank it occupies—we mean as one of a very popular series of cabinet volumes. The Tour was made in the autumn of 1828, by a family party of six persons, who, with a male servant, set out from London, journeyed through the Southern Provinces of Holland, ascended the Rhine as far as Mayence, thence paid a visit to Franckfort, returned by the Rhine to Cologne, thence crossed the Netherlands by Liege, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend, to London. This was accomplished in twenty-eight days, "travelling very much at their ease in the carriages of the different countries (*not diligences,*)—in treckshuyts and steam vessels,—saw whatever they considered to be interesting,—put up at the first hotels,—dined sometimes at tables-d'hote, and at others in their private apartments, and were finally *set down* from the Ostend steam vessel on the Tower-hill, having expended on the whole journey just one hundred and thirty-eight pounds." And a very agreeable party we are told they were, although the notes of their tour will not, we opine, afford much enjoyment to others. Its pages are occupied with sketchy descriptions of all the places visited by the party—of what they saw and what they did not see—for the writer is akin to the tourist who noted in his Journal "passed within six miles of ——— the inhabitants of which are very hospitable." The style is the very perfection of *negligé,* as our extract from the Preface shows. It abounds with such expressions as "gin, and all manner of cordials," &c. A partisan too of a very loquacious side, he occasionally halts to lecture a late Chancellor of the Exchequer on his suppression of Lotteries in England—to reprimand the good Catholics on their religious ceremonies, and to ridicule the paintings in their venerable cathedrals. With all these faults, however, his book is just what oracular critics will call "very readable," which amounts to the praise of being tolerably good or bad. We quote two seasonable extracts.

Antwerp is a fine old city. It is impossible to enter through an ancient gateway into its narrow streets, bounded by lofty houses, with their high gable ends or pediments of several stories of windows, and ascending by steps on each side to a point, without being attracted by their grotesque but, at the same time, picturesque appearance. Indeed their novel and fanciful shapes are much more attractive than the more recent and wider streets, with their more spacious houses, many of which are not inferior to any that are met with in London.

The Rue dé la Mer, which had formerly a canal down the middle, like

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those which are generally met with in a Dutch town, but is now filled up, appears to be as wide as Portland Place, and from the variety in the architecture of its houses is infinitely more picturesque and striking.

Antwerp, though still a place of very considerable trade, has had the misfortune of being stripped of its splendour and prosperity on several occasions. Her merchants were at one time the most wealthy body of men in Europe. As an illustration of this, a story is told of one John Daens, who lent to Charles V. a million of gold, to enable him to carry on his wars in Hungary, for which he obtained the royal bond. The Emperor, on his return, dined with the merchant, who, after a most sumptuous entertainment, produced the bond, not, however, for payment, but to burn it, which he is said to have done in a fire made of the chips of cinnamon.

The greatest blow which the prosperity of this city received, was in consequence of the treaty by which the navigation of the magnificent river, on the right bank of which it is situated, was prohibited. It is said that Antwerp before this contained not fewer than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and had sometimes two thousand ships and vessels lying in the river, and its harbours and its basins. The former are now reduced to less than sixty thousand, and the latter to at most two hundred. The town had before this treaty been sacked and set on fire by the infamous Alva, when six or seven thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished: and the third, and last time that its prosperity suffered a severe blow, was occasioned by the overthrow of Buonaparte, when his grand design of making Antwerp the greatest naval arsenal in the north of Europe fell with its projector. His plans for this purpose were undertaken on an immense scale; but they were by no means deserving those extravagant encomiums that were bestowed on them while in their progress. The two basins are undoubtedly planned with great skill, and executed with excellent workmanship. They are conveniently entered from the river, well protected by the guns of the citadel, communicate with each other by a stout pair of iron gates, and another pair connects them with the river. For the security of shipping in the winter months these basins are admirably adapted; and the old East India House, a great quadrangular building, which stands immediately between them, is well situated for the reception of merchandise or naval stores; but they are more behind, possessing no conveniences whatever for the building or repairs of ships. As commercial docks they are of considerable importance to the town, and on that account solely they escaped demolition, when the dock-yard, which was higher up the river, was destroyed.

This demolition of the naval establishment was carried into effect in virtue of the Fifteenth Article of the Definitive Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris the 30th of May, 1814. By this article, all the ships of war then at Antwerp afloat, and those on the stocks, were—after those actually belonging to Holland, prior to its incorporation in the French empire, had been given up to the Prince of Orange—to be divided, so that his most Christian Majesty should have two-thirds, and the Dutch, in trust for the Allied Powers, the remaining third; all those on the stocks to be broken up within a specified time, and the slips, docks, and every thing belonging to the naval arsenal, broken up and destroyed. Commissioners were appointed for this partition and demolition, amongst whom was the comptroller and the surveyor of the British navy. The ordnance stores, guns, and ammunition, were also divided, as well as the timber and other naval stores, the estimated value of which exceeded two millions sterling.

Thus perished the dock-yards of Antwerp, which Buonaparte had taken so much pains and spent so much money to complete, and which had occasioned so much uneasiness to this country.

The work of destruction being finished, it next became a question as to the demolition of the two fine basins, which, however, would have been no easy matter; at least to such an extent as would have rendered them irreparable. It was calculated that the larger of the two was capable of containing thirty-four sail of the line, and the smaller one, fourteen. The representations of the citizens, however, in favour of their being suffered to remain uninjured, as the receptacles of their merchant shipping, and of their vast utility in protecting them in the winter season against the ice, (which, it seems, floats about in such large masses that, heretofore, those of large dimensions were generally under the necessity of going up to the anchorage in the Rupel branch of the river, seven miles above Antwerp), prevailed; and it was conceded to the town, that these two fine basins should not be destroyed.

All the fortifications, the storehouses, the smitheries, rope-house, and other

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buildings connected with the dock-yard establishment, were destroyed, but the citadel was suffered to remain untouched. To make this naval arsenal complete, it was intended to construct dry docks at the head of the inner or large basin, the wall of which, at that part, still remains unfinished, or rather, that line of the basin was originally left without masonry. The rise and fall of the tide, which is from fourteen to sixteen feet, is highly favourable for the construction of dry docks, of which, convenient as they are, and considered with us as indispensable, there is but one or two, at the most, in all Holland; the vast expense, from the nature of the soil, and the total want of stone and other material in that country, having probably deterred them from such undertakings. It is supposed that a dock for the reception of a seventy-four gun ship could not be constructed, in any part of Holland, or even at Antwerp, for so little as one hundred thousand pounds.

The masonry of the two basins here alluded to, is very fine, the walls being five feet thick, exclusive of the binders. The whole of the works executed at Antwerp by the French is said to have cost them two millions sterling.

The great object of these two basins was the security of the fleet against the floating masses of ice in the river, during the winter, where it is utterly impracticable for large ships, such as those of the line, to remain in anything like security.

Before they were ready for the admission of the ships that had been built, we understood that twelve sail of the line were sent into winter quarters in the Rupel branch of the river, where, by due precautions of stockades, &c., they escaped without much damage. But no part of the Scheldt affords safe anchorage for large vessels in the winter season.

Even the roadstead of Flushing is at all times a wild, exposed anchorage for ships, being open entirely to the North Sea, which, in bad weather, rolls in with great impetuosity. Vast sums of money have been expended at that port to render the defensive works, as they thought impregnable. The magnitude of our last expedition, however, alarmed them; and it is said that no less than five mines were laid, to spring the dykes and inundate the place, if they found it untenable. Fortunately, however, for the people of Flushing, we found it more convenient to seek for shelter in the Roompot, and content ourselves with the possession of the agreeable capital of the island, Middelburg, which was assailed and taken from another quarter. Flushing, however, did not entirely escape; and the inhabitants say that the mischief done to them, by the English, was not made good at a less expense than twenty-four millions of francs, or about a million sterling; which, in its present desolate and neglected condition, may be considered about the purchase-money of the fee-simple of the town. Still it was fortunate to have escaped with so little damage; for when the bombardment took place, about one hundred and twenty houses were set on fire; and, on the evacuation of the island, all the public works of Flushing, the arsenal, the basin, the ships of war, the careening wharf and pits, and the storehouses in the dockyard, were either blown up or burnt, or otherwise destroyed. The Dutch were ultimately, in some degree, avenged of this work of destruction, by the dreadful havoc which the Walcheren fever made among our officers and troops.

The demolition of Antwerp, and the transfer of ship-building, and artificers, and commerce to the ports of Holland, was one of the heaviest blows that could, in recent times, have been inflicted on the inhabitants of the former; and yet we observed no external symptoms of decay in any part of the town: the houses were all inhabited, and kept in high order; the people bustling and cheerful; the Bourse daily crowded and noisy; the shops well stocked, and every appearance of an active trade carrying on. This city must, indeed, from its advantageous position, always command a very considerable inland trade, independent of what is carried to it by the Scheldt; and, as far as appearances went, we certainly did not observe any visible signs of poverty among the inhabitants.

It cannot fail to occur to the mind of an Englishman, while visiting Antwerp, that if we were to reverse the case, and suppose it to have been a port of England which had suffered the injury, as well as the indignity, of having one of its principal dockyards blown up, and its fleet partitioned and carried away chiefly by the aid of that very same people who come in shoals to visit the country and take up a residence among them, how very different a feeling would have prevailed among, and how very different a reception the destroyers would have experienced from, our countrymen! for, although we were the chief instigators of the blow that crushed

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the very sources of their prosperity, we did not learn, and certainly did not experience, that the citizens of Antwerp ever manifested the least ill will or incivility towards the numerous Englishmen that have since visited their port; they ascribe, as in justice they ought, the whole of their misfortunes to the French.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A HARD WORD.

YARDLEY, in Hertfordshire, was given by King Athelstan to the Canons of St. Paul's, London. In the Manor House, Sir Henry Chauncey wrote his history of this county. It is said a cockney in pronouncing the word Y-a-r-d-l-e-y broke his jaw bone. P. T. W.

AT the time that the bubble schemes were in so *flourishing* a condition, the late Mr. Abernethy met some friends who had risked large sums of money in one of those fraudulent speculations; they informed him that they were going to partake of a most sumptuous dinner, the expenses of which would be defrayed by the company. "If I am not very much deceived," replied he, "you will have nothing left but *bubble and squeak* in a short time." C. G. H.

A CERTAIN reverend, who is not a member of the Temperance Society, being lately asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Mr. ——, I canna' say, I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak' mair than six tum'lers, its very apt to gi'e me a head-ache."—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

NEW READING AT GUNTER'S.

ICES.—*I sees.*
ICE CREAMS.—*I screams.*

THE first hereditary duke created in England was the Black Prince, by his father, Edward III., in 1336. The Duchy of Cornwall, then bestowed upon him, henceforward became attached to the eldest son of the king, who is considered to be *dux natus.* The Duchy of Lancaster was soon after conferred on his third son, John of Gaunt, and thence arose the special privilege which these two Duchies still in part retain. In the following reign, 21st of Richard II., Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk, was so created for life. In the reign of Elizabeth, in 1572, the Ducal order was extinct, nor was it revived till the creation of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by James I.

WHAT IS IT?

ALTHOUGH there is only one month of the year in which I am found, yet the Spring and the Winter can claim me as theirs. I in vain try to hide myself in the night, though I am never seen in the day. I favour the indigent twice as much as the rich, yet I care not for the poor man. I have always had something to do with kings and princes, nevertheless, Napoleon Bonaparte and Alexander the Great, in their own names, refused my presence. Even animals, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles, cannot possibly do without me, but I am not more partial to one species than another. With the vegetable world my presence is not wanted. I am of use to the Greeks, French, Italians, and other nations; but Englishmen, alas, always find me in disgrace; however, I care not one iota how they abuse me. The Greeks, though they often put me out of my way, yet not unmindful of my services, do not entirely forget me, and with them I am frequently an object for subscription. Women always see me indistinctly, unless they are quite blind; and I am sure to be met with once in a man's life. I am always in office and surrounded in business. I often stand alone, and though my character is drawn in Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, yet I still aver that I was in his mind's eye when he wrote his other plays. I have five brothers, but one is a queer fellow, and if you were to ask me his name, *why* I should say, "don't bother me." I have many other relations besides, with all of whom I associate, but I am distinguished from all of them by a peculiar mark over my eye! Ego.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a stuttering man like Murray's Grammar? Because he gives you the *parts* of speech.

Why is Mr. Planché like a Bishop? Because he profits by translation.

Why is a modern belle like Paganini's fiddle? Because she is nothing without a beau (bow.)

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 504.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1831. [PRICE 2*d.*

ADELAIDE LODGE.

WINDSOR.

THIS chastely elegant Cottage stands amidst the Slopes of the Home Park, towards the village of Datchet. Its *locale* affords a delightful shade at all hours of the day, and is a favourite resort of Her Majesty, under whose superintendence the above Lodge has just been completed. It is, as the reader may perceive, of small extent, but its compactness harmonizes with the humility of a mere cottage. It consists of only two rooms, besides a retiring-room for the Queen, and the pages' room. The interior has been fitted up with the furniture and decorations of the Royal Lodge, and this retreat will doubtless prove a rival to the marquees and fishing-temple at Virginia Water, the King not being partial to the latter on account of the damp of the adjoining lake: at least, so say the newspapers of the day.

The picturesqueness of *Adelaide Lodge*, (named after Her Majesty, and first occupied on her birthday, August 13), merits admiration. It has none of that obtrusive splendour which characterizes palace-building, but much of the quaint elegance of the embellished order of domestic architecture in the Old English school. In short, this unostentatious little building must altogether be considered complimentary to Her Majesty's taste.

By the way, the *Quarterly Review*, (just published,) discourses admirably upon the advantages of the *Old English style*. The reviewer observes, "The irregularity of outline which it admits, and indeed almost requires, allows of any arrangements of the apartments which comfort or fancy may suggest, and accommodates it to all the varied wants of modern life. Moreover, it is equally appropriate to every rank of habitation, from the princely palace, of which so valuable an illustration has been afforded in the recent magnificence of Windsor, down to the snug parsonage or humbler cottage."

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CORONATIONS.

REGALIA OF CHARLES I.

(To the Editor.)

PERCEIVING that your columns have contained of late various Memoranda and Scraps concerning Coronations, Crowns, &c. I beg leave to offer my humble mite of information, and subjoin an extract from MSS. in the Harleian collection, preserved in the British Museum, which gives an account of the sale of the regalia, trinkets, and curiosities of Charles I., who had taste enough to have shone as a private gentleman, though not brains enough for a British monarch. The MS. is entitled "An Inventory of Household Goods, Jewells, Plate, belonging to the late King, sold by order of the Council of State," &c. &c.; but as the Inventory would be too voluminous for insertion, I merely offer various extracts therefrom.

"A small silver rod, valued at 2*l.* 10*s.* Sent to the Mint.

"The Imperial Crown, of massey gold, weighing 7 lb. 6 oz. enriched, &c., at 40*l.* per lb., valued at 280*l.* Delivered to the Mint to be coined.

"The Queen's Crown, 3 lb. 10½ oz., valued at 40*l.* per lb., 5 oz. being abated for the weight of the stones, is 136*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*. The gold delivered to the Mint to be coined.

"A small crown, found in an iron chest, formerly in the custody of Lord Cottington, weighing 2 lbs. 1 oz., whereof 3 oz. is to be allowed for the weight of the stones, valued at 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per oz., 73*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The Globe, weighing 1 lb. 5½ oz., at 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per oz., valued at 51*l.* 10*s.* Delivered to the Mint to be coined.

"Two Coronation Bracelets, weighing 7¼ oz., whereof 1 oz. to be deducted for the weight of the stones and pearls, at 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per oz., 20*l.* Delivered to the Mint to be coined.

"Two Sceptres, weighing 16¼ oz., at 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per oz., 60*l.* Delivered to the Mint.

"Queen Edith's Crowne, formerly thought to be of massey gold, but upon tryall found to be of silver gilt, enriched with garnette fowle, pearle, saphire, and some stones, weighing 50 oz. valued at 16*l.* Sold to Mrs. Dumaresque for 5*s.* 4*d.*, 21st January, 1549.

"King Ellfred's Crowne, of gold wyre worke, sett with slight stones, and two *little bells*, weighing 79 oz., valued at 10*l.* Delivered to the Mint.

"A Dove, of gold, sett with stones and pearls, valued at 26*l.* Delivered to the Mint.

"A large Staffe with a Dove on the toppe, formerly thought to be all gold, but upon tryall found to be the lower part wood within; and silver, gilt, without; the upper part wood within, and gold without; weighing 27 oz., and valued at 35*l.* Delivered to the Mint.

"One small Staffe with a *fleur de luce* on the topp, formerly thought to be all gold, but upon tryall, found to be iron within, and silver, gilt, without; value 2*l.* 10*s.* Delivered to the Mint.

"Two Sceptres, one sett with pearles and stones; the upper end gold, the lower silver; the gold weighing about 23 oz., at 35*s.* per oz.; the lower end being horn, and a little silver, gilt, valued at 12*s.* The other, silver gilt, with a Dove, formerly thought to be gold, weighing 7¾ oz., at 5*s.* 6*d.* per oz., 65*l.* 19*s.* 7½*d.* Delivered to the Mint.

JAMES SILVESTER.

CURIOUS CORONATION TENURES.

(For the Mirror.)

KING HENRY VIII. in the 33rd year of his reign, granted to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, the site and precinct of the Monastery of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, with its appurtenances; to be held of the king in *capite*, by the service of the tenth of a knight's fee; (which in the reign of Edward II. amounted to 20*l.*) and by the royal service of finding the king a right hand glove at his coronation, and to support his right arm that day, as long as he should hold the sceptre in his hand, and paying yearly 23*l.* 8*s.* 0½*d.*

At the coronation of King James II. this service was claimed and allowed; and at the coronation of King George III. the same service was performed by the Marquess of Rockingham, as deputy to the Duke of Norfolk, Lord of the Manor of Worksop.

At the coronation of King James II. the Lord of the Manor of Heydon, in Essex, claimed to hold the basin and ewer to the king, by virtue of one moiety, and the towel by virtue of another moiety of the said manor, when the king washed before dinner; which claim was allowed as to the towel only.

At the coronation of the same king, the Lord of the Manor of Bardolfe, in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a mess of grout in the king's kitchen; and therefore prayed that the king's master-cook might per-

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form that service; which claim was allowed, and the Lord of the Manor brought it up to the king's table.

Frederic Shoberl, in his *Account of Surrey*, says, "Part of the present Manor of Addington is said in Domesday to have been then held of the king, by Tezelin, the cook. Bartholomew de Chesney, in the reign of Henry II. held the same *per serjeantiam coquinæ*. In the 18th Henry III., 1234, we find that William de Aquillon, in right of his wife, a daughter of De Chesney, held this manor by the serjeantry of making *hastias* in the king's kitchen, on the day of his coronation, or some one in his stead to make a dish which is called *giranit*, or *gyroun*; and if *seym* (a Saxon word for fat) be put in, then it is called *malpigernoun*. In another record he is said to have held by the serjeantry of finding a cook on the coronation-day, to prepare such food as the king's steward shall give order for in the king's kitchen. We are elsewhere told that the dish was to be prepared in *olla lutea*. This service is still kept up, and a dish of pottage was presented by Mr. Spencer, Lord of the Manor, to George III., at his coronation." Mr. Lysons observes, "that he cannot find that there exists any ancient receipt for making the mess, unless it be that called *bardolfe*, in a collection of ancient cookery receipts in the 14th century, printed at the end of the *Royal Household Establishment*, published by the Society of Antiquarians, in 1790. It was called a pottage, and consisted of almond-milk, brawn of capons, sugar and spices, chicken parboiled and chopped," &c.

In the reign of the 41st of Edward III., Joan, the wife of William Leston, held the manor of Overall, in the parish of Leston, Essex, by the service of paying for, bringing in, and placing of, five wafers before the king, as he sits at dinner, upon the day of his coronation.

At the coronation of King James II. the Lord of the Manor of Liston, in Essex, claimed to make wafers for the king and queen, and serve them up to their table; and to have all the instruments of silver and other metal used about the same, with the linen and certain proportions of ingredients, and other necessaries; and liveries for himself and two men; which claim was allowed, and the service, with his consent, performed by the king's officers, and the fees compounded for, at 30*l*.

At the coronation of King George III. and his consort, William Campbell, of Liston Hall, Esq., as Lord of this Manor, claimed to do the same service, which was allowed; and the king was pleased to appoint his son, William Henry Campbell, Esq. to officiate as his deputy, who accordingly attended and presented the wafers to their majesties.

The manor of Great Wimondly, in Hertfordshire, is held by the service of offering to the king, the first cup of drink which he tastes at his dinner, on the day of his coronation; the cup containing the drink becoming the property of the Lord of Wimondley, by the said service.

Weever, in his *Funerall Monuments*, says, "I reade (referring to the Exchequer Rolls for his authority) that one Walter Sumner held the mannor of Ashwell, in Hertfordshire, of the king by pettie serjeantie, viz. to finde the king's spits to rost his meate upon the day of his coronation; and John Sumner, his sonne, held the same mannor by service, to turne a spit in the king's kitchen, upon the day of his coronation. Ann. 6 Ed. II, and Ann. 35 Ed. tertij."

The champion of the king is an officer, whose business is, at the coronation, to ride into Westminster Hall, armed cap-a-pié, when the king is at dinner, and throw down his gauntlet by way of challenge; pronouncing by a herald, "That if any man shall deny, or gainsay the king's title to the crown, he is there ready to defend it in single combat," &c. Which done, the king drinks to him, sending him a gilt cup with a cover, full of wine, which the champion drinks, and has the cup for his fee.

This office, ever since the coronation of Richard II. has been continued in the family of Dymocke, who held the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, hereditary from the family of the *Marmions*, who had it before, by grand serjeantry, on condition that the lord thereof should be the King's Champion. Accordingly, Sir Edward Dymocke performed this office at the coronation of King Charles II. And a person of the name of Dymock performed it at the coronations of George III. and George IV. Leland says, "Dymokes dwelleth at Scrivelsby, two miles from Horncastle." "The house (says Britton,) was plain and antique, and in the hall were all the champions of England, and the kings in whose reigns they lived, with three suits of armour. This part of the house having been burnt down, has never been rebuilt." — *Britton's Lincolnshire.*

P. T. W.

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MARCH OF LANGUAGES.

(For the Mirror.)

SUNDRY and manifold are the changes which the long peace, and the rapid communication with the Continent by means of steam, has wrought in English society. Among these, the universal diffusion of the French language is not the least remarkable. This cannot have resulted from the intrinsic beauty of that language; certainly not; but it is the nearest foreign language to our coast, it is widely spread on the continent, and has become the more necessary to be learned in proportion as it spreads. It is the same now in London as Greek was in the days of Juvenal to the Romans. Few Londoners stare now a-days to hear a conversation in French, and it is upon this very progress of languages in London, that I am about to make a few remarks.

The notifications of "*Ici on parle Français*" are so common in shop-windows at the west end of the town, that they have ceased to excite wonder. I, however, a regular Londoner, have lately observed an advance beyond this—many shops have lately announced in German "*Hier spricht man deutsch.*" Others in Spanish, "*Aqui se habla Espanol,*" and "*Papel Espanol para los Cigarros.*" And one in Coventry-street exhibits some writing which I imagine is in the Russian character. A tobacconist's in Regent-street, or Divan, as the word is now orientalized, has a grand display in (I suppose) Persian; gold letters upon green, above the window.

Foreign Journals are also to be found in most Divans and *Cafés*. How much farther the March of Intellect may lead us in modern tongues, remains to be proved; but we may calculate that in thirty years more, we shall have the Hindostanee and Esquimaux quite familiar in the streets of London, and the journals lately established in Algiers, Alexandria, and Candia, regularly taken in at the London coffee-rooms.

Thanks to the London University, the progress in the learned languages is also considerable. I lately saw a house in Dowgate-hill, deserted and fastened up; upon the door was written with chalk, "*Nullus est Tyson in hâc domo,*" which being interpreted is, "Mr. Tyson is removed."

A bootmaker, formerly of Piccadilly, and now somewhere in the neighbourhood, has the royal arms in his window, and below it a Latin Hexameter and Pentameter, indicating that he is patronized by one of the royal princes, and entreating ready money custom.

It is true the word ΦΙΛΑΔΕΛΦΕΙΟΝ in front of Exeter Hall, is still a puzzle for many who gaze at it, and who even when told that it is Philadelpheion, imagine that it has some reference to one of the United States. Others are liable to conjecture that the hieroglyphics in front of the Egyptian Hall, are meant to inform us that the place was built for the exhibition of strange animals and curious nic-nacs; "but the Schoolmaster is abroad," and in time will dissipate all such errors. No doubt but in the next generation, Christian children of very tender years, will enter upon the study of Hebrew and Sanscrit.

There is a part of this metropolis, vulgarly called the "Land of Goshen," from the circumstance of being exclusively inhabited by the Children of Israel—I allude to the neighbourhood of Duke's Place, Whitechapel; there the tradesmen, such as the butchers, bakers, and publicans, have their names and inscriptions written in Hebrew over the windows. Let any one, then, combine the Hebrew of the Eastern district with the Persian of the West of London, and say if we are not a learned, a romantic, and classical people!

In Paris also, it is not very strange to find English reading-rooms, tradesmen from London, and a notice in the windows, "English spoken here." Twelve months ago, I was walking near the College of Medicine in that capital, and there I saw a hairdresser's house garnished outside with "phrases" in English, French, German, Greek, and Latin Hexameters. But London could formerly boast of a greater show of erudition than this. Many a reader must recollect Magnus, a hosier, at the corner of the Haymarket, whose doors and windows were not only crowded with writing in all European tongues, and facetious mottos in our own, (such as "Sovereigns taken with glee." "Napoleons taken in with alacrity," &c.) but the door-posts were actually inscribed like the tombs of Philæ, with hieroglyphical emblems; so that even this way we excel the Parisians, and that we may long do so, in every thing substantial and praiseworthy, is the sincere desire of EGOMET IPSE.

THE very ancient practice of tolling the church-bell at eight o'clock in the evening, is traced to the ringing of the *Curfew-bell* at that hour. The former custom is still observed in some London parishes.

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ON THE INTELLECT OF ANIMALS.

(For the Mirror.)

I tell thee, that those viewless things
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Live, feel and think like man. SHELLEY.

It is singular that the truth of this doctrine was not only ably contenaed for, but almost universally credited, by the Ancients; whilst in our times the very idea seems to be entirely scouted, and its supporters acquire nothing but ridicule for their pains. Absurd however as it may at first appear, ridicule is but a poor answer to argument at any time; and it is to be hoped that when reasons are offered, if good, they will be admitted, and if bad, will be controverted.

In the lines heading this article (which are taken from Shelley's "Queen Mab") we see that he has even placed the insect world almost upon a level with man: he tells us that they live, feel and think like man: that they live like man, every one who has made "Insect Architecture" his study, or has observed either the order of a bee-hive, or the government of an ant-hill, will be prepared to admit: that they feel like man, their affection for their young, as well as their gratitude to us and to one another clearly prove; it will not however be so readily allowed that they *think* like man, and therefore on this head mere assertion is not sufficient; besides it would be taking for granted what remains to be proved, and assuming the subject of the argument.

As the power of thinking is the distinguishing property of mind, we must here have recourse to analogy; now, looking at the mind of man, we find it to be swayed by certain passions and endued with certain faculties. Let us first consider the passions and see if animals can lay claim to any or all of them. Shall we instance fear? animals are subjected to it as well as ourselves. Shall we instance Love (or to speak more plainly, Desire?) nature has bestowed it upon them also. Hatred? a dog has its dislikes as well as its likings. Revenge? an animal never forgets the man that has injured him. We see animals at times also under the sway of envy, of malice, and of jealousy, and in short I know no one passion, the influence of which is not manifestly exerted over the brute as well as the human species. Let us next consider the faculties of the mind; these are defined to be three, Memory, Imagination, and Judgment. in investigating the power they exert over animals let us take a dog as an example. 1st. With respect to Memory; a dog is able to recognise his master any where and even after a separation of years; how also does he learn to perform certain duties but by the exercise of his memory? He is not naturally capable of performing them, but is trained, as man is, by a system of education, and is urged to the completion of his task by recalling the punishment he has suffered for neglecting it. There is a remarkable instance of animal memory related of a wolf who recognised his master in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris after an absence of seven years! 2dly. That the powers of Imagination are common to animals we may perceive also, for by allowing their imagination to dwell too deeply on the loss of their masters some dogs have been known to die of grief. They also bark and appear to be restless in their sleep, and how is this to be accounted for, but (as we find it in man) by the intimate connexion existing between the mind and the body, the one receiving impressions and immediately communicating its feelings to the other. 3dly. Animals exercise the power of Judgment and are capable of distinguishing. A dog can even enter into the artificial distinctions of society, and immediately discern the clown from the gentleman; that is to say, he can perceive the difference of their dress, for it would be absurd to say he can do what many of us cannot;—see into the minds of others and distinguish the liberal and the gentlemanly from the ignorant and the vulgar. A dog is likewise perfectly aware of his own strength, and can never be prevailed on to attempt any thing beyond it: so we see also that an old hunter in the field will refuse a leap that experience has taught him he cannot master; This is judgment.

So much for the faculties and passions of the mind, in both of which, I trust, it will be allowed animals are not deficient to us; but looking at the mind of man in a more comprehensive view we find that the inlets to his understanding are his senses, (for wanting one or more of his senses a man is necessarily more or less an idiot and void of understanding;) in these the beasts stand infinitely above us, for it cannot be denied for a moment that they surpass us exceedingly both in acuteness of smelling, strength of vision, and exactness of hearing. Now, these being the sources of intellect in man, why should they not serve the same purpose of conveying knowledge to the brute creation? and

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though the human mind is undoubtedly more comprehensive yet it is evidently inferior in the fountains from which it is supplied.

Would we give ourselves the trouble of observing we might every day have proof that animals are capable of connecting ideas and drawing inferences. It is related, that there was a philosopher of old (Chrysippus) who would not give into the received opinion of the intellect of animals, yet observing one day the motions of a dog who had lost his master at a cross-way where three roads met, and seeing him lay his nose in one road after another and observing that when he found no scent of what he sought in two of them, he darted down the third without any boggle, this philosopher was forced to confess that the dog reasoned with himself in this manner;—"I have traced my master to one of these roads; one of them he must needs be gone, I do not perceive that he took this road or that, he must, therefore, necessarily be gone the other." All this clearly betrays deliberation, thought, and conclusion; I will add another anecdote which I have translated from the writings of Plutarch in which he makes beasts even comprehend the use of numbers:—"The oxen about Susa have the capability of reckoning to such and such a proportion; every ox is obliged to carry a hundred buckets each day to water the king's gardens, and more than their allotted number you cannot compel them either by force or entreaty to carry on the same day."

There is indeed one undeniable advantage that man possesses over the brutes, which is the use of speech. As far as the expression of outward signs, he is but on an equality with them, for they can caress, threaten, and entreat him as well and as forcibly as he does them; but then it is urged, he can address them and they cannot return an answer; this is true, but it does not thence follow that they have not the blessing of speech amongst each other; on the contrary there seems to be a complete communication not only between those of the same but even of different species. "The dog (says Montaigne) has a certain kind of bark by which the horse knows he is angry, and another manner of barking which gives him no fear." Even our duller sense of hearing teaches us that they have different intonations of voice, which express sometimes joy, sometimes rage, and at others lamentation. The angler knows well that the fish which has felt and escaped the hook will spoil his sport for the remainder of the day; and how could this happen unless the wounded fish had some means of informing his companions of the danger that awaits them, and communicating his own sufferings. And why, let me ask, should all this be improbable? The mouths, teeth, and palates of animals are formed like our own, and are quite as compact and as capable of conveying and uttering sounds.

The females of animals are by no means deficient to the males either in strength of mind or of body, which is not the case in the human species: and here is another preponderating advantage, particularly with regard to comparative number, for it is supposed that there are more women than men in the world. Moreover, dignified as man is, he has been content to learn many things from animals. It has been said, for instance, that the art of fortification was originally derived from the formation of the spider's web, and indeed could any thing be more admirably contrived than that natural and simple specimen of ingenuity; here we see some lines and barriers thicker than others, here we see one sort of noose made and then another, all contributing to the main end of defence and security; the slightest alarm at the outer-works is communicated instantaneously to the insect enclosed in his little citadel, and he prepares, according to the circumstances of the case, for immediate attack or immediate flight.

I have often thought that beautiful verse in the Psalms "and there is that great Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his *pastime* therein" implied in the plainest terms that the sea was not made for man alone, that the vast ocean was the world of the finny tribe, and that they enjoy life and have their limited pleasures there, as much as ourselves,—another branch of God's creatures, crawling on this earth. There are innumerable animals in every department that the eye of man has never yet seen; and for what purpose can we suppose them created if it is not to enjoy life as well as we do. After all, man is but an animal himself, he is but one order of beings in the scale of creation proceeding downwards from infinity to nothing; we read that "man was made a little lower than the angels," so perhaps in the same degree of inferiority are beasts placed beneath him; they are subjected to his control, but then, is he not himself but "clay in the hands of the potter."

In Ecclesiastes we have the following passage: "that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; as the one dieth,

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so dieth the other; yea! they have all one place; all are of the dust and turn to dust again!" From hence I would infer that the sacred writer considered man little more than a beast and that as far as this life is concerned they are very nearly on an equality with him.

It is the paltry pride of man, that, not content with the manifest superiority he possesses, will not hear of any thing even approaching to a level with himself; and perceiving that there is a line of demarcation would draw it still wider than it really is.

To close this inquiry, even granting the faculty that directs brutes to be nothing more than what we understand by the term "Instinct," even then, instinct is in many respects superior to reason; for reason is constantly in error and proceeds from man; instinct is unerring and comes from God! F.

ON AN ENGRAVING.

THE CONCERT OF CATS.

(For the Mirror.)

Artist unknown! O why has partial fame
From her proud *Cat*alogue withheld thy name?
The "*Muse*" at least, appropriate shall applaud
A subject worthy—Jacob Kats or *Claude!*
Here Tabbies, Toms, and Tortoiseshells have met,
To try some "*running* passages:" False set!
That Mice may judge how well their voices match,
And which are best performers—in *a Catch*,
Which, can with best effect extend the jaws,
Perform "a *shake*," or mind "the little *pause*."
How well the instruments—the minstrels fit!
Near the "Big Fiddle"—shines the Little *Kit;*
So we may find *base violence* in some,
Of those demure ones, chanting forth "Dear Tom."
Artist, I thank thee!—'Tis for once, a treat,
Thus, in so fair a *Plate*, to see Cats *meet!*

E. L. J.

COINCIDENT SUPERSTITIONS.

(To the Editor.)

As the history and elucidation of Popular Superstitions find a prominent place in your entertaining miscellany, the following may form an addition to those you have already published.

In the 44th number of the *Quarterly Review*, (March 1820) there is a curious article on the Mythology of the Middle Ages, in which, after relating the story of Frederic Barbarossa sleeping on his throne in the Castle of Kyffhausen, it proceeds as follows:—"A variation of the same fable coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark, where it is said that Holger Danshe, whom the French romances call Ogier, the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburgh Castle. A villain was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern, and visit the half torpid hero, Ogier muttered to the visiter, requesting him to stretch out his hand, the villain presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined that he was squeezing the stranger, 'there are yet *men* in Denmark.' If I am not mistaken, Derwent Conway, in his Northern Tour, published in *Constable's Miscellany*, relates the same story as told to himself in Denmark.

"Now it happens the same tradition, with very little variation, occurs in the centre of the British Islands, I mean in the Isle of Man, which from the numerous superstitions and beliefs of its peasantry, has obtained the appellation of the Elfin Isle. The Manx version of the story runs as follows:—Castle Rushen has been long famous for its subterraneous passages and their inhabitants amongst the islanders, who still firmly believe that they lead to a beautiful country underground, inhabited by giants. Amongst the many tales they relate, is that, several attempts being made to explore the passages, which in general proved unsuccessful, a number of daring fellows agreed to attempt the enterprise in company. Having armed themselves with staves, &c., and procuring torches, they descended. After proceeding a little way they found an old man, of great size, with a long beard, and blind, sitting on a rock as if fixed there. He, hearing them approach, inquired of them as to the state of the island, and at last asked one to put forth his hand, on which one of them gave him a ploughshare which he had, when the old giant squeezed the iron with great ease, and exclaimed, 'Then there are yet *men* in the Isle of Man.'"

It must be remembered, however, that the Danes ruled this island for a long time, one of the kings of that line having built Castle Rushen in the 10th century. E. F—G.

DREAMS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The night restores our actions done by day."
DRYDEN.

THE following are the dreams referred to in No. 500 of the *Mirror*, in which the same sound produced simultaneously a

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dream of the same character in a man and his wife; the dream of the latter concluding with the circumstance of the death of a friend of her husband's, which, had it been confirmed (and Dr. Abercrombie does not state that it was,) would have been inexplicable by any arguments that could have been brought forward.

At the period when Scotland was threatened with an invasion from the French, every man in Edinburgh was a soldier. All things had been arranged in expectation of the enemy; the first notice of which was to be given by a gun from the castle, and this was to be followed by a chain of signals calculated to alarm the country in all directions. Further, there had been recently in Edinburgh a splendid military spectacle, in which 5,000 men had been drawn up in Prince's-street, fronting the castle. The gentleman to whom this dream occurred, and who had been a most zealous volunteer, was in bed between two and three o'clock in the morning, when he dreamt of hearing the signal gun. He was immediately at the castle, witnessed the proceedings for displaying the signals, and saw and heard a great bustle in the town from the troops and artillery assembling, especially in Prince's-street. At that time he was roused by his wife, who awoke in a fright, in consequence of a similar dream, connected with much noise and the landing of the enemy, and concluding with the death of a particular friend of her husband's, who had served with him as a volunteer in the late war. The origin of this remarkable occurrence was ascertained in the morning to be the noise produced in a room above, by the fall of a pair of tongs, which had been left in some very awkward position in support of a clothes screen.

In addition to the circumstances prefaced to the above dreams, there was (if I recollect right) a false alarm of the approach of the enemy, which created a great bustle in the town, and which, if it was given before this occurrence, would have been impressed upon the minds of the dreamers, and have tended to produce the dreams in question.

I intended to have sent several other remarkable dreams — but my rush is dying in the socket, and I must to my couch — "To sleep — perchance to dream."

W. A. R.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.

THE eccentricities of a man of genius usually constitute the most prominent feature in the personal character; and in general, wherever there is talent of any kind, some peculiarity of manner exists. With respect to Mr. Abernethy there was no real moroseness of disposition; and his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He neither sought to recommend himself, nor win his patients, by any of those tricks which are daily practised at the expense of sacrificing opinion and feeling to policy.

His mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad, (his favourite word,) you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well-acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger — Abernethy. "Cut?" Lady. "Bite." A. "Dog?" L. "Parrot." A. "Go home and poultice it." Second day—Finger held out again—A. "Better?" L. "Worse." A. "Go home and poultice it again." Third day — Finger held out as before—A. "Better?" L. "Well." A. "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with.—Good bye—Get out."

Another lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—"Burnt." A. "I see it," and, having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better." A. "I know it." Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient—"Well." A. "Any fool can

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tell that. – What d' ye come again for? —Get away."

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and, holding it up in the air, said "It always gives me pain when I hold it up so." A. Then why the devil do you hold it up so?"

In all cases of obesity and repletion Mr. Abernethy was especially impatient, and indisposed to prescribe. A portly gentleman from the country once called on him for advice and received the following answer: "You nasty beast you go and fill your g——, and then you come to me to empty them."

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. "Better," was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked—"How now?" "Quite well," was the answer. Abernethy. "That will do. — Take her away, — and don't let her wear tight stays." In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dextrously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, proceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavoured to prevent, every now and then repeating—"No, no—that will do, —shut it up—shut it up." Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing the expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. "No, no," said the lawyer, advancing to the door, "that will do—that will do,—shut it up —shut it up."

Mr. Abernethy was by no means disinclined to adopt his own suggestions himself, in regard to the preservation of his health, although he rarely did so. A medical gentleman, not long since, in consultation with him about a patient, observed that he had not been well some time, and he thought the advice which Mr. Abernethy had just been giving his patient might be of service to himself. "Egad, to be sure it would; and if I had adopted it I should not have been the miserable cripple I am now," was the reply.

Whenever there was anything seriously or unavoidably the matter, Mr. Abernethy would rivet his attention to it.—It was only when tormented with superfluous questions and details, and a narration of symptoms arising from indolence and indulgence, that his impatience became manifested. His manner to the poor under his care in the hospital was kind, attentive and humane; and to all who knew him he was confessedly a man of an excellent heart and amiable disposition, however roughly he might appear to behave at time towards some who consulted him.

A celebrated surgeon once told Mr. Abernethy that he calculated on gaining about two thousand a-year in consequence of his (Mr. Abernethy's) oddity of manner to patients, who, being disgusted, left him immediately. Still Mr. Abernethy had a large practice,—was consulted far and near; and his manners, though sometimes repulsive, in some instances tended to attract patients. It is quite certain that his oddity extended his name.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

TO MADALINA.

I KNEW thee as a little child,
When danced upon thy mother's knee,
With laughing eye and features mild,
And ever pleased when kiss'd by me:
But now grown up a woman now,
And passing Life in Fashion's blaze,
Say will you greet my humble bow
With all the warmth of early days?

Or can the cold and selfish world
The retrospects of Life efface—
The cottage neat, the smoke which curl'd,
The charm, the verdure of the place,
Where oft we play'd on Summer's eve,
Sporting along the well-mow'd green,
Or ran a prisoner to retrieve,
Whilst shouts and laughter cheer'd the scene

Lady, these hours for aye are gone,
Our days of youth and joy are past,
And each new year but rolls along
To that which soon must be our last:—
Our early friendship, early joy,
Moments affectionate and dear,
The rules of life too soon destroy,
And leave a barren desert here.—

The kind emotions of the heart,
The ready sigh for scenes of grief,
Affection's tear prepared to start,
As Virtue's hand would grant relief—

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All lost with youth!—or what remains
Is ruled by Fashion's sovereign sway,
Unheeded Poverty complains,
And Friendship flits in forms away,

Young Love is barter'd now for gold,
And riches are the boast of life;
E'en beauty's charms are bought and sold,
To be declared by name—a wife:—
But where is mutual fondness found,
The love remember'd but in song?
Where does affection most abound?
To whom does gratitude belong?

How chang'd—how flown our years of mirth,
Those joys unmix'd with care or woe,
When Hope would start to instant birth,
As Pleasure cheer'd this scene below!
Well, since our joys are past and gone,
Since life appears in constant gloom,
Soon may the cold sepulchral stone
Record my end—and mark my tomb!

Metropolitan.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

THIS work will be read with all the interest which its first announcement was calculated to excite; since the fate and fortune of its noble subject must carry with them the sympathies of the reader, apart from the stormy politics with which they are mixed up.

Lord E. Fitzgerald is generally known by the share he took in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The present work, however, seeks to establish for him a better fame. It is an ample and able delineation of his character, and a fine study for the philosopher. He is clearly seen to have been a man of amiable nature, affectionate to his parents and faithful to his friends, yet, by evil impressions worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm and frenzy as led to his premature fall. His whole life was one of flittering adventure: his public career was one of unceasing restlessness, yet, in these volumes it is truly delightful to look into his private life and there see the simplicity and singleness of mind and purpose—the very nobility of nature—which ever dictated his actions. A close biographical outline would occupy more space than we can afford. He was the fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster; his mother was the daughter of Charles Duke of Richmond;—and born October 15, 1763. He entered the army in 1779 and his patriotic spirit broke forth at the age of seventeen. In the campaign of the American war he fought bravely as a lieutenant of foot, and was wounded in the action at Entaw Springs. He next went to the West Indies as staff-officer under General O'Hara. At the peace he returned to Ireland, and sat in parliament for the borough of Athy. He soon became weary of this comparative inactivity; and in 1786 he entered himself at the Woolwich Academy. He re-appeared in Parliament, but soon left England on a tour in Spain and Portugal: he did not accomplish it, but joined his regiment, the 54th, then at New Brunswick. Here his adventurous spirit had ample range. Thence he made a circuitous overland journey of 375 miles to Quebec—through some of the sublimest scenes in Nature—unaccompanied, yet rejoicing in new scenes of enterprize. Lord Edward returned to England, and next went to Paris, and married the daughter of Madame Genlis. His first love had been Lady Catherine Mead, daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam; his second was a Miss * * *. At Paris, in 1792, Lord Edward zealously espoused "those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but too fearless a consistency." Here he met Thomas Paine; and his note is as follows: "I lodge with my friend Paine—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess." He renounced his title, *fraternized* with the republicans, for which he was dismissed from the British army. He returned to London in the following year; in 1796 he joined the United Irishmen, whose designs becoming betrayed to the Government, Lord Edward, as their leader, was ensnared, after a *hide and seek* of several months, by very Judas-like circumstances. His adventurous concealment is extremely interesting in Mr. Moore's work, in the fidelity and attachment of those around him. We now come to our extract. He was in Dublin, and had just escaped discovery on his way to Moira House, "for the purpose, no doubt, of once more seeing Lady Edward (to whom the noble-minded mistress of that mansion had, since his concealment, paid the most compassionate attention) before his final plunge into a struggle the issue of which must, even to himself, have been so doubtful."

On the following night he was brought from Moore's to the house of Mr. Murphy,—Mrs. Moore herself being his conductress. He had been suffering

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lately from cold and sore throat, and, as his host thought, looked much altered in his appearance since he had last seen him. An old maid-servant was the only person in the house besides themselves.

Next morning, as Mr. Murphy was standing within his gateway, there came a woman from Moore's with a bundle which, without saying a word, she put into his hands, and which, taking for granted that it was for Lord Edward, he carried up to his lordship. It was found to contain a coat, jacket, and trousers of dark green edged with red, together with a handsome military cap, of a conical form. At the sight of this uniform, which, for the first time, led him to suspect that a rising must be at hand, the fears of the already nervous host were redoubled; and, on being desired by Lord Edward to put it somewhere out of sight, he carried the bundle to a loft over one of his warehouses, and there hid it under some goat-skins, whose offensiveness, he thought, would be a security against search.

About the middle of the day, an occurrence took place, which from its appearing to have some connexion with the pursuit after himself, excited a good deal of apprehension in his lordship's mind. A sergeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had been seen to pass up the street, and were, at the moment when Murphy ran to apprize his guest of it, halting before Moore's door. This suspicious circumstance, indicating, as it seemed, some knowledge of his haunts startled Lord Edward, and he expressed instantly a wish to be put in some place of secrecy; on which Murphy took him out on the top of the house, and laying him down in one of the valleys formed between the roofs of his warehouses, left him there for some hours. During the excitement produced in the neighbourhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend, Neilson, was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway,—"Is he safe?"—"Look sharp."

While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery,—and it is still unknown from what source,—was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him,—purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas-street, for the pickets of infantry and cavalry in that neighbourhod.

To return to poor Lord Edward:—as soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room,—where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after set down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bed-room, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now elapsed, from the time of Neilson's departure, not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall door open *.

Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his host whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, "like a tiger," from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered "Take that fellow away." Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of

* From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader, that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression cannot be denied; but besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on lunanity, affords some solution of these incoherencies, the fact of his being afterwards left to share the fate of the other state prisoners would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.

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Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

"Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
Frighted them being free."

It being understood that Doctor Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, "I'm sorry for it."

From Thomas-street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the Castle, where the papers found upon him,—one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare,—were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the Castle, the Lord Lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a State Prisoner.

By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message, I have been favoured with the following particulars,—as honourable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others,—of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner:—

"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the Secretary in the War Department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the Lord Lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service,—he answered merely, but collectedly, 'No, no,—thank you,—nothing, nothing;—only break it to her tenderly.'

"When I called at Lady Edward's house, this being in the evening, and after dark, I found that she was absent, at a party at Moira House: I therefore communicated to two of her female attendants the events of the evening."

The effect produced by this event is thus strikingly described, by one of the historians of the Rebellion *:—

"The arrest of Lord Edward visibly occasioned a strong sensation among the mass of the people in Dublin, as their hopes of getting possession of the metropolis, on the approaching insurrection which they meditated, rested much on his valour and skill as an officer. Numbers of them were seen going from one part of the town to the other, with a quick pace and a serious countenance. Others were perceived, in small parties, conversing with that seriousness of look and energy of gesticulation, which strongly indicated the agitation of their minds. A rising to effect a rescue was expected that night; the yeomen, therefore, and the garrison, which it was to be lamented was very thin, remained on their arms all night, and were so judiciously disposed as to prevent the possibility af an insurrection."

Of the melancholy close of Lord Edward's days, I am enabled to lay before my readers all the minutest details, through the medium of a correspondence, which took place immediately

* Musgrave's History of the Rebellion.

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on his apprehension, between some of his nearest relatives and friends,—a correspondence as affecting as it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to put on record. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a family more affectionately attached to each other than that of which his lordship had been always the most beloved member; and it is only in language direct from such hearts, at the very moment of suffering, that dismay and sorrow such as now fell upon them could be at all adequately conveyed. Of one of the writers, Lady Louisa Conolly, it is gratifying to be able to preserve some memorial beyond that tradition of her many noble virtues which friendship has handed down to us, and to the truth of which the amiable spirit that breathes throughout her letters bears the amplest testimony.

In the desperate resistance which he made, Lord Edward had no other weapon than a dagger, and the number of wounds he is said to have inflicted with it on his two adversaries is such as almost to exceed belief. This dagger was given by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has, by some accident, lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case knife, with a common buck-handle,—the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape, like that of the sword represented in the hands of the angel in the common prints prefixed to the last Book of Paradise Lost.

The rebel uniform, belonging to his lordship, which was found at Murphy's, passed afterwards into the hands of Mr. Watson Taylor, in whose possession it remained for some time, till the late Duke of York, who had always been much attached to Lord Edward, and had even offered, when made Commander-in-Chief, to restore him to his rank in the army, having expressed a wish to possess so curious a relic of his noble friend, Mr. Watson Taylor presented it to his Royal Highness, and what has become of it, since the Duke's death, I have not been able to ascertain.

Our next extract describes Lord Edward's death, from a letter from Lady Louisa Conolly to Mr. Ogilvie, (the second husband of the Duchess of Leinster), Dublin, June 4, 1798:—

At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor, dear Henry, to see him. Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), "It is heaven to me to see you!" and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, "I can't see you." I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, "where is he, dear fellow!" Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, "That is very pleasant." However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, "And the children too?—She is a charming woman;" and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure. When we left him, we told him that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, "Do, do;" but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away; and very shortly after, Mr. Garnet, (the

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surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock; so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, "I knew it must come to this, and we must all go;" and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, "It agitates you to talk upon those subjects," he said, "Well, I wont." I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you.

We subjoin another extract, including a letter of George the Fourth, the introduction of which is thus made:—

During this painful interval, the anxiety of Lord Edward's friends in England was, as the following letters will show, no less intense and active. The letter from the late King will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While, with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to employ towards living kings the language only of praise, reserving all the license of censure to be let loose upon them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard, over his grave, from others. Seldom, indeed, were the kindlier feelings of George the Fourth more advantageously exhibited than on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,—not only at the time of which we are speaking, when, on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his noble friend, he is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him, but a much later period, when it was in his power, as monarch, to perform an act of humane justice towards Lord Edward's offspring, which, both as monarch and man, reflects the highest honour upon him.

The letter follows:

From His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, to William Ogilvie, Esq.

"Carlton-house, June 6, 1798.
Three-quarters past 5, p.m.

"I feel so truly for the Duchess and the unfortunate Edward, that I am sure there is nothing in the world I would not attempt to mitigate the pangs, which I am afraid but too much distress her Grace at the present dreadful crisis. I would, were I in the habit of so doing, most undoubtedly write to Lord Clare; though, even were that the case, I should hesitate as to the propriety of so doing, thinking that such an application to *the Chancellor* might be subject to misconstruction, and consequently detrimental to Lord Edward's interests. But I have no hesitation in allowing you to state to his lordship how much pleased I shall be, and how much, I am sensible, it will conciliate to him the affections of every humane and delicate mind, if every opportunity is given to poor Lord Edward to obtain an impartial trial, by delaying it till his state of health shall be so recruited as to enable him to go through the awful scene with fortitude;* and until the minds of men have recovered their usual tone, so absolutely necessary for the firm administration of justice. This, my dear sir, I have no scruple to admit of your stating in confidence, and with my best compliments to the Lord Chancellor. My long and sincere regard for both the Duchess and the Duke of Leinster would have naturally made me wish to exert myself still more, were I not afraid by such exertion I might do more harm than good. Excuse this scrawl, which I pen in the utmost hurry, fearing that you may have left London before this reaches Harley-street. I am, dear sir, with many compliments to the Duchess, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE P."

The result of this benevolent interference was the reversal of attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1819, and the provision for his son by a commission in the Tenth Hussars.

To these specimens we need not add our recommendation. The letters of Lord Edward in the first volume are among the most delightful ever written,

* "It will be seen, by a subsequent letter, that the Duke of York exerted himself with such zeal, on this point, that he succeeded in obtaining the royal consent to a delay of the trial."

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but, for its continuous interest we have preferred the gallant lord's catastrophe.

The work is in two handsomely-printed volumes, with a fine portrait.

TOUR THROUGH SOUTH HOLLAND.

(Concluded from page 112.)

Brussels

Is in all respects worthy to be considered as the capital of the Netherlands. The streets in the lower or more ancient part of the town, about the gate where it is entered near the river Senne, maintain the usual character of a Belgic town, being narrow and the houses high, but on the upper or hill part of the city, the streets are spacious and the buildings magnificent. The ascent from the lower to the upper or court end of the town, is about as steep as, and the streets not unlike, those which run through Guildford or Lewes. Two palaces, one for the king and another contiguous to it for the young prince, face the planted piece of ground, called the park, which may be about the size of Lincolns-inn Fields; it is laid out in the continental style of gardens, being intersected by straight walks shaded by trees, and embellished with statues, in praise of which much cannot be said. Directly facing the king's palace, and on the opposite side of the park, is the house of the Conseil de Brabant, now the Chamber of Deputies. All the houses in the four streets or rows that surround the four sides of the park are truly magnificent, and in general appearance equal, or nearly so, in point of architecture though not in size; and the houses in the adjoining square or *Place Royale*, with the church in the centre of one of its sides, and the two hotels of Belvue and de Flandres, are all splendid buildings.

In fact Brussels, next to Paris, is the most populous English colony in all Europe; and to lodge our countrymen comfortably and in the English taste, whole streets or rows of houses are building for their reception towards the outskirts of the town; and for their amusement, the old walls and ramparts have been demolished, and converted into a charming boulevard for a promenade: and along the *Alleé verte*, beside the Antwerp canal, they were busily employed in laying out an extensive botanical garden, and in levelling the old fortifications in that quarter. No wonder that so many English families flock to this great city; many of whom, however, curry, with their money, their depraved habits and vicious propensities, and not a few, a great deal of the latter without much of the former, imposing for a time on the inhabitants, who, however, had now become more cautious in trusting them.

We went through the king's palace, which had been newly furnished, and is one of the most habitable and comfortable houses of that denomination, perhaps, in Europe. The ball-room is the only large apartment, and is splendidly fitted up and furnished. It may be some eighty feet by forty, and very lofty. There is another room, perhaps somewhat smaller, which is called the picture-gallery, but is as unworthy the name as the pictures are unworthy to be placed in it. With the exception of two or three by Van Dyk, Rembrandt, and Ruysdael, all of them are of an inferior class the remainder are absolutely trash.

In the queen's boudoir are some better pictures. Among them we observed the "Chapeau de Velours" of Van Dyk, a more pleasing picture than that which may be considered its companion, by Rubens, the "Chapeau de Paille." There was also an agreeable picture, by David, of a "Holy Family," and Rembrandt's original picture of the "Burgomasters," one of which we saw in the Museum of Amsterdam. The palace is built round a large quadrangular courtyard, and contains the immense number of forty-four rooms, *en suite*, through all of which we passed. Behind the quadrangle is a garden, which had neither taste, nor neatness, nor rare plants, to recommend it to notice.

From the palace we crossed the park to the house of the *Conseil de Brabant*. The vestibule is very fine. Two wide staircases, one on each side, lead to the two Chambers of Peers and the Deputies. The steps are of marble, and each of a single slab, the produce, as we understood, of the hills which enclose the Meuse. The Chamber of Peers on the right is merely a long room or gallery.

The Chamber of Deputies on the left is on the same plan as that of the Deputies in Paris; but it has no tribune, each member speaking from his place,—those who represent the Provinces of Holland using the Dutch, and those of the Netherlands generally the French language.

The Town-house of Brussels, and more particularly its beautiful spire, are scarcely, perhaps, to be equalled for elegance and lightness. This spire rises proudly eminent, to the height, it is said, of three hundred and sixty-four feet, exclusive of sixteen or eighteen

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feet of an iron rod which supports the full-length figure of St. Michael, who, it must be confessed, has been treated rather lightly by converting him into a weathercock. Standing in the centre nearly of the city, this light and airy spire of exquisite workmanship is seen from every part of its outskirts, and forms a beautiful object from the park and its vicinity.

Before parting, anti-political as our pages are, we must protest against a very imprudent note appended to this *Family* volume—we mean that relating to the state, at present or rather a few days since—of the affairs of Belgium—the occasion of which note, by the way, is, that the Tour was written upwards of two years since. The author talks furiously of the anarchy of a few months—the tyranny of a mob—restless and mischievous demagogues—and whines out "the calamities that have befallen this fine country might almost be considered as a just retribution for the unprovoked and wholly uncalled for rebellion against the best of rulers," and stigmatizes the Belgian revolution as a pitiful imitation of what had taken place in France, aided and abetted by revolutionary Frenchmen, joined by factious Belgians, &c; then comes the trite and hackneyed opinion that "the faction is fast losing its ground, and it is not the worst sign when the popular discontent begins to vent itself in squibs and epigrams against the causes of their misfortunes." Next too, he describes the religious distinctions of the parties as toleration on one side and bigotry and superstition on the other; and concludes with this Postscript.

Since the above was written, the appointment of a regent has been productive of some good. They have now got a step further, and chosen a king—may they long keep him, and treat him better than they did their first one!—But *he*, too, is a Protestant, and on that account alone, he will have a difficult card to play.

We do not stay to comment upon these ill- timed addenda, but merely ask what have such political dogmas to do in a volume of a *Family Library*; unless the writer wishes the drawing-room and tea parties of England to settle the Dutch and Belgian disputes, take the matter out of the hands or heads of "the Five Great Powers," and thus save one of them, at least, a pretty considerable "quantity of turmoil and perturbation." At this hot season, at least, it would be better to keep politics out of every family party.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE following announcement of the death of that eminent writer appeared in one of the journals of the time:—

"1774, April 4. Died Dr. Oliver Goldsmith; *Deserted is the Village*; the *traveller* has laid him down to rest; *the good natured man* is no more; he *stoops* but *to conquer*; the *Vicar* has performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson from which the *Hermit* may *essay* to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude."

C. F. N—H.

IN the reign of Henry VIII. a general survey was made of the kingdom, of the number of inhabitants, their age, professions, wealth, income, and every other particular with which a statesman could wish to be acquainted. Unfortunately this important document is lost; and all that is known at present is, that the income of the kingdom was estimated at £4,000,000. per annum.

W. G. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the skeleton whale at Charing Cross like a stage coach? Because by paying extra you may get inside.

Why is a barrel of beer almost out like a stage wagon? Because it is tilted.

CHEAP AND EXPEDITIOUS MODE OF CLEARING HOUSES OF RATS, MICE, COCKROACHES, &c.

MADAME MERIAN, in her splendid *History of Surinam Insects*, says, (speaking of the ants,) That "the species *cephalotes* is called in Surinam the ants of *visitation*, as they appear only at certain seasons, or about once in two or three years. Its multitudes receive a cheerful welcome from the natives, who throw open the doors of their houses to admit them: the ants enter, traverse every part of their dwellings, and, after destroying the rats, mice, scorpions, kakerlacs, or cockroaches, and other vermin secreted therein, again take their departure."

P. T. W.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand* (*near Somerset House*,) *London*; *sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER*, 628, *New Market*, *Leipsic*; *G. G. BENNIS*, 55, *Rue Neuve*, *St. Augustin*, *Paris*; *and by all Newsmen and Booksellers*.

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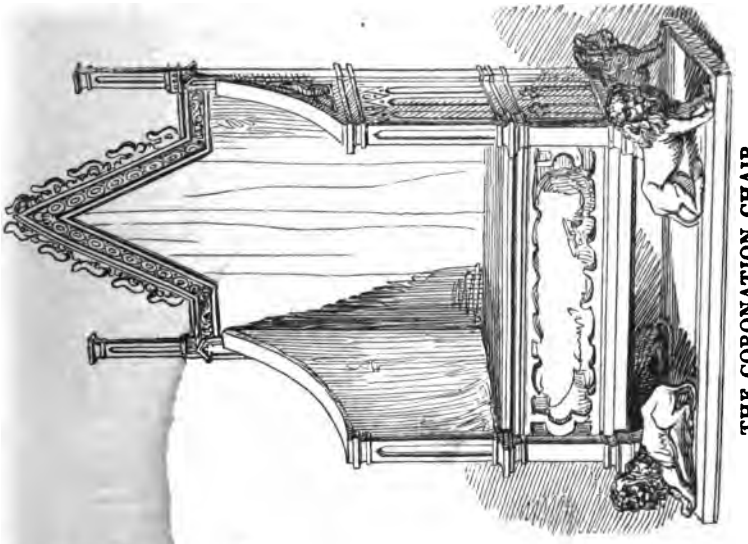
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 505.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1831. [Price 2d.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

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CORONATIONS.

THE CORONATION CHAIR. — THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

THESE Cuts may be considered anticipatory illustrations of the approaching CORONATION. Their descriptive particulars, which are extremely interesting, will occupy a few columns; so that, it being our intention to describe the CEREMONY itself, whenever it takes place, we cannot do better now than proceed with the accessories or appurtenances.

In the CHAIR have been crowned all our sovereigns from the time of Edward II. Yet it is not the *Chair* alone (although in itself a work of much interest, when attentively examined,) but the far-famed "Prophetic," or "fatal stone," inclosed within the frame-work, that constitutes the great focus of attraction to the Historian and the Antiquary. We propose to quote the history of this stone in our succeeding Number, and for the present to confine ourselves to such parts of its description as are requisite in connexion with that of the Chair. At the same time we cheerfully acknowledge that for all these particulars we are indebted to Mr. E. W. Brayley's valuable *Londiniana*, (vol. ii.) and we need scarcely add that the antiquarian attainments of the author (eminently displayed in his *History of Westminster Abbey*, and other important works,) will justify our preference of these details:—

The venerable Stone is placed within the frame-work of the Chair, beneath the seat, and has at each end, a circular iron handle affixed to a staple let into the stone itself, so that it may be lifted up. It is of an oblong form, but irregular; measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. As far as can be ascertained from inspecting it in its present inclosed situation, it bears much resemblance to the Dun-stones, such as are brought from Dundee in Scotland, and used for various purposes. It is a sandy, granular stone, a sort of débris of sienite, chiefly quartz, with light and reddish-coloured felspar and also light and dark mica, with probably some dark green hornblende, intermixed: some fragments of a reddish-grey clay slate, or schist, are likewise included in its composition.* — On the upper side, (but hidden by the seat of the Chair) there is also a dark brownish-red coloured flinty pebble, which, from its hardness, has not been cut through, though immediately crossed by the indent abovementioned.

Tradition intimates that this Stone was originally brought from Egypt, and it is a remarkable fact, when mineralogically considered, that the *substances* composing it accord, in the grains, with the sienite of Pliny, the same as Pompey's pillar at Alexandria, but the particles are much smaller. Geologists will perhaps determine how far this may agree with any formation succeeding the sienite in the Egyptian quarries.

It will be seen by the several particulars with what little precision or correctness, in a descriptive point of view, our ancient historians have mentioned this Stone. Fordun calls it "a Marble Chair, carved with ancient art by skilful workmen;" and again, "a Marble Stone, wrought like a chair." Boece styles it "a Chair of Marble," and "the Fatal Marble;" Hemingford, "a Stone made concave like a round Chair;" Knighton, "a Stone whereon the Scottish Kings were wont to be placed at their coronations;" Walsingham, "a Stone used for a Throne;" Matthew of Westminster, "a Tribunal, or Royal Seat;" Bishop Leslie, "a Marble Chair;" and Holinshed, "a Chair of Marble" and "a Marble Stone:" Buchanan alone, though he errs in calling it "a Marble Stone," has, with due propriety, attached the epithet "rude or unwrought." Among the moderns who have fallen into similar inaccuracies, is the laborious Carte, who styles it "the famous Stone Chair," and Dr. Henry, who calls it "the Fatal Chair." It is obvious, however, that all the above writers refer to the same object, and what that really is, the preceding description will clearly testify.

The *Coronation Chair* is composed of oak, and is still firm and sound, though much disfigured by wanton mutilations and the effects of time. The mode of its construction so decidedly accords with the general character of the architecture of Edward the First's reign, that no hesitation could be felt by any one conversant with the subject, in ascribing it to that period, even were there no document extant to support the conjecture. Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is reported to have had the Stone inclosed, and which does not appear ever to have been brought into England, it is certain that the present Chair was purposely

* The writer was favoured with the above mineralogical description of the Stone, by the late Mr. Sowerby, who accompanied him to the Abbey Church, for the purpose of examining its composition.

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made for the reception of this highly-prized relique of ancient customs and sovereign power. This fact is rendered evident by the "Wardrobe Accounts" of Edward's time, which have been published under the direction of the Society of Antiquaries. Among the entries of the year 1300, are the following particulars relating to "a step" which had been recently made "*ad pedem nova Cathedræ in qua Petra Scocie reponitur.*"

"To Master Walter, the painter, for the costs and expenses incurred by him about making one step at the foot of the *new Chair* (in which is the Stone from Scotland), set up near the altar before St. Edward's Shrine, in the Abbatial Church at Westminster, in pursuance of the order of the King in the month of March, and for the wages of the carpenter and painter for painting the said step, and for gold and divers colours bought for the painting of the same, together with the making of one case for covering the said Chair, as appears from the particulars in the Wardrobe Book, 1*l.* 19*s.* 7*d.*"*

The resemblance of this Chair to the mode of architecture prevalent in our first Edward's time, is particularly observable in the forms of the heads and turns of the panelled arches which ornament the back and sides; and it was equally so in the shields which formerly surrounded the frame-work of the seat. It is a wide elbow Chair, with a flat seat, immediately under which is the "*Prophetic Stone;*" this rests on a kind of middle frame, eleven inches from the ground, supported at the corners by four crouching lions on a bottom frame, or plinth. All around, on a level with the Stone, was originally ornamented with beautiful tracery, in quarterly divisions, each containing an heater shield (emblazoned with arms), in accordance with that fashion of the pointed arch which prevailed in the thirteenth century. There were originally ten of these divisions, and four of them, with the shields, remained till the late coronation; but they were subsequently stolen, and even the tracery itself is entirely gone in front, so that the Stone is now fully exposed to view. The back is terminated by a high pediment, along each angle of which were five crockets on a scotia, or concave moulding. Below the latter, on each side of the pediment, is a smooth flat division, about three inches broad, that once contained decorations, presumed to be armorial bearings, emblazoned on small plates of metal of different sizes and forms, alternately small and large, the cement for the adhesion of which still remains. The whole Chair has been completely covered with gilding and ornamental work; including a Regal figure, and a variety of birds, foliage, and diapering, much of which may yet be distinguished on a close inspection. The thickness of the whiting ground, laid on to receive the leaf gold, may be seen in almost every part. At the back of the seat, within-side, are some faint traces of a male figure, sitting, in a royal robe, a small portion of the bottom of which, together with a foot and shoe (the latter somewhat sharp-pointed) are still visible, but they were much more so within memory. Below the elbow, on the left side, is distinguishable a running pattern of oak leaves and acorns, with red breasts and falcons on the oaken sprays, in alternate order; a different pattern of a diapered work is shown on the right, or opposite side, as well as within the tiers of panelled arches which adorn the outer sides or back of the Chair. These rich adornments are so much discoloured by the ravages of time, or otherwise damaged by wanton mischief, that it requires an attentive eye to trace them with effect; the best way to do this is to place the head close to the seat, and then to look upwards with minute and fixed attention. Most of the above ornaments seem to have been wrought by means of minute punctures made in the whiting ground, after the flat gilding was executed! other parts appear as though they had been impressed or stamped with an instrument. Within the spandrils, connected with the upper tier of arches at the back, were formerly, according to Mr. Carter, enamelled ornaments representing foliage:† but the ornaments thus alluded to were *not enamelled;* they consisted of small sprigs, depicted on a metallic ground, either gilt or silvered, and covered with plain or coloured *glass*, as may yet be seen in three or four places. The diapering within the panels, as far as can now be traced, was composed of running patterns of vine and oak branches.

Among the other disfigurements of

* It would appear from an official warrant copied into Walpole's "Anecdotes of the Arts," vol. i, that Master Walter, the painter, presumed to be the same artist who decorated the Chair, had been employed by Henry III. (Anno 1267), to paint the King's chamber in the palace at Westminster, and there can hardly be a reasonable doubt but that he was also employed on the decorative works then carrying on in the Abbey Church.

† Vide "Ancient Architecture of England." vol. ii. pl. vi., in which, likewise, are several representations of the Chair and its ornaments.

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this Chair, many nails, large and small, with tacks and brass pins, have been driven in all over the angles, both on the inner and outer sides, most probably to fasten the cloth of gold, or tissue, with which it has been covered at the times of coronations. Sandford particularly mentions "the *Scotch* (Regal) Chair, cased with cloth of gold," and a "cover of gold tissue for St Edward's Chair," in his account of the coronation of James II.; but it is not represented as so covered in the view which he has given of that ceremony.

The lions which appear to support the Chair, are but clumsily executed, and very defective in point of form; they were doubtless first attached after the original step, mentioned in the Wardrobe Account, had been destroyed: a new face was made to one of them prior to the coronation of his late Majesty, George IV. The entire height of the Chair is six feet nine inches and a half; its breadth, at bottom, three feet two inches; width, ditto, two feet; breadth of the seat, two feet five inches; depth of ditto, one foot six inches; from the seat to the ground, two feet three inches and a half; height of elbows, from the seat, one foot two inches.

Notwithstanding the assertion of Walsingham, that Edward I. gave this Chair for the use of the officiating priests at Westminster, "*fieri celebrantium Cathedram Sacerdotum*," and which Hardyng has limited to the "*Mass Priest*," there is every reason to presume that it has been regularly used as the *coronation* Chair of all our sovereigns, from the time of Edward II. In Strutt's "Hopba Anȝel-cynnan," is a representation of the latter monarch in a Chair of state, which was evidently intended for that under review.* Camden calls it "the Royal Chair or Throne;† and Selden, speaking of this venerable remain, employs the words "on it are the Coronations of our Sovereigns."‡ Ogilby, in his account of the coronation of Charles II., expressly designates it by the name of *St. Edward's* ancient Chair, which, he says (covered all over with cloth of gold), was first placed on the right side of the altar; and at a subsequent part of the ceremony, removed into "the middle of the aisle, and set right over against the altar, whither the King went and sate down in it, and then the Archbishop brought *St. Edward's* crown from the altar and put it upon his head."§ James II. was crowned in the same Chair, as appears from Sandford, as were also William of Orange, Queen Anne, and all our succeeding Sovereigns to the present time.

During the preparations for the last coronation, the frame-work of this Chair was strengthened with iron braces, and the *Prophetic Stone* more securely fixed. At the same time the old crockets and turrets at the back were sawn off, and new ones of a different character substituted, under the direction of the *Upholsterers* employed by the Board of Works! Soon after the ceremony, however, the new crockets, &c. were taken away, and the Chair left in a more dilapidated state than before, although a positive promise had been given to the present writer that the old parts should be preserved and restored.

With this Chair another is kept, which is stated to have been made for the coronation of Queen Mary, consort of William III. It is wholly unornamented, but similar in its general form to the ancient one, of which it is an unskilful attempt to imitate.

The Crown may be thus described: It is about fifteen inches in elevation; the arches, which rise almost to a point, instead of the inelegant flatness of the former crown, are surmounted with an orb of brilliants, seven inches in circumference. Upon this is placed a Maltese cross of brilliants, set transparently, with three pearls at its extremities, of remarkable size and beauty. The arches are wreathed and fringed with diamonds. Four Maltese crosses, formed of brilliants also, surround the crown, with four large diamond flowers in their intervening spaces. On the centre of the back cross is the ancient ruby, which was worn at Cressy and Azincour, by the Black Prince and Henry V., while that of the front cross is adorned with an unique sapphire, of the purest and deepest azure, more than two inches long, and one inch broad. The ermine is surmounted with a band of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, and immediately under these, a fillet of beautiful pearls. The lustre of this unequalled crown is heightened by a dark crimson cap of the finest velvet;

* Vol. iii. pl. 27. The engraving is from a fine MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the library of Benet College, Cambridge.

† "Regis Regium," &c.

‡ Vide Drayton's "Poly-Olbion," Song xvii.

§ "Coronation of Charles II." It appears from that work, that when the King retired into St Edward's Chapel (after the ceremony) the crown and "all the rest of the regalia," together with St. Edward's robes, which the King had worn, were placed upon *St. Edward's Altar*, at what subsequent period that altar was destroyed does not appear, but there is not now the least part of it remaining.

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and its general effect confirms the opinion of all who have seen it, that the late King was the first British sovereign who possessed a diadem worthy of this proud and potent empire.

This crown is estimated worth 150,000*l.* and the expenses upon it, in 1821, preparatory to the Coronation of George IV. amounted to about 50 or 60,000*l.* over and above the addition of the inestimable sapphire.

LINES ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN ONE OF THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARES OF LONDON.

(For the Mirror.)

Hov'ring o'er the city's way,
Far from haunt of bowery weald,
What can tempt thee here to stay,
Flutt'rer o'er the sunny field?

Lily, rose, and eglantine,
Hast thou left in valley rude,
For the hues which gaily shine
'Midst the gaudy multitude?

This is not the vernal dell,
Where the noon-day warblers sing,
Flowers are here which have no smell;
Leaves without the life of Spring.

Wanting not the dews of morn,
Sun, nor show'r, nor nurture bland,
Flow'rets here the fair adorn,
Fashion'd by the artist's hand

Drooping are thy soiled wings—
Rest nor solace canst thou find,
While thy fate a moral brings
To the city-wearied mind.

Thou wilt ne'er retrace thy way
Back unto the bowery weald;
Nor be known beyond *to-day*,
Flutt'rer o'er the sunny field.

* * H.

Fine Arts.

MARRIAGE GEM.

(For the Mirror.)

In the Duke of Marlborough's collection of antique gems, is a group of emblematical figures, representing the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche; a description of which, I flatter myself, will not be unacceptable. They are of exquisite beauty, highly descriptive of the Marriage Union, finely engraved upon an onyx, by Tryphon, an ancient Greek artist.

1st. Both are represented as winged, to show the alacrity with which the husband and wife should help, comfort, and support each other; preventing as much as possible the intimation of a wish or want on either side by fulfilling it before it can be expressed.

2nd. Both are veiled, to show that modesty is an inseparable attendant on pure matrimonial enjoyment.

3rd. Hymen, or Marriage, goes before them with a lighted torch, leading them by a chain, of which each has hold, to show that they are united together, and are bound to each other, and that they are led to this, by the pure flame of love, which at the same instant both enlightens and warms them.

4th. This chain is not iron, or brass, (to intimate that the Marriage union is a state of thraldom or slavery,) but is a chain of pearls, to show that the union is precious, delightful, and beautiful.

5th. They hold a dove. the emblem of conjugal fidelity, which they appear to embrace affectionately, to show that they are faithful to each other, not merely through duty, but by affection, and that this fidelity contributes to the happiness of their lives.

6th. A winged Cupid, or Love, is represented as having gone before them preparing the nuptial feast; to intimate that active affections, warm and cordial love, are to them a continual source of comfort and enjoyment, and that this is the entertainment they are to meet with at every step of their lives.

7th. Another Cupid, or genius of love, comes behind, and places on their heads a basket of ripe fruits, to intimate that a matrimonial union of this kind will generally be blest with children, who shall be as pleasing to all their senses, as ripe and delicious fruits are to the smell and taste.

8th. The genius of love that follows them, has his wings shrivelled up, or the feathers all curled, so as to render them utterly unfit for flight, to intimate that love is to abide with them, that there is to be no separation in affliction: but that they are to continue to love one another with pure and fervent affection; thus love begins and continues this sacred union, which death alone can dissolve, for God hath yoked them together. SWAINE.

The Naturalist.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The inhabitants of Southern London are, we are happy to learn, likely to have their Zoological Gardens, as well as the more aristocratical folks of the West: this is as it should be:—

"If Oxford has its sausage,
Why not Cambridge have its tart."

The proposal was mooted many months since by a "Zoologieal Society" esta-

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blished at Camberwell, who have, and we think prudently, deputed Mr. Cross, (late of Exeter 'Change,) to the formation of their Garden. For this purpose, a small estate has been secured a short distance to the right of the Camberwell road, or about mid-way between that and the Kennington road. It has hitherto been known as the Manor House, and consists of a respectable mansion, with about fifteen acres of tastefully disposed ground, and a sheet of water of nearly three acres, with islands; and well-wooded walks. The appearance of the whole is extremely picturesque, although considered with respect to its new appropriation, the place is as yet but a land of promise. Three or four large cages are finished, and a score of workmen are engaged in constructing others. A circular building, 300 feet in circumference, is nearly completed for the principal carnivorous animals, as lions, tigers, &c., in which the Prospectus tells us, visiters "will be enabled to view the superb collection, with all the advantages of a delightful *conservatory*": the conservative will not be the least advantage. A large thatched building is finished for *ruminants*, and a circular building is also in progress for birds. A few arrivals have already taken place, and all the members of Mr. Cross' Menagerie from the King's Mews are expected. Among the miscellaneous company, as the Court Circular would say, are a brown bear, kangaroo, a fine zebra, a dromedary, some Indian cattle, black swans, pelicans, eagles, a stately horned owl, and several small birds; and a seal, whose arrival has been duly reported in the daily newspapers. The preparations for their reception were only commenced a month since, and no architects could have proceeded more speedily than has Mr. Cross and his coadjutors. His plan promises well, especially as the grounds, lake, &c., are already adapted for the purpose.

By the way, how strange it is that, among all the speculations borrowed by us from the French, no individual has hitherto started a scheme for a Zoological Garden. How many thousand Englishmen have visited the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, without trans*planting* the plan to this country! only now are we beginning our *Jardin*, and our *Père la Chaise* in the National Cemetery Company. The present popularity of Zoology best proves how much the Gardens of the Zoological Society have contributed to the spread of this delightful branch of natural science. On the pulling down of Exeter 'Change we hoped Mr. Cross would remove his company into fresh air; but he only progressed westward. Surely he might long since have possessed his own Zoological Garden, since last year's receipt of upwards of 12,000*l.* in the Regent's Park argues well for the profitable popularity of the plan. At any rate we are glad to see the scheme taken up with so much spirit at the Surrey Garden, and seriously wish the project may be a successful one. The Admission Terms and Privileges are upon nearly the same principle as those of the Zoological Society.

THE DAISY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE daisy is a native of most parts of Europe in meadows, and flowering almost all the year. The name is derived from day and eye, alluding to the eye-like form of the flower, and its expansion in the day, and in bright weather only, when it presents its front to the sun, following his course till the evening, when the flower closes, but opens again for many successive mornings. Daisies may be called the stars of the earth, which hide their lowly beauties, when the brighter stars of heaven appear.

Mr. Montgomery has beautifully poetized this flower, on finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day, 1803—thus:

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

"The fonder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

"But this small flower to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

"It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

"The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

"But this bold floweret climbs the hills
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the hill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

"Within the garden's cultur'd sound,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

"The hamlet-in crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
That decks the -lark's nest.

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" 'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

" On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The Daisy never dies."

P. T. W.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(Continued from page 71.)

Welsh Character—Peasantry—Wrecking, &c.—Welsh pride is almost proverbial: but we must go back centuries if we attempt to trace its origin—for since the union with England, Wales as a nation, has sunk into oblivion. There cannot be a doubt that from the earliest period of our history, the ancient Britons were distinguished for their bravery and independent spirit; and the recollection of their final desperate struggle for independence and the varied and beautiful nature of their country—invests the history of Wales with a sort of romance, which is but ill realized in the present day. Shrewd, calculating, deep, and often industrious, a Welshman is the very antithesis of romance. But with all this there is a want of enterprise generally throughout Wales; and if you inquire the origin of any conspicuous or important public work or manufactory, you almost invariably find it arose from English capital or English industry. We need hardly add that the Welsh are fiery and hot-headed, and withal very litigious. Much national feeling exists in the Principality, though scarcely so much as in Scotland, and the English are still often denominated *Foreigners*. There is certainly a striking personal dissimilarity between the two nations; which is equally observant in the Scotch. Englishmen indeed differ much in different counties; we know few things more interesting than personal observations of this description. The similarity of dress amongst the lower orders, may as we formerly observed, account in some measure for the striking national resemblance of the Cambrians.

The peasantry essentially differ from the English. In Wales the land is generally subdivided into small farms, which the tenant tills with his own hands or with the assistance of his family; and himself or his wife—jogging along on her tit betwixt two enormous panniers—never fails to attend the market town weekly or oftener, with its produce. This system is indisputably the best for promoting the happiness and independence of the peasantry. England could once boast of a similar class of yeomen; but the destructive plan of combining perhaps eight or ten small farms into one of large extent, and thus turning the various occupants and their families adrift, or driving them to the town, has extensively swept them away. It must, however, be conceded that these measures have been of vast utility in the improvement of our agricultural system; and it is beyond a doubt that we owe its advancement principally to the superior education and capital of the agriculturist of the last forty years. The Welsh farmer is usually possessed of hardly any capital—we believe we may add of little enterprise or spirit of improvement—and in consequence he is a century behind his English neighbour. At a period when the polish of improvement is fast grinding down all the landmarks which distinguished John Bull's character, the Welsh preserve their national peculiarities and characteristics almost unimpaired; and no one can look upon the primitive carts used in some districts, many of which consist of little more than two long poles, with spars across, and neither wheels nor axle—without feeling he is in another country, and being transported back to days of old. A considerable portion of Wales consists of large unenclosed commons or waste lands; but a small portion of which has been brought under cultivation, though the land is mostly excellent. The people possess a singular right or old feudal law, with respect to these commons. Any man who can enclose a portion of land around his cottage, or otherwise, in one night, becomes owner thereof in fee; and this is done by throwing up a little bank of turf round the land proposed to be occupied. These *Squatters*, as they would call them in America, are frequently rising up on the commons of Wales; and you often see a little smiling cottage appear as if by magic, surrounded by its flock of geese, its pigs, its thriving lot of wheat or potato-land, the ground for which is prepared in the first instance by paring and burning the turf, which has existed perhaps for ages inviolate from the spade or plough. An excellent plan. After he is once located, the occupant generally keeps adding to his land bit by bit. There is something very pleasing, as well as beneficial, in this custom. Serious riots occurred in North Wales, a few years ago, in consequence of an attempt to deprive the people of these ancient rights.

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The traveller must not judge of the cleanliness of the Welsh from the exterior of their abodes. The whitewashed roofs and walls are only a screen to the dirtiness of the interior; but in this they are kept in countenance by their Scotch and Irish neighbours, who have not even a clean outside to recommend them. The Welsh are we believe a long-lived people; their abstemious and often parsimonious habits may conduce to this. The food of the colliers and mining population consists almost entirely of coarse bread and skim milk cheese nearly as hard as a board. We find the following extraordinary instance of longevity amongst our memoranda. It is copied from an inscription on a long slab of freestone in Caeran Church near Cardiff.

Round the ledge:

Heare lieth the body of William Edwds of the Cairey who departed this life the 24 of February Anno Domini 1668. Anno que ætatis suii 168.

And on the body of the stone:

O happy change
And ever blest
When grief and pain
Is changed to rest.

There is a very singular "coincidence" between the above and the celebrated Henry Jenkins, who was born at Ellerton-upon-Swale in Yorkshire in 1501, and died in 1670, thus being born one year after, and outliving by two years, his contemporary William Edwards. The politeness of the peasantry in South Wales is pleasing and novel to a stranger. They almost always touch their hats when passing a well dressed person. The Welsh language is certainly apparently very uncouth, but we believe it is not difficult to acquire. The abundance of limestone in the district we have been treating of, is of incalculable importance to the farmer. Its utility—especially to those who know Cornwall, which rich as it is in mineral and geological treasures, possesses little or no limestone—is certainly very great. We would wish it to be understood that our observations on agriculture are meant to apply to Wales generally; we are aware that much good and highly cultivated land exists in some part of the principality.

Amongst the vestiges of savage character which remain in this country, none are so conspicuous as that of "wrecking." It is a practice of very high antiquity, coeval with the earliest period of British history when the Phœnicians traded to our coasts. The scenes of aggravated violence with which it was too often formerly accompanied, now seldom, if ever, occur. As we observed in another place, in many parts, however, the people still view the plunder of a wreck as a right, and it is in vain to attempt to persuade them otherwise. The inhospitable character of some of the inhabitants of our coasts have been levelled at the mass; but the many instances of humanity and bravery among our maritime population will refute this sweeping charge. In Wales, we must say from several events which have come under our observation (some of very recent date) that the old disposition breaks out with almost unabated violence; and a wreck is deemed the most fortunate event that could occur. There have been instances it is said in former periods, in these islands, where the crew have been purposely lured to destruction, the better to secure the plunder of the vessel. But the day has long gone by for such inhuman atrocities. We recollect a Cornish story, which will give a good idea of the pitch which this custom once reached in that county. It occurred, we need not say, long ago. It is related that a Cornish parson upon information of a wreck being brought to his congregation, whilst they were at church, exhorted them to pause as they were rushing out *en masse* in the midst of the service, and having gained the door, took to his heels, saying, "Now my lads, it is but fair we should all start alike!" and reached the wreck first.

Natural History—Density of the Atmosphere.—Probably no portion of the British Isles presents a more interesting field for the lover of Nature, than Wales, but more especially that district of it which we have been treating of. To the botanist, the mineralogist and the geologist, it also offers a rich mine for investigation. One hundred and thirty or forty different descriptions of birds, from the largest class downwards, many of which are very rare and seldom if ever found in these islands—have been met with on the extensive line of coast, or in the interior of the county of Glamorgan. Besides this splendid ornithological catalogue, that of the "finny tribe" is scarcely less interesting. We have enumerated some of the rarer species of both genera in a note.*

* Amongst the list of birds, we find the Ring-tailed Eagle, Osprey, Kite, Honey Buzzard, and eight others of the Falcon tribe. Great Shrike, Butcher Bird, Wry Neck, Green and Greater Spotted Woodpeckers, Nuthatch, Wild Swan, Puffin, Penguin, Razorbill, Stormy Petrel, Cormorant, Spoonbill. Herring, and Laughing Gulls, &c., Oyster Catcher, or Sea Pie, Goat Sucker, Nightingale, &c. &c. The Cuckoo

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"When the hoarse waves of Severn are screaming aloud,
And Penlline's† lofty castle's involved in a cloud,
If true the old proverb, a shower of rain
Is brooding above, and will soon drench the plain."

These lines remind us of the extraordinary distinctness with which distant sounds are conveyed to the ear before rain. The intense conveyance of sound at such periods, as an intelligent writer observes, is one of the best proofs of the increased density which then prevails in the lower atmospheric stratum, by reason of the condensation of moisture therein. Persons living near running streams often remark "There is the river roaring again! we shall have rain before morning;" and the close and oppressive feeling before rain is another proof of the overcharge of moisture in the atmosphere. We have repeatedly remarked on the sea coast, the great distinctness of the distant roaring of the ocean in damp weather. While sitting alone in our apartment at the dead of night, some way from the coast, the voice of the ocean has come astonishingly vivid and distinct on the ear. We have no where observed more extraordinary instances of the distinct appearance of distant objects, in consequence of the highly increased power of refraction, when the atmosphere is charged with moisture previous to rain, than on the coast of South Wales. The coasts of Devon and Somerset, distant twenty-five miles, appear on such occasions only a few miles from you. Mr. Burchell, in his travels in Southern Africa, whilst traversing extensive plains, mentions some wonderful instances of this sort. At a great distance in the horizon, mountains came very distinctly in sight on a moist day, which had previously been totally invisible in the clearest weather.

But we must hasten for the present, to draw to a close. Wales is an interesting country. The sublime and lofty scenery of its highlands—the wild beauty of its Llyns and waterfalls—its mountain passes—its sequestered churches and villages—its numberless strongholds and monuments of former ages—its stern and sea-beaten coast, often untrodden by man, and tenanted alone by the wild eagle or shrieking sea-bird — and its people still preserving through the lapse of ages, the language and many of the distinguishing features of the early inhabitants of these isles,—are all deeply interesting to the observant mind, the antiquary, or the lover of nature. We may be in North Wales anon.—VIVYAN.

also migrates here in amazing numbers. Passing over a list of all the finest fish for the table which are met with on the coast of this or the adjoining county, we find amongst others, the following rare species: Whale, Porpoise, Grampus, Lophius Piscatorius, or *Sea Devil*, Dog Fish, Flying Fish, Sun Fish, several species of Sharks, Electric Ray, or Torpedo, Sturgeon, Needle Fish, or Sea Serpent, Anchovy, &c. We have observed large quantities of *Samphire* on the coast of Gower: it makes a delicious pickle.

† Penlline Castle is on the coast, near Cowbridge.

Notes of a Reader.

HOFER AND TYROLESE LIBERTY.

THE *Foreign Quarterly Review* has attained its 15th No. and has in its progress been one of the most attractive works in the whole range of periodical literature. We have often enriched our columns from its stores, which is perhaps the best proof we can give of our sense of their value and interest. The present No. contains papers on the Danish Drama, the Congress of Vienna, Lettish Popular Poetry, the Second Volume of Neibuhr's Roman History, a vividly drawn article on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, and other papers. Our selection is, however, from a Critical Sketch of the "*Heldenbuch*, the Book of Heroes of the War of Liberation from 1803 to 1815. By C. Niemeyer." The reviewer describes the extract as the suppression of the Tyrolese struggle for independence, "condensing the early part, and translating the narrative of Hofer's fate."

It will be recollected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age, a frank-hearted pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero.

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzig, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them

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in his little hat to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connexion with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest, Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's birth-day, the Tyrolese reentered their emancipated capital. The gratified Emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honour, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Ruska and Barbou, who, with their detachments, were endeavouring to force their way into the *Passeyer thal*. The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevitably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

Pater Donay of Schlanders, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confident, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch Imperial Chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Baraguay d'Hilliers despatched 1,500 foot, and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January, 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visiters were, said "I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct." The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part, and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed, "Yes, such I was." Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family was separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua.

At Mantua, Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of the Emperor Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldierly pride he refused to do either,

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saying, "I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand." He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begged him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, "Alas! my unhappy country!" He then boldly gave the word, "Fire." But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massacred by the French, as Palm had been before him.

* * * * *

The Emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen volunteer sharp shooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyer of his father and his country.

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

This is a valuable digest of useful knowledge for Gardeners. It is the result of forty years' labour, and enters into the *rationale* of Gardening, while most books on the subject "give plenty of rules of action, but very few reasons." We saw its merits a few days since despatched by a critic in four lines; but the importance of the work entitling it to a more attentive notice, we reserve it for our next number.

STILTON CHEESE

Acquired the title of Stilton from a place of that name in Huntingdonshire, where it was first publicly sold by retail; Mr. Marshal in his agricultural work, on the "Midland Counties," asserting that Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham, near Melton Mowbray, was the *first* person who manufactured this sort of cheese; but other dairy women lay claim to priority. It is however certain, that Mrs. P. being a relation, or intimate acquaintance, of the well-known Cooper Thornhill, who formerly kept the Bell Inn at Stilton, first supplied that house with a peculiar and novel sort of cheese, which having obtained much celebrity, was frequently retailed by the landlord at half a crown per lb. This cheese is sometimes called the English Parmesan, and is usually formed in square vats. The cheeses seldom weigh more than twelve pounds each, and they are sometimes moulded in nets, though this mode is not deemed so eligible as that of the vat. Considerable quantities of it are made on the farms about Melton Mowbray. The process of making this cheese was for some time kept a secret, though it is now pretty well known; but as it may be manufactured equally well in other dairies as in those of Leicestershire, the following receipt may not be unacceptable to those who wish to make the experiment.

"To the morning's new milk, add the skimmed cream of the preceding evening's milking, with a proper quantity of rennet. When the curd is come it is not to be broken in the usual way of making other cheese, but it should be taken out carefully, and placed in a sieve to drain gradually. As the whey drains off, the curd is to be gently pressed till it becomes firm and dry, and turned frequently.—After taken from the vats, it is still kept in the cloth till quite dry and firm, and afterwards repeatedly brushed. If the dairy-maid should not succeed in the first attempt, she ought not to be disheartened, for in a second or third trial she may be equally successful with an experienced maker." Great care is required in order to keep the cheese sweet and good till fit for use; the precise time of keeping is not defined, as some farmers conceive they are quite ripe in 12 months, while others contend that they ought not to be used under 18.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MR. ELLISTON.

There is infinitely more of "the hero" in the following anecdote than in any of the quaintnesses which have lately appeared:

Amidst a great deal of apparent frivolity, Elliston had a deep knowledge of human nature. A strange instance of this was related to me by a party concerned, and shows the singular tact of which he was master, to beguile a man into the most extravagant adventure, by exciting his feelings of curiosity and self-interest. A gentleman who has been long celebrated as a dramatic author, and who was also an intimate friend of Elliston, had at one time a

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situation of some responsibility at the Coburg Theatre. Repairing to his duties rather late one evening, he was walking quickly along the road, when a coach drove rapidly after him, and he heard a voice calling him to stop. On turning round he saw his friend Elliston with his head out of the coach window, and with great earnestness beckoning him to come—"Ah! my dear fellow," said Elliston, "you are the man I most desired to see; I was driving to the Coburg in quest of you—just step in here, and as we drive along I have something to communicate." "Then let it be brief," said the author, getting into the coach; "as they are waiting for me at the theatre." "It is better that they should wait for a time," said the other, "than that you should lose the advantage of what I am about to say." What is it?" inquired the first; "tell me in a few minutes." "A few minutes is not sufficient; what I have to say requires time and thought, and ——" "My good Sir," said the author, anxiously, "remember how I am situated. Tell me where I can meet you in an hour." I can only say," returned the other, "that I am going by the mail into the country; it is now nearly eight o'clock, and I have a secret proposal to make to you of the utmost consequence to both.—Now will you throw away the pearl at your foot or return?" The situation was embarrassing. Already the coach, having driven rapidly, had considerably widened the space from his duty. The proposal might be of importance. Perhaps some country management. "Proceed," said the author; "I must make what excuse I can on my return." Elliston immediately began some rambling desultory harangue, which, before any thing could be made out of it, was cut short by the coach stopping in Lombard-street close to a north country mail just then in the act of starting. "Just in time, Sir," said the guard, "couldn't wait the ghost of a minute."—"Good God!" said the author, "you will not be able to tell me after all."—"Yes, yes, I shall," said Elliston, getting into the mail; "jump in; we can put you down at the Angel, and you can take a coach—I'll pay for it——" "But the Coburg."—"I tell you, I'll make a man of you—curse the Coburg!"—"Now, Sir," said the guard. The visions of management danced before the author's eyes. "Curse the Coburg!" he echoed mechanically, and jumped in beside the manager. Every body knows in what an incredibly short space of time the mail travels from Lombard-street to the Angel at Islington. Before the author had well recovered his surprise, he found himself already there, and heard Elliston calling loudly for brandy and water. It was confoundedly hot, and before they could drink it, the mail was ready to travel.—"Well," said the author, "you have brought me into a pretty mess, and told me nothing after all—what on earth shall I do?"—"Nonsense," said the other; "I was just coming to the point when we arrived! but there is a coach-stand a little higher up, and by the time we arrive there you shall know all." In an unlucky hour did the poor author again commit himself to the road. "My dear friend," said Elliston, "give me but a minute or two to reflect; and throwing himself into a corner of the mail seemed to be wrapt in thought. There was no other passenger in the mail, and night was closing in unusually dark—what could this important proposal be? anxiously thought the author. He knew Elliston to be a great speculator—perhaps he had taken the Dublin Theatre, and had chosen him to superintend its management,—or the Liverpool, perhaps—travelling in a north country mail favoured the supposition; yet why all this deep reflection—Elliston gave a loud snore! "Good God!" cried the astounded author, "have I been fooled all this time?"—"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said Elliston, half awaking by the violence of his own exertion; "but the fact is—brandy and water—night—without sleep;" and relapsing into somnolency, he snored again. In despair, the author thrust his head out of the window to look for the coach-stand, but found himself rattling along the north road, and just then going through Highgate archway;—with a groan the unhappy man of letters threw himself back on the seat. "Make a man of you," muttered Elliston; "fortune favours—the brave.—Curse the Coburg."—snores. A drowsy sympathy came over the author; the brandy and water had its effect, and when he awoke it was to a supper at the Bull at Redburn, it being then about half-past eleven at night, and consequently too late to think of taking a coach for the Coburg. Not to render my story too long, their destination proved to be the Three Kings, or three somethings at Leicester; and now the important secret was to be divulged. The author was shown into a bed-room to adjust his toilet; having nothing, however, but the clothes he stood in, but little time was required for *that*. On descending

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he found Elliston seated at a well-filled breakfast table, prepared to explain all to his satisfaction. "Honesty, my dear friend," said the manager, "is a valuable quality to its possessor; but still more valuable to his friends." The author nodded assent. "Such a man I have been long seeking, and, I think, I have found one in yourself." The author bowed—the vision of Dublin theatre again presented itself, "Any thing, my dear friend," said he, complacently, "that honesty, or my little ability can compass, you may command me in——" "You delight me," exclaimed Elliston, half the difficulty is removed by the admission——" "You wish to place me in a situation of trust I presume?" said the author anxiously. "Precisely so," returned the other. "It *is* the Dublin," thought the author.—"But," continued Elliston, "I was half afraid you would consider it too trifling a game to have played so large a stake for." "It must be the Liverpool, after all," thought the author. "I can sacrifice a good deal for friendship," said he.—"My kind, generous friend," exclaimed Elliston, "you bind me to you for ever, —know then,—that to-morrow night is my benefit at this theatre, and as I know they will cheat me, I have brought you here to *take my money at the door!*" I will pass over the scene of astonishment and disappointment on the one side, and of excuse and promise on the other, —suffice it to say, the author agreed to the proposal, determining, in his own mind, however, to turn the tables on the cajoler. In the mean time Elliston took him round to different shops, with all of whom the manager appeared to have an account, and fitted him out, with some things he actually wanted. The author found that his friend the manager had pursued his usual plan, and obtained a place in the recollection of many worthy men with whom he had dealings, by obtaining a place in the easiest filled side of their books. — Even the very fiddlers were looking to the result of the benefit with anxiety.

The eventful evening arrived. A comedy, then popular, was announced. Elliston had been at the theatre during the day to superintend the arrangements which were then completed. About an hour before the performance, when the man of letters was about to descend from his pegasus, to occupy the humble post of money-taker, Elliston burst into the room, anxiety portrayed in his countenance. "My dear friend," said he, "you have done much to serve me; I have one thing more to ask you; it will then crown the obligation." —"What is it?"—"You know we play ——'s piece to-night; the man who plays Scamp is no where to be found—not a soul will undertake it. Now, my dear friend, if you have any regard for me —will you?" —"Good Heavens; Mr. Elliston, are you mad? I never *was* on the stage, nor could I ever recite a syllable in my life."—"No matter," said the manager, "look over the part and trust to me."—"Impossible!" ejaculated the author.—"Then I'm a ruined man!" rejoined the manager, clasping his hands together.—"As I have gone so far," returned the good-natured dramatist, seeing his distress.—"Only try," said the other, energetically. —"There's nothing in it, believe me. Trust to me and the prompter. Here, waiter, bring brandy and water." The author was not proof against such an attack. As the brandy and water diminished, his courage increased, and it was agreed, as it was expected the house would be full before the curtain drew up, that the author, after securing the money, should make his first appearance as Scamp.

Shortly after opening the doors the house was crammed; and at his proper place in the drama our new aspirant to theatrical fame, having been puffed off as a gentleman from London, made his appearance amidst an enthusiastic welcome. It must be observed that both master and servant had imbibed a sufficient quantity of brandy and water to make them quite independent of audience, or, in fact, of any thing else but the object for which they came. The following extraordinary dialogue ensued—"Well, Scamp," said his master (Elliston), "so, after all the years we have been together, you will leave me at last—(aside)—I say, you rogue, how much money have you got?

Scamp.—"Yes, Sir, I can submit to your temper no longer—I have got sixty good pounds in my pocket."

Master.—"Sixty pounds you say; hand them to me good Scamp."

Scamp.—"Harkye, Sir John. For many years have you promised me my wages, but the devil a penny could I get. Have you not likewise trepanned me from a comfortable place to starve in your service? I have now got the money, and I intend to keep it, Sir John"—suiting the action to the word by slapping his pocket, where the noise of the coin was distinctly audible. Some of the audience, who knew the play were in amaze, others thought it capital

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acting. An appalling fact, however, glanced on the manager's mind. He knew there was a considerable balance due to the author, but this method of payment he was unprepared for.

Master.—"What, would you ruin your generous master, after all he has done for you?" (showing considerable agitation.)

Scamp.—"My generous master has ruined me, and the least he can do is to pay me what he owes me. Farewell, Sir—I have a conveyance near to take me back to town."

Master.—"Nay, then, if that's the game, here's after you;"—and before the author could make his exit he felt the manager's hand on his collar with such an impetus, that, aided by the potation, down they both tumbled, and literally rolled together on the stage. The pockets of the author, charged as they were with gold and silver, and all unused to such a freight, gave way under the shock, and the glittering coin scattered itself liberally about the stage. The fiddlers' eyes glistened at the sight, and, unable to resist the temptation of paying their own arrears, they scooped the stray half-crowns into the orchestra with their bows, while some jumped on the stage, and began to collect the spoil. In the pit there happened to be a number of worthy tradesmen and others, having bills unpaid, who, seeing how matters went, and dreading the result, hastily followed the example of the fiddlers, and in another instant the stage became a bear-garden, each intent on himself, swearing, and fighting, and scrambling, like so many Eton-boys, or—devils. The independent part of the house were shrieking with laughter—the original combatants, lying on the stage, panting with their exertion, were hustled about and trampled by the creditors—while, to crown the scene, amidst the babel-like confusion, some wags extinguished the lights, and let fall the curtain!—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FIGHTING ELEPHANTS.

(*From the Menageries*, vol. ii. *or Part 22 of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge*)

We quote a picturesque passage with pleasure from this successful work, illustrating the ancient mode of employing the Elephant in war. The extract relates to a battle between the emperor Baber and Timour or Tamerlane:—

The army of Timour still shrunk from an encounter with the strange terror of the elephants. When he placed his troops in the plain before Delhi, it was necessary to allay their fears by extraordinary precautions. He surrounded the camp with an enormous ditch and a rampart of bucklers; and buffaloes were tied together, round the rampart, by the neck and feet, with brambles upon their heads, to be set on fire when the elephants approached. The sultan Mamood sallied forth from his castle to give the invader battle (A.D. 1399). His force consisted of ten thousand horse, forty thousand foot, and elephants armed with cuirasses, and poisoned daggers upon their tusks. In the wooden towers upon their backs, in the form of bastions, were cross-bowmen and archers, who could fight under cover. On the side of the elephants were flingers of fire and melted pitch, and rockets shod with iron. Such is the description of Sherefeddin, who composed, in Persian, the history of Timour, from his original journals. The dread of this array in the army of the invader was extreme. The soldiers, says the historian, feared the elephants might fling them into the air; the learned doctors wished to be placed near where the ladies were. Neither bravery nor knowledge could give confidence in that hour of alarm. Upon the elephants' backs were carried kettle-drums of brass; and these, united to the din of cymbals and bells and trumpets, dismayed even the most dauntless. Timour fell upon the earth in prayer: he that a month before had murdered a hundred thousand captives in cold blood, besought God to give him the victory. The conqueror prayed in the same spirit of fanaticism with which, five years after, he made a declaration to his emirs in these remarkable words: "As my vast conquests have caused the destruction of a great number of God's creatures, I have resolved to atone for the crimes of my past life, by exterminating the infidels of China!" In the battle of Delhi the fortune of the Mongol did not forsake him. The elephants of the Sultan threw his own left wing into disorder; the right was repulsed; and Timour himself led his troops against the centre. The elephants fled before the sabres of his horsemen. The expert swordsmen aimed at the trunks of the terrified animals, and many of them

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were strewed over the field with the slain. The alarm which the supposed invincibility of the elephants had produced was dissipated for ever. Timour's grandson, only fifteen years of age, wounded an elephant; the men upon his back were overthrown; and the boy drove the animal before him into his grandfather's camp. The next day the invader sat on the throne of the Indian monarch, and received the homages of his new subjects. Twelve rhinoceroses and a hundred and twenty elephants were paraded before him; and the well-trained flatterers of despotism, certainly not possessing the discrimination which Cassiodorus assigns to the species, that they honour good princes, tyrants never, placed themselves in a humble posture, and made a cry as if demanding quarter. They were more fortunate in their intreaties for mercy than the wretched inhabitants of the city. The elephants were transmitted as presents to the Persian provinces: the people were plundered by the soldiery and massacred at their pleasure; while the Emirs thought it a pious duty to "send to the abyss of hell the souls of these infidels."*

Although Timour had resisted the terror of the elephants, he was not unwilling to avail himself of this instrument of war, to spread alarm amongst those to whom it was a new danger, as a few months before it had been to him. In his letter to Bajazet, written after his conquest of India, he says, metaphorically, "Thou art no more than a pismire, why wilt thou seek to provoke the elephants? Alas! they will trample thee under their feet."† In less than two years the conqueror of Hindostan was in Syria. In the battle before Aleppo, the main body of his army was covered with a rank of elephants, to serve as a rampart. Their towers were filled with archers and flingers of Greek fire. The triumph of the elephants in this fight was a signal contrast to their defeat at Delhi. They coiled up their trunks like serpents, to avoid the sabres of the Mamelukes; they rushed upon the main body of the Syrians, trampling them under their feet, and throwing their bodies on high with their trunks.‡ In the battle of Angora, which decided the fate of Bajazet, "the conqueror of Hindostan ostentatiously showed a line of elephants, the trophies, rather than the instruments of victory."§

A few judicious observations sum up the volume, and explain the importance of its being exclusively devoted to the economy and history of this stupendous quadruped:—

We have thus traced the history of the Elephant, as he is seen in our modern menageries,—as he is found in India and Africa in a state of nature,—as he is subjected by art to the dominion of man in the one country, or hunted to the death in the other,—as he is trained in the East for domestic use, for exhibitions of cruelty, or for purposes of pageantry,—or as he is still used in the wars of modern Asia. We have exhibited him, too, as he was formerly found in the tremendous conflicts of the Mongol conquerors,—as he was employed in warfare by Alexander and his successors, by the kings of Egypt and Syria, and by the Romans and Carthaginians. We have shown him, also, administering to the brutal sports of ancient luxury, or supplying the material for the most splendid exercise of ancient art. Lastly, we have traced him through ages in which man had no control over his actions, and in which he probably was at the head of the existing animal world, as much by his physical power as by his sagacity. It is not the least singular part of this history, spreading over so large a period of human action, and connected with a time antecedent to man's existence, or at least his existence surrounded with the power of society, that the quadruped which appears thus to have been the first altogether in might, of the fossil races, and which still preserves this supremacy in a state of nature, should of all animals be most exposed to the destructive strength of social man. As civilization advances we find the physical force of the elephant less and less in request. In war, he has been superseded by cannon; in commerce, by steam engines. As long as ivory is desired in the arts, he will be encouraged to a certain extent in the uncultivated parts of Asia and Africa. But it is probable that, in a long future career of civilization during which man may subject the whole world to the dominion of reason, the cost of maintaining the elephant in woods and pastures may be balanced against his comparatively small benefit to society; —and then (and it is not difficult to imagine such a period of complete civilization) the race will altogether perish, and the elephant will be known to distant generations only as the mastodon and the megatherium are recognised—by a few skeletons, put together by science, out of bones scattered up and down the earth.

The prints in this Part consist chiefly

* Sherefeddin. † Gibbon, chap. lxv.
‡ Sherefeddin. § Gibbon, chap. lxv.

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of medals, triumphs, and other historical illustrations, which have been selected with due regard to authenticity and popular gratification.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CORONATION WITHOUT A CROWN.

HENRY III., son of King John, was *crowned* at Gloucester, 28th October, 1216. Historians tell us (Paris and Rymer) that a *plain circle* was used on this occasion in lieu of the Crown, which had been lost with the other jewels and baggage of King John, in passing the Marshes of Lynn, or the Wash near Wisbech. P. T. W.

NAIVETE.

NOTRE Curé crie, et s'emporte :
Il me défend d'aimer Lubin,
Mais, il me dit d'aimer mon *prochain*,
Et Lubin demeure à ma porte !

Imitated.

Our Curate fir'd with holy zeal,
Condemns my loving Lubin dear,
Yet, says I, *neighb'rly* love should feel,
And Lubin *lives so very near*.
T. R. P.

MRS. SIDDONS.

IN Theophilus Jones's *History of Brecknock*, he says, "In this street, (the High-street, Brecknock,) at a public-house, the Shoulder of Mutton, was born Mrs. Siddons. I know not whether I may or may not, without offence, state her age ; but presuming that there is no impropriety in my insertion of the copy of the register of her baptism, I take the liberty of stating that it was on the 14th of July, 1755, though her father is therein erroneously called George Kemble, a comedian, instead of Roger Kemble. I am informed that Hereford has been considered as the place of her birth, but the fact is beyond controversy otherwise, as might have been proved a very few years ago, by a woman now dead, who was present at Mrs. S.'s birth, and perhaps even now it may not be difficult to establish the circumstance if necessary." P. T. W.

THE JEWS.

PERHAPS the following concise reflection of that brilliant writer, Maréchal Prince de Ligne, in his admirable *Memoire sur les Juifs*, may not be unacceptable :—
"Je conçois très bien l'origine de l'horreur qu' inspirent les Juifs ; mais il est bien tems que cela finisse. Une colère de dix-huit cents ans me paroît avoir duré assez long tems."

ROYAL PHYSICIANS.

CHAMBERLAYNE, in his *Angliæ Notitia*, says, "For the precious regard of the person of the king, by an ancient record it is declared that no physic ought to be administered to him without good warrant, this warrant to be signed by the advice of his council ; no other physicians but what are mentioned in the warrant are to administer to him ; the physicians to prepare all things with their own hands, and not by the hands of any apothecary ; and to use the assistance only of such chirurgeons as are prescribed in the warrant."
W. G. C.

CORONATION OATH TAKEN BY ETHELRED II. AT KINGSTON, 978.

"IN the name of the Most Holy Trinity, I promise ; First, that the Church of God, and all Christian people, shall enjoy true peace under my government ; secondly, that I will prohibit all manner of rapine and injustice to men of every condition ; thirdly, that in all judgments, I will cause equity to be united with mercy, that the most clement God may, through his eternal mercy, forgive us all. Amen."
P. T. W.

SINGULAR ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

THE Roman Emperor, C. Julius Æmilianus, was a Moorish slave.

Aurelian, the Emperor of Rome, was the son of a poor peasant.

Pope Alexander the Fifth was a common beggar in the Isle of Candia.

Pope Adrian the Fourth was a poor English monk.

TRADE AGAINST LAND.

WHEN the late Mr. Whitbread's father first opposed the Duke of Bedford's interest at Bedford, the duke informed him, that he would spend £50,000. rather than he should *come in*. Whitbread, with true English spirit, replied, that was nothing ; the sale of his grains would pay for that.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 506.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1831. [Price 2d.

CORONATION REGALIA.

ORB, EAGLE, SPOON, RINGS, SCEPTRES, AND SWORDS.

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CORONATIONS.

REGALIA.

(On the annexed page.)

1. The Orb.
2. Ampulla, or Golden Eagle.
3. Anointing Spoon.
4. St. Edward's Staff, 55½ inches long.
5. King's Sceptre, with the Cross, 36½ inches long.
6. ——— with the Dove, 43 inches long.
7. Sword of Justice (Spiritual, blade 40 inches long.
8. Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, 32 inches long.
9. Sword of Justice (Temporal) 40 inches long.
10. Queen's Sceptre, 34 inches long.
11. ——— Ivory Rod, 37½ inches long.
12. King's Coronation Ring.
13. Queen's Coronation Ring.

THE above are nearly all the *Regalia* used in English Coronations. The *Spurs* and *Bracelets*, and the Crowns and Circlet are too familiar for this place. Our particulars are anecdotical as well as descriptive, and will, we trust, be an amusing introduction to our account of the approaching CORONATION.

1. THE ORB.

The ORB, or MOUND (Fr. *monde*), is an emblem of sovereignty, said to be derived from imperial Rome; and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity. It first appears among the royal insignia of England on the coins of Edward the Confessor; but Mr. Strutt authenticates a picture of Edgar, "made in the year 996," which represents that prince kneeling between two saints, who bear severally his sceptre and a globe surmounted by a cross.* This part of the regalia being inductive of supreme political power, has never been placed in the hands of any but kings or queens *regnant*. In the anomalous case of the coronation of William and Mary as joint sovereigns — the "other world," that Alexander wept for, was created; and the spare orb is still to be seen amongst the royal jewels of England!

This Orb is a ball of gold 6 inches in diameter, with a band of gold set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. On the top is a large amethyst, which serves as a foot or pedestal of a rich cross of gold set with diamonds, and in the centre, on one side, a sapphire, and emerald on the other; 4 large pearls in the angles of the cross, and three large pearls at each end; the height of the Orb and Cross being 11 inches.

2. THE AMPULLA, OR GOLDEN EAGLE.

The Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, and the "holy oil" which is poured from it, are connected, like the royal chair, with some of the miracles that no one now believes, and with some interesting historical facts.

Amongst the honours bestowed by the Virgin on St. Thomas à Becket (according to a MS. in the Cotton Library), he received from our Lady's own hand, at Sens, in France, a golden eagle, and a small phial of stone or glass, containing an unction, on whose virtues she largely expatiated. Being then in banishment, he was directed to give them in charge to a monk of Poictiers, who hid them in St. Gregory's church at that place, where they were discovered in the reign of Edward III., with a written account of the vision; and, being delivered to the Black Prince, were deposited safely in the Tower. Henry IV. is said to be the first prince anointed with these vessels.

"Holy oil" still retains its use, if not its virtue, in our coronations. The king was formerly anointed on the head, the bowings of the arms, on both shoulders, and between the shoulders, on the breast, and on the hands; but the ceremonials of the last two coronations only prescribe the anointing of the head, breast, and hands. In these, too, nothing is said of the "consecration" of the oil, which seems anciently to have been performed on the morning of the coronation.†

Historically, the custom of anointing kings is to be traced to the times of the Jewish judges; the consecration of one of whose descendants, Abimelech, may be considered to connect the subject with the earliest and one of the most beautiful fables of the East—that of the trees going forth to anoint a king.‡ Selden regards this fable as a proof "that anointing of kings was of known use in the eldest times," and "that solemnly to declare one to be a king, and to anoint a king, in the Eastern parts, were but synonymies."§ The elegant allusion to the olive tree, "honouring both God and man" with its "*fatness*" or oil, should not escape us, as corroborating this conjecture. This poem is dated by the learned antiquary "about 200 years before the beginning of the [Jewish] kingdom in Saul."

We have several instances in Scripture of the inauguration of the Jewish kings by anointing, and of its being performed at the express command of God ‖—a circumstance which was held to communicate an official sanctity to their persons, their attire, &c. The noble David twice spares the life of his bit-

* Strutt's Hopda Angel-cynnan, v ii.

† Sandford does not omit to notice, that the Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Prebendaries, duly performed this office for the Coronation of James II., "early in the morning."

‡ Vide Judges, chap. ix.

§ Titles of Honour, p. i. chap. 8.

‖ 1 Sam. x. 10; xvi. 1; 1 Kings, xiv. 15, &c.

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terest enemy, Saul, upon this ground.—"Jehovah shall smite him," he says; "or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into the battle and perish"—"Who can stretch forth his hand against Jehovah's anointed, and be guiltless?"* —and he finely alludes to the general reverence of his country for these appointments, when he exclaims, in his memorable ode over his fallen rival, "The shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though it had not been anointed with oil!"

With the spread of Christianity, or rather of the papal domination, over the kingdoms of western Europe, came the adoption of this rite into the coronation ceremonies of its princes. It at once increased the influence of the church, and surrounded the monarch with a popular veneration. The three distinct anointings yet retained (*i. e.* on the head, breast, and hands or arms), were said by Becket to indicate glory, holiness, and fortitude: another prelate, one of the greatest scholars of his age, assured our Henry III.; that as all former sins were washed away in baptism, "so also by this unction."†

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an ANOINTED king,"

Richard II. is made to say, by Shakspeare, on the invasion of Bolingbroke. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to Marmion, speaks of a singular ancient consecration of the kings of arms in Scotland, who seem to have had a regular coronation down to the middle of the sixteenth century,—only that they were anointed with *wine* instead of oil.‡

The Eagle is of pure gold, finely chased; the head screws off at the middle of the neck for putting in the oil, and the neck being hollow to the beak, the oil is poured through the point of the beak. The weight of the whole is about 8 or 10 ounces, and the cavity will contain about 6 ounces of oil.

3. THE ANOINTING SPOON

Is also of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest place of the handle, and the bowl of the spoon is finely chased within and without; by its extreme thinness it appears to be very ancient.

4. ST. EDWARD'S STAFF.

The Sceptre is a more ancient symbol of royalty than the crown. Homer speaks of "sceptred kings"—σκηπτουχοι βασιλῆες; and the book of Genesis, "of far elder memory," of a sceptre, as denoting a king or supreme governor.§ There is a very early form of delivering this ensign of authority preserved in the Saxon coronation services; and the coins and seals of succeeding reigns usually place it in the hand of our monarchs. Very anciently, too, our kings received at their coronations a sceptre for the right hand, surmounted by a *cross*; and for the left, sometimes called the verge, one that terminated in a globe, surmounted by a *dove*. The two great symbols of the Christian religion are thus professedly embraced; but the monarch never appears with two sceptres except on this occasion.

St. Edward's Staff is of gold, with a pike or foot of steel, and a gold mound and cross at the top. In diameter it is about three-quarters of an inch.

Whether St. Edward's Staff is so called from any of the pilgrimages of that Confessor—from its being designed to remind our monarchs of their being but pilgrims on earth—or simply from its being offered with the other regalia at that monarch's shrine, on the coronation of our kings, we have not the means of determining.

5. KING'S SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS,

Of gold, and embellished similarly to the preceding; 5½ inches above the handle being curiously embossed and set with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and the top with leaves, from which rises a mound made of an amethyst garnished with diamonds, and a cross with a large table diamond in the centre.

6. KING'S SCEPTRE WITH THE DOVE,

Of gold, is 3 inches in circumference at the handle, and 2¾ inches at the top; and set with diamonds and precious stones. Upon the mound is a small Jerusalem cross, whereon is a dove, with wings expanded, as the emblem of mercy.

7, 8, and 9. SWORDS.

The Royal Swords are named *Curtana*, or the Sword of Mercy; the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality; the Sword of Justice to the Temporality; and the Sword of State. Of these the last alone is actually used in the coronation, being that with which the king is girded after his anointing; the rest are only carried before him by certain great officers. But Curtana has been honoured with a proper name since the reign of Henry III., at whose coronation it was carried by the Earl of Chester.‖ It is a flat sword, without a

* 1 Sam. xxvi. 9, 10.
† Selden's Titles.
‡ Marmion, 8vo. Note, p 456.
§ Gen. xlix. 10.
‖ "Comite Cestriæ gladium S. Edwardi, qui *Curtein* dicetur, ante regem bagulante," &c

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point; looking to which circumstance, and to its being also entitled the Sword of Mercy, some etymologists have traced it to the Latin *curto*, to cut short; while other writers, among whom is the learned Mr. Taylor, would transfer our researches to the scenes of ancient chivalry, and the exploits of Oger the Dane, or Orlando, as affording the title to this appendage of the monarchy. "The sword of Tristan," says this writer, "is found (ubi lapsus!) among the regalia of king John; and that of Charlemagne, *Joyeuse*, was preserved to grace the coronations of the kings of France. The adoption of these titles was, indeed, perfectly consonant with the taste and feeling of those ages, in which the gests of chivalry were the favourite theme of oral and historical celebration; and when the names of *Durlindana*, of *Curtein*, or *Escalibere*, would nerve the warrior's arm with a new and nobler energy." *

The Sword of Justice to the Spirituality is *obtuse*, that of Justice to the Temporality *sharp* at the point. "Henry VIII.," says a writer in a respectable periodical publication, "seems to have exercised his taste in endeavouring to abolish this discrepancy."

10. QUEEN'S SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS,

Of gold, with a mound and cross issuing from the rose, shamrock, and thistle, like the King's.

11. QUEEN'S IVORY ROD.

With pommel and garniture of gold, and the dove and cross on the top enamelled with white; from an inch and a half to two inches in circumference.

12. and 13. RINGS.

WE may observe in the book of Genesis we read of Pharaoh's ring being given by him to Joseph, as a method of investing him with power: and thus the Persian monarch Ahasuerus transferred his authority to Haman and to Mordecai. † What is added in the Scripture narration of one of these latter cases will illustrate the significancy of this mode of investiture. "Then were the king's scribes called, on the thirteenth day of the first month; and there was written according to all that Haman commanded unto the king's lieutenants, and to the governors that were over every province—to every people after their language; in the name of king Ahasuerus was it written, and *sealed* with the king's ring."

Of the golden ring with which our kings are invested, as "the ensign of royal dignity, and of defence of the catholic faith." there is yet another miracle of the coronation to relate. A certain "fayre old man" having asked alms of St. Edward the Confessor, he had nothing at hand to bestow upon him but his ring. Shortly after, two English pilgrims lost their way in the Holy Land, when "there came to them a fayre ancient man, wyth whyte heer for age. Thenne the olde man axed theym what they were, and of what regyon. And they answerde that they were pylgrims of England, and hadde lost theyr fellyshyp and way also. Thenne thys olde man comforted theym goodly, and brought theym in to a fayre cytee; and whanne they had well refreshed theyms, and rested there alle nyhte, on the morne, this fayre olde man went with theym, and brought theym in the ryghte waye agayne. And he was gladde to here theym talke of the welfare and holynesse of theyr kynge Saynt Edward. And whan he shold depart fro theym, thenne he tolde theym what he was, and sayd, 'I am JOHAN THE EVANGELYST; and saye ye vnto Edward your kyng, that I grete him well by the token that he gaff to me, thys *rynge*, with his one handes.'" ‡

By the exact mode that we have quoted from Scripture, do we find Offa, king of the East Angles, appointing Edmund as his successor; and with the ring, it is noticed, with which he had been invested at his own promotion to the royal dignity. §

On the detention of James II. by the fishermen of Sheerness, in his first attempt at escape from this country, in 1688, it is particularly noticed in his Memoirs, "The king kept the diamond bodkin which he had of the queen's, and the *coronation ring*, which for more security he put into his drawers." The captain, it appeared, was well acquainted with the dispositions of his crew; (one of whom "cried out, 'It is father Petre—I know him by his lantern jaws;' a second called him an 'old hatchet-faced Jesuit;' and a third, 'a cunning old rogue, he would warrant him!') for, some time after he was gone, and probably by his order, several seamen entered the king's cabin, saying they must search him and the gentlemen, believing they had not given up all their money. The king and his companions told them that they were at liberty to do so, thinking that their readiness would induce them not to persist; but they were

* Glory of Regality, p. 73, 4.
† Esther, iii. 10, and viii. 2.
‡ Golden Legende (Julyan Notary, 1503.)
§ Battley's Antiq. St. Edm. Burgi, p. 119.

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mistaken; the sailors began their search with a roughness and rudeness which proved they were accustomed to the employment: at last, one of them, feeling about the king's knee, got hold of the diamond bodkin, and cried out, with the usual oath, he had found a prize, but the king boldly declared he was mistaken. He had, indeed, scissors, a tooth-pick case, and little keys in his pocket, and what he felt was undoubtedly one of those articles. The man still seemed incredulous, and rudely thrust his hand into the king's pocket; but in his haste he lost hold of the diamond bodkin, and finding the things the king mentioned, remained satisfied it was so: by this means the bodkin and ring were preserved."* Whatever may be our opinion of the conduct of the monarch, we cannot follow him into these scenes without compassion for the *exile*, whose family seems to have been born to demonstrate how much of our pity unfortunate princes may claim, apart from their personal worth.

This is said to have been originally a favourite ring of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary queen of Scots; to have been sent by her, at her death, to James I.; through whom it came into the possession of our Charles I., and on *his* execution, was transmitted by bishop Juxon to his son. It lately came into the possession of George III., through the channels by which he obtained all the remaining papers of the house of Stuart.

Richard II. resigned the crown to Henry IV. by transferring to him his ring. A paper was put into Richard's hands, from which he read an acknowledgment of being incapable of the royal office, and worthy, from his past conduct, to be deposed; that he freely absolved his subjects from their allegiance, and swore by the Holy Gospels never to act in opposition to his surrender: adding, that if it were left wholly to him to name the future monarch, it should be Henry of Lancaster, to whom he then gave his ring.†

The *King's Ring* is of plain gold, with a large table ruby violet, whereon a plain cross, or cross of St. George is curiously enchased.

The *Queen's Ring* is likewise of gold, with a large table ruby, and 16 small rubies round the ring.

The SPURS are a very ancient emblem of knighthood; in later coronations, the abundance of ceremonies has only allowed time for the king's heel to be touched with them. At the battle of Crecy, when Edward III. was requested to send reinforcements to his son, his reply was: "No; tell Warwick he shall have no assistance. Let the boy win his spurs."‡

We have not space to describe the Coronation *Habits*, as mantles, surcoats, armil, buskins, sandals, &c. although their splendour entitles them to special mention.

* Memoirs of James II, ed. by Clarke, 2 vols. 4to.

† Rot. Parl. iii. 417.

‡ Lingard's Hist. England, iii. p. 51.

VALE OF TEMPE IN THESSALY.

IN No. 486 of *The Mirror* is a paragraph purporting to be Dr. Clarke's description of this far-famed vale, and it really is astonishing how he could write in such a style. He says, "the boasted vale of Tempe is a defile—like a crack in a great wall, at the bottom of which is a river—the sides lofty, craggy and perpendicular," and he "could not tell why the ancients made such a fuss about it," &c. &c. &c. If the style of reasoning of this "learned Theban" were to hold good, the most beautiful scenes in nature might be "knocked down" in a similar way. For instance; the Lakes of Killarney are only pieces of water, with some rocks and wood—The Giants' Causeway, or Isle of Staffa, a collection of scattered cliffs and parallel stones—the sublime scenery of the Lands-end district, huge, misshapen masses of rock—Ben Lomond, or Snowdon, hills, &c. &c. We have not Clarke's Travels at hand, but a description of Tempe in the valuable pages of the "Modern Traveller," part of which is from Dr. Clarke's own pen, gives a delightful and very different idea of its effect. As we have recently described, it bears a strong resemblance to the splendid scenery on the Avon near Clifton. Referring to the *Modern Traveller*, we find that the river Peneus occupies the whole of the valley from side to side, with the exception only of the narrow pass afforded by the old paved causeway of the military way, which extends along the right bank of the river. Fragments of the Atracian marble appeared in different parts of this pavement; to afford space for it even the solid rocks were cut away from the side of the Peneus. Here the scenery possesses the utmost grandeur. The precipices consist of naked perpendicular rocks, rising to a prodigious height, so that the spectator can scarcely behold them from below without giddi-

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ness., Livy's description, therefore, in addition to its intrinsic grandeur, has all the majesty of truth. The various beautiful colours which adorn these rocks can only be expressed by painting..... Upon their utmost peaks both to the right and left we saw the ruins of an ancient fortress, once the bulwark of the defile, whose walls were made to traverse the precipices in a surprising manner quite to the road. Dr. Holland says where the surface rendera it possible, the summits and ledges of the rocks are for the most part covered with small wood, chiefly oak, with the arbutus and other shrubs. On the banks of the river, wherever there is a small interval between the water and the cliffs, it is covered with the rich and widely spreading foliage of the plane, the oak, and other forest trees, which are covered with ivy and in these situations have attained a remarkable size and in various places extend their shade far over the channel of the stream. This brings to mind the beautiful and accurate description of Ælian. The length of the defile, taken in its whole extent from the Pierian to the Pelasgic plain, is reckoned an hour's distance "to a horse walking moderately fast;" which corresponds to Pliny's statement of five Roman miles. "Owing to some tremendous convulsion of nature it is supposed that Olympus and Ossa have been separated from each other by the formation of this vast cleft, at the bottom of which the Peneus obtains its outlet to the sea." Surely the paragraph which occasioned this notice could not have been taken from the work of that distinguished traveller, Clarke. VYVYAN.

THOUGHTS OF THE MOMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is a change in every thing that bears
The mortal impress of immortal power;
The hustling elements and temperatures
Are ever putting off their old apparel,
And moving through the atmosphere of heaven
With varying forms and new phenomena,
Through every season, every passing moment.
The seas of mighty waters ebb and flow,
The moral oceans have their falls and risings,
And every thing on earth experiences
A tide of evil or a tide of good.
But I experience no delightful change
Of seasons in my years of misery,
No sweet variety of night and day
To cast a cherishing delusion
Upon the melancholy waste of life;—
But one monotony of woes and sorrows,
A dismal sameness of adversity
For ever lowering in the murky welkin
That shrouds the stormy winter of my fate!

A thousand years of luck may slip the fingers
Of that eternal All who sits supreme
Upon the boundless circle of infinitude,
And stretches forth his hand o'er all his works,
Till the deep centre of the universe
Apportioning the lot of good or evil
To every thing that wears the face of being;—
A thousand years of luck may slip the fingers
Of that eternal All—and fall to hell
From the vast horologue of eternity,
Like a small drop of time to tinge the doom
Of everlasting bondage and damnation;
But ah! to me——
The morning star of hope once beamed upon me,
And told propitiously—how soon my skies
Would spangle o'er with pearls of glowing day,
Gilding the bright horizon of my fate
With all the splendour of a prosperous life.
'Twas but a tale of flattering delusions,
The harbinger of other tales
That soon would disembogue their swollen tides
Of melancholy sorrows in my soul,
And make my very self an ocean vast—
Eddying and ever eddying in my grief,
And in the turmoil of my maddened feelings
Lashing my boisterous billows on the rocks
Of deep despair, and boiling in my anguish
For things that are—and things that are to come!

"The higher grows the tree, the more exposed
It is to storms and tempests;"—thus the higher
Imagination leads us in our projects,
The more we are exposed to whims and fancies;
And every wild vagary passing o'er us,
Hard threatens to uproot us, or to tear
Our bright ideas of philosophy,
Knowledge of arts, and learning from us,
And thus to leave us prostrate and despoiled,
The barren skeletons of what we were,
And dead to hope that we should bud again
In speculations branching as before.
The simple clown, the child, the simple idiot,
Can give a reason for each simple thing,
It is—because it is so. And what more
Can all the boast of science say than this!
Things are—because they are so. Tell me, then,
O tell me, Jorvan, why have I tormented
My sleepless nights in weary incubrations,
And racked my days in never ceasing toil!
O why have I pursued the airy bubbles
That men call Arts and Sciences,—such things
As only make me more and more convinced
That I am but a fool with all my learning!
The more I know, the more I feel my ignorance;
And think'st thou, Jorvan, that my body needs
One morsel less of food because I know
Some little more of languages and nonsense
Than other dunces of my kind and quality!

Thus goes the world, and thus the world is right:
I am the simpleton, that I have wasted
A moment's thought upon the dreams of knowledge,
The empty speculations of philosophy.
And things befitting in the land of spirits,
But ill befitting in the land of flesh.
This is a world of business;—the practician
Who knows his trade, is he who knows to live.
The giddy theorist who strains his intellect
To comprehend the mystic reasons
Of things that are, he knows not why or wherefore,—
He dreams himself superior to the plodders

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Who drudge away their lives mechanically,
And think of naught but how to eat and drink,
Until at length they die unknown, forgotten.
They eat and drink, and have their full of every thing,
And die contented;—*he* has but the pittance
Of poverty to feed, and clothe himself,
And dies at last forgotten like the rest.
Could I again retrace the steps of time,
And re-commence existence, I would join
The common throng of humble industry,
Who share a plenteous though a simple board.
What are my gains that I have climbed the steeps
Of high Parnassus, and have often laved
My gaudy pinions in the streams of Castaly,
And eaten the sweet Manna,—
The luscious nectar of poetic fancy,
And proudly thought myself to be
A well-fledged bird to wing the flights of fame!

Thus time is murdered, and the moments fly
Quick as the rapid glancing of a meteor.
We think of these and those, and other trifles,
Each of us buried in his own affairs;
Forgetting that *the past* is past for ever,
The present all our own—and that a twinkling—
The future all involved in mystery,
Surpassing the vast aggregate of intellects
From Adam to the latest child of man
Its intricate arcana to unfold,
And set its strange events before our view
In panoramic prospect.

Birth is a bubble, life is nothing more,
And death brings in the peroration
Of all the proudest histories of mortals.
Learned or ignorant; we are but fools,
And fools to perish like the feeblest reptiles,
Or most ephemeral butterflies that dance
Their fleeting periods of existence
Upon the sunbeams of a summer's day.
Why then should I bewail my dismal fortune,
And long for objects which are not to be,
And if they were to be, could scarcely purchase
One poor ingredient more of what are called
The comforts and the luxuries of life!
Away with hope, away with gaunt despair,
Away with every thought that makes me seem
A thing that I am not—*a true reality;*
And let me wear the figure and appearance
Of what I am in sooth—*an empty phantom;*
Let hunger gnaw my very bowels,
And other wants assail me, till the looks
Of haggard death are planted on my forehead,
For all these horrors I shall still remain
The thing I am sooth—*an empty phantom!*
Let heaven be barred, and let perdition yawn,
And let me stand upon the verge of ruin,
Suspended on the tenure of a thread,
For all these frightful and appalling visions,
Pregnant with most portentous consequences,
The wrath of God and torments of damnation,
For all these boding fears I shall remain
The thing I am in sooth—*an empty phantom!*
Whate'er is bounded by the narrow circle
Of shadowy time, is but a shadowy phantom.
When I have vanished into dim eternity,
There I shall learn, perhaps, my state and being,
And feel that I exist—*a dread reality.*

GOSCHWY.

Notes of a Reader.

BRITISH ART.

PART X of *Knowledge for the People* is appropriated to the most important *Arts and Manufactures* of Great Britain: as the *Why and Because* of Weights and Measures—Money—Working Metals—Iron Manufacture—Zinc—Tin—Lead—Antimony—Copper—Cobalt—Bismuth—Silver—Gold—Platinum—Glass-making—Pottery—Linen, Cotton, Woollen, and Silk manufactures. These describe some of the most interesting processes in what are termed the Metallic Arts and the Arts of Life and Society, in general. It is impossible to read even these details, which occupy but a few pages, and feel surprise at the vast internal wealth of this happy country, which continually subjects her to the envy of continental nations. We have often wondered at Bonaparte's sneer in terming the English "a nation of Shopkeepers," and a comparison of the shops of London and Paris does not lessen our surprise. In France there is no such display of stock-in-trade as may be seen from Charing Cross to Cornhill; in the French capital too much is frittered away in *salons-boutiques*, or saloon shops, and the decorative finery of arcades. Where does the tourist remember such a picture of solid wealth as he may see on Ludgate Hill, where princes are wont to borrow their crowns, and a whole nation hire plate.

Our extracts from the above little work are illustrative of

Steel and Cutlery.

Why does a rod of wrought iron, if plunged into cast iron in fusion, become steel?

Because the iron absorbs part of the carbon. What is called *case-hardening*, is a conversion of the *surface* of iron into steel.

Why is the process by which iron is converted into steel, called cementation?

Because it consists in heating bars of the purest iron in contact with charcoal; it absorbs carbon, and increases in weight at the same time acquiring a blistered surface. This, when drawn down into smaller bars, and beaten, forms *tilted steel;* and this broken up, heated, welded, and again drawn out into bars, forms *shear-steel.*

In this process it has been commonly considered that the carbon combines *mechanically* with the iron; our chemists have, however, long been of opinion, that it is a *chemical* combination that

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takes place, by the gradual absorption of carbon in the gaseous state, by the iron. This fact has been proved by Mr. Charles Mackintosh, of Crossbasket, Lanark, who has taken out a patent for preparing steel, by subjecting the iron to a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas, evolved from coal under distillation. This iron is enclosed in a pot or crucible in the furnace, and when arrived at the proper heat, a stream of gas is directed by a pipe into the crucible, which has another aperture to allow that part of the gas to escape, which has not been taken up by the metal. Steel, in ingots, is porous; but to confer solidity, it is hammered, tilted, and rolled. At Attercliffe, near Sheffield, are extensive works for these purposes. Here by the power of a water-wheel, fifteen feet in diameter, hammers are worked, weighing from 3 to 4¼ cwt. and strike, at ten or twelve inches fall, from 100 to 220 times in a minute. The ingots, at a strong red heat, are exposed to the action of these hammers, and the metals condensed into bars, which are next submitted, at the same degree of heat, to the tilting hammer, which gives 300 strokes per minute: lastly they are, rolled or flattened into sheets, and drawn into lengths. Six tons a week are hammered down by one hammer; about three tons are tilted; and twenty-four tons can be rolled, working night and day, by relays of hands.

The making of steel is a British manufacture scarcely sixty years old. Previously it came from Austria and Styria, and was dear and little used. It is, however, now heated, welded, cut, and moulded in this country, with nearly the same facility as deal wood by an ordinary carpenter.

Why does a drop of nitric acid, let fall upon steel, occasion a black spot?

Because the iron is dissolved, and the carbon thereby exposed to view.—*Parkes.*

Why is steel tempered?

Because, when steel is heated to a cherry-red colour, and then plunged into cold water, it becomes so extremely hard and brittle, as to be unfit for almost any practical purpose; and *tempering* reduces it from this extreme hardness, by heating it to a certain point or temperature.

The polishing of steel is not executed in the same manner as that of the softer metals: the steel is not polished until it has been hardened, and the harder it is, the more brilliant will be its polish. Rotten-stone, a kind of very light tripoli, but finer than the other sorts, and found near Bakewell, in Derbyshire, is esteemed for general polishing; but steel, from its extreme hardness, requires to be polished with emery.

Why are various colours produced on heated steel?

Because of the oxidation which takes place, as is proved from the circumstance that when steel is heated and suffered to cool under mercury or oil, none of the colours appear; nor do they when it is heated in hydrogen or nitrogen.—*Brande.*

Why is it customary to judge of the temper of steel by its colours?

Because, the surface being a little brightened, exhibits, when heated, various colours, which constantly change as the temperature increases. Thus, when steel is placed in a bath heated to 600°, the first change is at about 430°, which is very faint; at 460°, the colour is straw, becoming deeper as the temperature is increased; at 500°, the colour is brown; this is followed by a red tinge, with streaks of purple, then purple; and at nearly 600°, it is blue. The degrees at which the different colours are produced, being thus known, the workman has only to heat the bath with its contents up to the required point. For example, suppose the blade of a pen-knife, (or a hundred of them,) to require tempering; they are suffered to remain in the bath until the mercury in the thermometer rises to 460°, and no longer, that being the heat at which the knife (supposing it to be made of the best English cast steel) will be sufficiently tempered.

Why is cast steel so called?

Because it is prepared by fusing blistered steel with a flux composed of carbonaceous and vitrifiable ingredients, casting it into ingots, and afterwards by gentle heating, and careful hammering, giving it the form of bars.

Why is the Peruvian steel so called?

Because it is an alloy of steel with certain portions of other metals from Peru. It is, technically speaking, *sadder*, not so easy to work as other steel, and yet much harder and tougher than any other.

Why is steel used for making cutting instruments?

Because it combines the fusibility of cast with the malleability of bar iron, and when heated and suddenly cooled, becomes very hard.

Why are the most minute instruments generally made with good steel?

Because it is much more ductile than iron: a finer wire being drawn from it than from any other metal.

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Why is Wootz or Indian steel the most valuable for making edge tools?

Because it is combined with a minute portion of the earths, alumina and silica; or rather perhaps with the bases of these earths. Whether the earths are found in the ore, or are furnished by the crucible in making the steel, is not certainly known; nor is the Indian steel-maker probably aware of their presence. Wootz, in the state in which it is imported, is not fit to make into fine cutlery. It requires a second fusion, by which the whole mass is purified and equalized, and fitted for forming the finest edge instruments.—*Brande.*

Why does a razor operate best when dipped in hot water?

Because the temperature of the blade has then been raised, and the fineness of the edge proportionally increased.

In some experiments, the knife edges attached to the pendulum described by Captain Kater, in *Phil. Trans.* 1818, on being carefully hardened and tempered in the bath at 432°, were, on trial, found too soft. They were a second time hardened, and then heated to 212°, at which point the edges were admirably tempered. This, it will be remembered, is the heat of boiling water, and further illustrates the preceding question.

Glass-making.

Why is lead important in glass?

Because its oxide, in the form of litharge, or minium, increases the fusibility of the compound, gives it greater tenaciousness when hot, increases its refractive power, and enables it to bear sudden changes of temperature. It is a copious ingredient in the *London flint glass*, celebrated for its brilliancy when cut, and used for most optical purposes. Lead, however, renders glass so soft as easily to scratch.

The manufacture of glass is as follows:—The glass-pots are placed round a dome-shaped furnace, built upon arches, and open beneath for the free admission of air; there are generally six in each furnace, and they are entirely enclosed, except at an orifice on the side opening into a small recess formed by the alternate projection of the masonry and the flues, in which the workmen stand. Coal is the fuel employed, and the furnace is so built that a rapid current of flame may be directed round each glass-pot, which afterwards passes out with the smoke into the dome and chimney, heating a broad covered shelf in its passage, which is the annealing oven. The materials, or fret, being fused, and the impurities removed, gradually become clearer, abundance of air-bubbles are extricated, and at length the glass appears uniform and complete; the fire round each individual pot is then damped, till its contents acquire a consistency fit for working; the whole process requiring about forty-eight hours from the time the pots are filled. At the working heat, which is a full red, the glass has a peculiarly tenacious consistency, and as it adheres but feebly to polished metals, it is easily wrought and managed with iron tools.*

It is a curious fact in the history of discovery, that the manufacture of glass is unknown at Sidon, though this part of the country was once famous for the discovery of, as well as production of articles in, that material. The story of the discovery of glass by Phœnician mariners at Belus, near Sidon, in Syria, is mentioned by Pliny. Dyeing, however, is still practised, though not with the same success as among the ancient Tyrians, who were descended from the builders of Sidon. The standard of Syria in arts and manufactures, is, indeed, every where, much below that of the most backward nation in Europe.

* Mr. Brande, in a note to his *Manual of Chemistry*, observes:—"All common glass, when reduced to a fine powder, is more or less acted on by boiling water, which separates the alkali, and its entire disintegration seems only to be prevented by the insolubility of the silica. Glass which has long been exposed to the weather, frequently exhibits a beautiful irridescent appearance, and is so far decayed, that it may be scratched with the nail. Several years ago, I examined some bottles of wine which had lain in a wet cellar, near the Bank, upwards of 150 years, having been deposited there (as circumstances proved) previous to the great fire of London in 1666. The glass was soft, and greatly corroded upon the surface, in consequence of the abstraction of its alkali. The wine appeared to have been Malaga and Claret; the latter had perished, but the former was still vinous."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

FOUR OLD MAIDS.

By the author of "Atherton," "Tuckleborough Hall," &c.

I LOVE an old maid!—I do not speak of an individual but of the species,—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself, she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do

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not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in Heaven, some people say that they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth earthy. They are Spectators of the world, not Adventurers nor Ramblers; perhaps Guardians, we say nothing of Tatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate!

On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool, there is a village, which, for particular reasons, I shall call Littleton; and I will not so far gratify the curiosity of idle inquirers as to say whether it is nearest to London or to Liverpool, but it is a very pretty village, and let the reader keep a sharp look out for it next time he travels that road. It is situated in a valley, through which runs a tiny rivulet as bright as silver, but hardly wide enough for a trout to turn round in. Over the little stream there is a bridge, which seems to have been built merely out of compliment to the liquid thread, to save it the mortification of being hopped over by every urchin and clodpole in the parish. The church is covered with ivy even half way up the steeple, but the sexton has removed the green intrusion from the face of the clock, which, with its white surface and black figures, looks at a little distance like an owl in an ivy bush. A little to the left of the church is the parsonage house, almost smothered with honeysuckles; in front of the house is a grass plot, and up to the door there is what is called a carriage drive, but I never saw a carriage drive up there, for it is so steep that it would require six horses to pull the carriage up, and there is not room enough for more than one. Somewhat farther up the hill which bounds the little valley where the village stands, there is a cottage; the inhabitants of Littleton call it the white cottage. It is merely a small whitewashed house, but as it is occupied by genteelish sort of people, who cannot afford a large house, it is generally called a cottage. All these beautiful and picturesque objects, and a great many more which I have not described, have lost with me their interest. It would make me melancholy to go into that church. The interest which I had in the parsonage house was transferred to the white cottage, and the interest which I had in the white cottage is now removed to the church-yard, and that interest is in four graves that lie parallel to each other, with head stones of nearly one date. In these four graves lie the remains of four old maids. Poor things! Their remains! Alack, alack, there was not much that remained of them. There was but little left of them to bury. The bearers had but light work. I wondered why they should have four separate graves, and four distinct tombstones. The sexton told me that it was their particular desire, in order to make the church-yard look respectable, and they left behind them just sufficient money to pay the undertaker's bills and to erect four gravestones. I saw these ladies twice, and that at an interval of thirty years. I made one more attempt to see them, and I was more grieved than I could have anticipated, when the neighbours showed me their newly closed graves. But no one long pities the dead, and I was, after a while, glad that they had not been long separated. I saw these ladies twice;—and the first time that I saw them, the only doubt was, which of the four would be first married. I should have fallen in love with one of them myself, I do not know which, but I understood that they were all four more or less engaged. They were all pretty, they were all sensible, they were all goodhumoured, and they knew the world, for they had all read Rollin's "Ancient History." They not only had admirers, but two of them even then had serious suitors. The whole village of Littleton, and many other villages in the neighbourhood rang with the praises of the accomplished and agreeable daughters of the rector; nor were the young ladies dependant for their hopes of husbands merely on their good qualities; they had the reputation of wealth, which reputation I am constrained to say was rather a bubble. The rectory of Littleton was said to be worth a thousand a year, but it never produced more than six hundred, and the worthy rector was said to be worth ten or twelve thousand pounds. Bless him! he might be *worth* that and a great deal more, but he never possessed so much; the utmost of his private fortune was fifteen hundred pounds in the three

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per cents. It is enough to designate them by their christian names. Their good old father used to boast that his daughters had really christian names, The eldest was Mary, the second Martha, the third Anna, and the youngest Elizabeth. The eldest was, when I first knew them, actually engaged to a young gentleman who had just taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and had gained a prize for a Greek epigram. Such an effort of genius seemed next to miraculous at Littleton, for the people of that village never gain prizes for Greek epigrams. The farmers who had heard of his success, used to stare at him for a prodigy, and almost wondered that he should walk on two legs, and eat mutton, and say "How do you do?" like the rest of the world. And every body said he was such a nice man. He never skipped irreverently over the river as some young men of his age would do, but always went over the bridge. It was edifying to see how gracefully he handed the young ladies over the said bridge, Mary always the last, though she was the eldest. The young squire of the parish was generally considered as the suitor of the second. The third had many admirers; she was what is called a showy young woman, having a little of the theatrical in her style. She was eloquent, lively and attitudinizing. She had a most beautiful voice, and her good papa used to say, "My dear Anna, the sound of your voice is very delightful, and it does me good to hear you sing to your own harpsichord, but I wish I could hear you sing at church." Poor man! he did not consider that there was no possibility of hearing any other voice while that of the parish clerk was dinging in his ears. Elizabeth, the youngest, was decidedly the prettiest of the four; sentimentality was her forte, or, more properly speaking, her foible, She sighed much herself, and was the cause of sighing to others. I little thought when I first saw them that I beheld a nest of predestinated old maids; but it was so, and the next time that I saw them they were all living together, spinsters. How I was occupied the next thirty years would be tedious to relate, therefore I pass over that period and come again to Littleton.

Time is like a mischievous urchin that plays sad tricks in our absence, and so disarranges things and persons too, that when we come back again we hardly know where to find them. When I made my second visit to Littleton, the good old rector had been several years in his grave; and when I asked after his daughters, I was told that they were living, and were together, and that they occupied the white cottage. I was rather pleased to hear that they were single, though I was surprised at the information. I knew that I should be well received, that I should not find all their old affections alienated by new ties. I knew that I should not have to encounter the haughty and interrogatory eyes of husbands, that I should not be under the necessity of accommodating myself to new manners. I had indeed some difficulty in making myself known, and still more difficulty in distinguishing the ladies the one from the other, and connecting their present with their past appearance; for Anna's attitudinizing days were over, and Elizabeth had ceased to sigh. But when the recognition had taken place, we were all exceedingly glad to see each other, and we all talked together about every body, and everything at once.

My call at the white cottage was at the latter end of August. The weather was fine, but there had recently been much rain, and there were some few heavy clouds, and some little growling of the wind, like the aspect and tone of an angry schoolmaster who had just given a boy a sound thrashing, and looks as if he were half inclined to give him some more. The cottage was very small, very neat, very light. There was but one parlour, and that was a very pretty one. A small carpet covered the middle of the room; a worked fire-screen stood in one corner, a piece of needlework, representing Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, hung opposite to the door; shells, sea-weed, and old china stood on the muntelpiece; an old harpsichord, in a black mahogany case, stretched its leviathan length along one side of the room; six exceedingly heavy and clumsily carved mahogany chairs, with high backs, short legs, and broad square flat seats, any one of which might have accommodated all the four sisters at once, according to their mode of sitting, stood around the room; these chairs, I recollected, had been in the dining-room at the rectory, but then there was a great lubberly cub of a footman to lug them about. The fire-place was particularly neat. It had an old brass fender polished up to the semblance of gold, delineating in its pattern divers birds and beasts, the like of which never entered Noah's ark, but they had a right to go in by sevens, for they were as clean as a penny. The poker looked like a tooth-pick, the shovel like an old-fashioned salt-spoon, and the tongs like a pair

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of tweezers. The little black stove shone with an icy coldness, as if the maid had been scrubbing it all the morning to keep herself warm; and the cut paper was arranged over the vacant bars with a cruel exactitude that gave no hopes of fire. The ladies themselves looked as cold as the fire-place; and I could hardly help thinking that a stove without a fire, at the cold end of August, looked something like an old maid. The ladies however were very chatty, they all spoke together—or nearly so, for when one began the others went on, one after another, in the way or after the manner of a catch, or more accurately speaking, perhaps somewhat in the similitude of a fugue. They talked very loud, and sat very upright, which last circumstance I should have thought very conducive to health, but they were not healthy; the fact is they lived too sparingly, for their father had left much less than had been expected, and they were obliged to keep up appearances, as they still visited the first families in the neighbourhood. By living together they had very much assimilated in manners, they all had the same sharp shrill voice, and the same short snappy, not snappish, manner of speaking.

When I called on them I had not dined, but I suppose they had, for they asked me to stay and drink tea with them; though I should have preferred dinner to tea, yet for the sake of such old acquaintance, I was content to let that pass. They pressed me very much to take a glass of wine, and I yielded, but afterwards I repented it. Single elderly ladies are very much imposed on in the article of wine; ill luck to those who cheat them! Then we had tea. I knew the old cups and saucers again, and the little silver tea-pot, and the little silver cream-jug, and the sugar-tongs, made like a pair of scissars; I was glad to see the tea-urn, for it helped to warm the room. The tea made us quite communicative; not that it was strong enough to intoxicate, quite the contrary, it was rather weak. I should also have been glad of some more bread and butter, but they handed me the last piece, and I could not think of taking it, so it went into the kitchen for the maid, and I did not grudge it her, for she seemed by the way to be not much better fed than her mistresses. She was a neat respectable young woman.

After tea we talked about old times, and I gave several broad hints and intimations that I should like to hear their respective histories; in other words, I wished to know how it was that they had all remained single; for the history of an old maid is the narrative of her escapes from matrimony. My intimation was well received, and my implied request was complied with. Mary, as the eldest, commenced.

"I believe you remember my friend Mr. M——?"

"I do so, and is he living?"

"He is, and still single."

I smiled, and said, "Indeed!" but the lady smiled not.

"Yes," continued the narrator, "he is still living and still single. I have occasionally seen him, but very seldom of late years. You remember, I dare say, what a cheerful companion he was, and how very polite. He was quite of the old school, but that was only as regarded his external manners. In his opinions he partook too much of the new school. He was one of the liberal party at Cambridge; and though he was generally a very serious and good man, he perplexed his head with some strange notions, and when the time came that he should take orders, he declined doing so, on account of some objection which he had to some of the Thirty-nine Articles. Some people have gone so far as to say that he was no better than a Socinian, though I do not believe he was ever so bad as that. Still, however, it would never do for the daughter of a clergyman to marry a man who had any doubts concerning any of the Thirty-nine Articles. We did all in our power to convince him that he was wrong, and he did all in his power to convince us that he was right; but it was all to no purpose. Indeed he seemed to consider himself a kind of martyr, only because we talked to him. He argued most ingeniously to show that exact conformity of opinion was not essential to happiness. But I could not think it correct to marry a man who had any doubts concerning the Articles; for, as my father very justly observed, when a man once begins to doubt, it is impossible to say where it will end. And so the matter went on from year to year, and so it remains still, and so it is likely to remain to the end of the chapter. I will never give up the Thirty-nine Articles."

All the sisters said that she was perfectly right; and then Martha told her story, saying, "It was just about the time that you were visiting Littleton that Mr. B——, who had long paid me very particular attention, made me an offer. Mr. B—— was not a man of first rate talents, though he did not want for understanding; he was also tolerably good humoured, though occasionally

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subject to fits of violence. His father, however, most strenuously objected to the match, and from being on friendly terms with us he suddenly dropped our acquaintance, and almost persecuted us. My father was a man of high spirit, and could not patiently brook the insults he received, and I have every reason to believe that thereby his days were shortened. In proportion, however, as the elder Mr. B—— opposed our union, the affection of the younger seemed to increase, and he absolutely proposed a marriage in Scotland, but my father would never allow a daughter of his to be married otherwise than by the rites of the church of England. At length old Mr. B—— died, and then it was thought that we should be married; but it was necessary to wait a decent time after the old gentleman's death, in which interval the young squire, whose attentions had diminshed of late, went up to London, where he married a widow with a large fortune. They are now living separately."

"You were faithful to your first loves," I observed.

"But I," said Anna, "have a different story to tell, I had four offers before I was nineteen years of age; and I thought that I was exercising great judgment and discrimination in endeavouring to ascertain which was most worthy of my choice, so I walked, and talked, and sang, and played, and criticised with all in their turn; and before I could make up my mind which to choose I lost them all, and gained the character of a flirt. It seems very unfortunate that we are placed under the necessity of making that decision which must influence our whole destiny for life, at that very period when we least know what life is."

"It is inexpedient," said I, "to entertain several lovers at once."

"I found it inexpedient," said Elizabeth, "to entertain several lovers in succession. My first lover won my heart by flute playing. He was a lieutenant in the navy, visiting in the neighbourhood. My father disapproved the connexion, but I said that I could not live without him, and so a consent was extorted; but, alas! my flute player's ship was ordered to the West Indies, and I heard of him no more. My next lover, who succeeded to the first rather too soon in the opinion of some people, was a medical man, and for a marriage with him a reluctant consent was obtained from my father; but before matters could be arranged, it was found that his business did not answer, and he departed. Another succeeded to the business, and also to my affections, and a third reluctant consent was extorted; but when the young gentleman found that the report of my father's wealth had been exaggerated, he departed also; and in time I grew accustomed to these disappointments, and bore them better than I expected. I might perhaps have had a husband, if I could have lived without a lover."

So ended their sad stories; and after tea we walked into the garden. It was a small garden, with four sides and a circular centre, so small, that as we walked round we were like the names in a round robin, it was difficult to say which was first. I shook hands with them at parting, gently, for fear of hurting them, for their fingers were long, cold, and fleshless. The next time I travelled that way they were all in their graves, and not much colder than when I saw them at the cottage.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

CRAYONS FROM THE COMMONS.

A PASQUINADE of high pungency, and, we must add, of considerable talent, has just appeared with the above taking title. The portraits are as racy as man can wish—happily hit off—and ranged in sides or benches. Mr. Peregrine Palette, for such is the author's *nom*, is, however, a partisan, and his motto, *Qualis vir, talis oratio*, is as applicable to himself as to either of the sketches. We quote a few *lines*:—

SIR FRANCIS B—D—TT.

WAXING in years, with person lank and hale,
With mental powers not likely soon to fail,
An arch-Reformer of the highest class,
From his position straight resolved to pass,
And follow in the ministerial wake,
When new positions Whigs were seen to take.
Conspicuous on the dexter of the Chair,
His apex figures bumpified and bare;
No oblong face so prominent as his,
Where late we saw some Ultra Tory phiz,
Where Eldonites in ranks triumphant met,
We now behold the Radical B—d—tt.
Developed in his aspect and attire,
Is all that shows the truly British squire;
A coat not fashion'd to th' immediate day,
The colour blue, or sometimes lightish grey;
Trousers and shoes, or, as his whim may be,
"Breeks" and top-boots confined below the knee;
A yellow vest, or haply paler buff,
Of plainest pattern, but of choicest stuff,
The finest linen, delicately white,
Undeck'd by pin or brooch of lustre bright;
These combinations form his wonted dress,
And, purely neat, the simplest style express.

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SIR ROBERT PEEL.

PEEL's sober style few ornaments adorn,
On Fancy's pinions rarely is he borne,
Genius in him ne'er makes a fitful start,
To "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."
He flashes no effulgence *à la Sheil*,
And seldom to the passions does appeal.
His declamation, always tersely neat,
Befits the theme on which he has to treat;
Closely he reasons, but will sometimes spend
Much logic to no profitable end;
For when plain facts and inferences strong
Assure him that his prémises are wrong.
Shrewd casuistry for argument he'll press,
Persisting with no prospect of success.
Meanwhile no mark or symptom is there seen
Of listlessness to waken his chagrin:
And, rising at the latest hour, he'll keep
All eyes from dozing, though disposed to sleep;
A proof substantial given by members mute
That with the House he's held in high repute;
For, long ere day upon that House is dawning,
Are orators disturb'd by hideous yawning;
The drowsy discord of loud nasal sounds
The principles of Malthus oft confounds,
As oft *disorganizes* the relations
Of Adam Smith's exhausted "Wealth of Nations."
This interruption PEEL has never known—
To him the greatest deference is shown,
And though not destined for the brightest page
Which history blazons in immortal age,
His name will still respectably go down
Commix'd with names approved in fair renown.

SIR C. W—TH—R—LL.

SHADE of Hogarth! (and with thee I'd invoke
That spirit which in Samuel Johnson spoke,)
Let thy propitious influence appear,
While now I touch a subject broadly queer,
As e'er within the scope of human ken
Has claim'd the graphic pencil or the pen!
Lo! yonder enters, striding to his place,
A wight with fun half pictured in his face;
His vesture proving that he holds for naught
All decorations from the tailor sought.
Within the door ere yet he stands in view,
Our knight has doff'd a coat of olive hue,
With bags behind, capacious, vast, and deep,
In which his digits he delights to keep;
The tegument distending on each side,
Right o'er a space that decency should hide
This outer garment, resting on a peg,
Now leaves him from the shoulder to the leg,
Disclosed in shapeless, slovenly attire,
Which more minute description would require
Than were consistent with our present plan,
Did not his raiment indicate the man.
His old blue toga, much the worse for wear,
In colour faded and in texture bare,
Hangs loosely down his strangely awkward frame,
While in a quarter, needless here to name,
Projecting pockets stuff'd with papers rise,
Papers involving *Doe, on the demise.*
A shallow strip of muslin rather soil'd
Round his thick neck is négligently coil'd;
His femoral habiliments and vest
Are never into mutual contact press'd;
A gaping space still keeps them far apart,
And from it, with a full protrusive start,
His inmost garment bursts upon the sight,
In rude and wrinkled folds of dirty white.
His nether points, in *keeping* most complete,
Present a pair of flat extended feet,
Immersed in shoes of hugely ample size,
Shaped to no form, restricted by no *ties*.
Richly grotesque that intellect is found,
Which these external attributes surround.

SIR J. S———TT.

ROUND and robust is S———tt's figure sleek,
The tint of youth still lingers on his cheek;
His paunch obese seems cumbrous to his hips,
A simpering smile plays slyly on his lips,
His oblong eye, with craft and cunning leers,
His faithless aspect's fraught with sable sneers;
The Senate, in the Cockermouth M. P.,
Beholds the pleader working for his fee;
Sir James presents before the Speaker's Chair
The same assured complacency of air
As when in front of Tenterden he stands,
Making a compound use of both his hands;
The one first gently rubbing down his breast,
Then softly placed within his sable vest;
The other, with the foremost finger cock'd,
Erect from digits which the thumb has lock'd,
First pointed towards the "twelve good men and true,"
To whom he smoothly strives to give the cue;
And next transversely to the Bench display'd,
Marking whate'er requires the Judge's aid.

THE GREAT AGITATOR.

THAT portly form array'd in olive green,
That head on which a scratch peruke is seen,
That countenance of true Milesian mould,
Oft waxing warm but never calmly cold,
And lineaments that forcibly attest
The character in which he stands confess'd.

The second title of this *brochure* is "Members in relievo:" we hope it may relieve the Members in their *tedias noctes*.

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

IN our last number we proposed a further acquaintance with this useful volume. It contains accounts of the most valuable Fruit and Vegetables cultivated in Great Britain, with Calendars of the work required in the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, during every month in the year. The materials for this work have been collected by Mr. George Lindley, C. M. H. S., and edited by Mr. John Lindley, F. R. S., Assistant Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London. The Editor, however, has only revised the sheets in their progress through the press, and furnished a perspicuous Introduction, in which he seizes upon the main points of Horticulture, and illustrates their first principles in a very attractive style. We quote a specimen:—

"Evaporation takes place in plants to an inconceivable degree in certain circumstances. It is known by the experiments of Dr. Hales, that a sunflower plant will lose as much as 1 lb. 14 oz. by perspiration in 12 hours; and that in general, 'in equal surfaces and equal times, a man would perspire 1-50th, the plant 1-165th, or as 50:15;' and that taking all things into account, a sunflower perspires 17 times more than a man. The same most accurate observer found that a cabbage perspired in 12 hours, 1 lb. 9 oz.; a Paradise Stock in a pot, 11 oz.; and a Lemon Plant, 8 oz. Guettard states that he found Cornus Mascula perspire twice its own weight in a day; and Mr. Knight has remarked a Vine in a hot

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day losing moisture with such rapidity that a glass placed under one of its leaves was speedily covered with dew, and in half an hour the perspiration was running off the glass. In damp or wet weather this evaporation is least; in hot dry weather it is greatest. This loss has all to be supplied by the moisture introduced into the system by the spongioles; and hence, if the spongioles are destroyed, and evaporation takes place before they can be replaced, a plant must necessarily die. This is the reason why deciduous trees cannot be transplanted when in leaf; it is impossible to remove them without injuring their spongioles, and it is equally impossible to hinder the evaporation by their leaves; but if they are kept in pots, it matters not at what season their removal takes place, because as their spongioles are then uninjured, even excessive evaporation would be made good by their action. It is well known that certain evergreens, such as Hollies, Laurels, &c. can be transplanted in almost all months; this arises from their perspiration being much less copious than in deciduous trees, wherefore the spongioles have less difficulty in supplying the loss occasioned by it; yet even evergreens cannot be removed in the hottest months in the year, because then the action of such spongioles as may be saved in the operation would not be sufficient to supply the waste by evaporation. Plants first beginning to grow in the spring, with their leaves just turning green, are in a most unfit state to remove; for, when transplanted, their roots will not have time to form a sufficient number of new spongioles to supply the loss to which the rapid perspiration by the leaves at that season will give rise. It is upon this same principle, that if deciduous plants are taken from the ground in the summer, they are put into pots and placed in a hot-bed to recover; not for the sake of the heat, but because the atmosphere of a hot-bed is so charged with humidity that perspiration cannot go on, so that the vital energies of the plant, instead of being wasted by evaporation, are directed to the formation of new mouths by which to feed."

The mere turning-over of the *leaves* is a tantalizing, we may say a mouth-watering task. The Fruits and Vegetables are alphabetically arranged; the former beginning with Almonds and ending with Strawberries; and the latter commencing with Angelica and ending with Winter Greens; with the Operative Calendars affixed to each Department. Of each Fruit and Vegetable, the several varieties, propagation, and cultivation are given; so that the volume is, in truth, a practical Cyclopædia of the Fruit and Kitchen Garden. It may be amusing just to glance at the number of varieties described, and to gather a few items as we proceed.

Almonds 8 varieties. The young plants of the Common Almond are used for stocks to bud peaches upon. The *Amande des Dames* of France merits its association: the kernel is plump, rich, and sweet.

Apples 214. The early apple common in our markets in July and August, is named *Juneating*, and not Jen or Ginneting, as some of the Covent Garden *savans* call it. The *Summer Golden Pippin* is a very beautiful and excellent little dessert apple, though it will only keep ten days or a fortnight. The *Sugar Loaf Pippin* appears to be of Russian origin, having been sent from the Taurida Gardens, at St. Petersburgh, to the Horticultural Society, London, under the name of Dolgoi Squoznoi, two Russian words signifying *dolgoi*, long, and *squoznoi*, transparent. The *Colville Rouge de Micoud* is a singular apple.

"The original tree, which bears three thousand apples annually, is growing on the farm of the Baroness de Micoud, which lies near La Charité sur Loire, in the department of the Nievre. The first flowering takes place in April, the second in June; the tree then ceases for a time to produce flowers. The third and succeeding flowerings take place in August, September, October, and November, when they are stopped by the severity of the frost. It is necessary to remark, that the last flowerings are much less abundant than the two first, and the fruit which they produce is small, and imperfectly ripened."

The *Emperor Alexander* is an excellent fruit: one imported from Riga in 1817, measured 5¼ inches in diameter, 4 inches deep, 16 inches in circumference, and weighed 19 oz. The *Golden Pippin* is not, Mr. Lindley thinks, extinct, as some knowing persons pretend.

"The Golden Pippin, one of the most celebrated and esteemed apples of this or perhaps any other country, has been considered by some of our modern writers on pomology to be in a state of decay, its fruit of inferior quality in comparison to that of former times, and its existence near its termination. I cannot for a moment agree with such an opinion, because we have facts annually before our eyes completely at variance with such an assertion. Any person visiting Covent Garden or the Borough

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markets during the fruit season, and indeed any other large market in the southern or midland counties of England, will find specimens of fruit as perfect and as fine as any which have been either figured or described by any writer whatever, either in this or any other country. In favourable situations, in many parts of the country, instead of the trees being in a state of rapid decay, they may be found of unusually large size, perfectly healthy, and their crops abundant; the fruit perfect in form, beautiful in colour, and excellent in quality. I may refer to a tree at this time growing in a garden belonging to Michael Bland, Esq., in the city of Norwich, as one example out of the many which might be produced, in corroboration of what I have stated."

Hawthornden has a valuable apple, as well as its poet Drummond. Apples have their sunny side: a *Nonsuch* has "numerous broken stripes and patches of red brick on the sunny side. The *Wyken Pippin* is a neat dessert apple:—"The original tree, a very old one, or the trunk of it, with a strong sucker from its root, was growing in May, 1827, at its native place, *Wyken*, two miles from Coventry. The seed, it is said, was planted by a Lord Craven, who brought it from a fruit he had eaten on his travels from France to Holland. All the cottagers round Wyken have from two to twelve trees each of this apple in their gardens, and it is a great favourite throughout the whole county of Warwick."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CREATION OF PEERS.

CHAMBERLAYNE, in his *Angliæ Notitia*, says, "In all Christian Monarchies, men that have been notable for courage, wisdom, wealth, &c. have been judged fit and worthy to enjoy certain privileges, titles, dignities, honours, &c., above the common people, to be placed on a high orb, and to be screen between the king and the inferior subjects, to defend the one from insolencies, and the other from tyranny; to interpose by their counsel, courage, and grandeur, where common persons dare not; to support the king, and defend the kingdom with their lives and fortunes."

It is said the creations of peers and other titles by James I. on his accession to the throne, or shortly after, were so numerous, that an advertisement was affixed to the door of St. Paul's Cathedral, offering to teach a new art of memory, to enable the people to recollect the names of the additions to the nobility.

It is recorded as a saying of King Charles, that "if his friends could but secure him a House of Commons, he would put his whole troop of gentlemen into the upper house, but he would have the peers." P. T.

CREATION OF KNIGHTS OF THE BATH AT A CORONATION.

THE order of the Bath does not appear to have been of greater antiquity *in this kingdom* than the reign of Henry IV., who, on the day of his Coronation, conferred that dignity upon forty-six esquires, who had watched all night before, and had *bathed* themselves.

Chamberlayne says, "*Knights of the Bath*, so called of their *bathing*, which before they were created. The first of this sort were made by Henry IV., anno 1399, who preparing for his Coronation, made forty-six knights at the Tower that were *bathed*, though bathing was not used in making Knights Bachelors long before that time in *France*, and probably in *England*. They are now commonly made at the Coronation of a King or Queen, or Creation of a Prince of Wales, or Duke of the Royal Blood. They wear a scarlet ribbon bel[t]wise. They are still made with much ceremony," too long here to be described.

King Charles II. previous to his Coronation, created no less than sixty-eight Knights of the Bath; from which time no knights of that degree were created until the revival by George I. in 1725.

The word *knight* is derived from the *German* word *knecht*, signifying originally a *Lusty Servitor*, afterwards commonly used for a *Soldier*, or *man of war*. Hayward tells us "The Lord Protector *knighted* the King: and immediately the King stood up, took the sword from the Lord Protector, and dubbed the Lord Mayor of London *knight*." P. T. W.

TO A TOPER IN LOVE.

'TWEEN women and wine, sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart. I. H.

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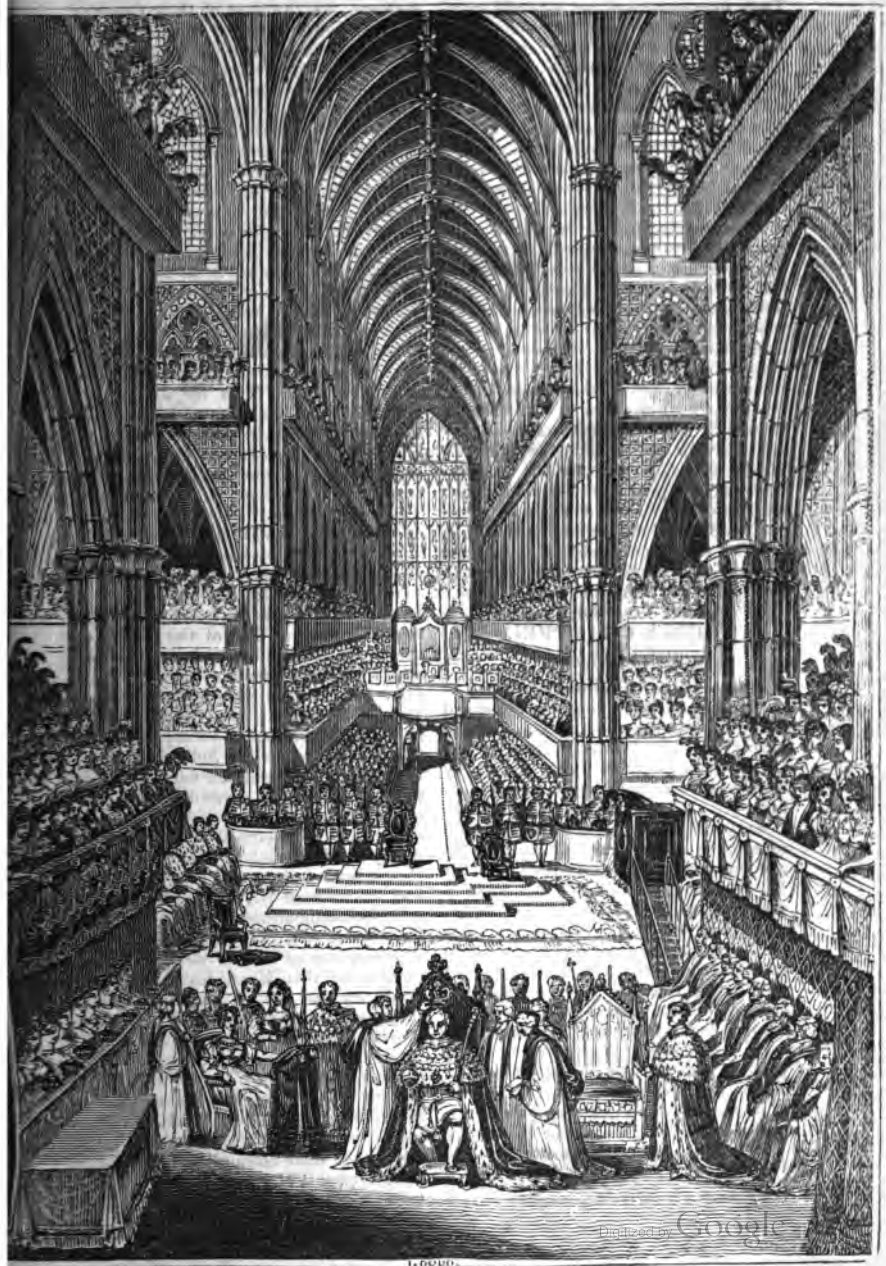
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 507.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.



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CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

See the annexed page, THE CROWNING.

THIS impressive and yet splendid ceremony took place on *Thursday*, September 8, 1831. Though "shorn of its beams," we mean many of its pageant glories, its record in *The Mirror*, will not, it is hoped, be considered out of place. For this purpose we have appropriated an *extra sheet*, or SUPPLEMENT, as well as the illustrative page of the present Number. The details are from our own observation, aided by the official documents, and we hope, with due regard to clearness as well as brevity. The Engravings which accompany them have been prepared at considerable cost, from drawings made expressly for this work, and their accuracy will, doubtlessly, be appreciated. We reserve the whole of the CEREMONIALS for the above SUPPLEMENT, and in the present Number bring up our arrears of Coronation articles.* Thus—the Coronation described, with two whole page representations of its most important ceremonies, may be purchased for fourpence: ten years since—such a plan—30 pages and two large Cuts, for such a sum, was unheard of—nay, probably unthought of; but this short retrospect leads to feelings which we cannot here indulge.

KING'S CHAMPION.

(For the Mirror.)

ALTHOUGH the chivalrous ceremony of challenging by Champion was dispensed with at the past Coronation, we are persuaded the following particulars, (in addition to those lately given) by a diligent Correspondent, will be acceptable.

Respecting the origin of the splendid office of King's Champion, we have no account absolutely authentic; but Sir W. Dugdale, as well in his *Baronage of England*, as in his *History of Warwickshire*, asserts that William the Conqueror, to reward the services of those eminent commanders who accompanied him in his expedition to England, bestowed on them various grants of divers manors and lands throughout this kingdom. Among those highly distinguished persons was Robert de Marmion, on whom the Conqueror, amongst other gifts, conferred the Castle of Tamworth, in the county of Warwick, to hold by Knight's service, and the manor of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, to hold *per Baroniam*, or by Barony, with the peculiar service of performing the office of Champion to the Kings of England, on the days of their Coronation. From this period the Marmions became Barons of the realm, *per tenuram*, or by tenure, and continued to flourish among the nobles for several generations, with great lustre and renown, intermarrying with the heiresses of some of the most powerful Barons of the age. But about the 20th of Edward I. Philip de Marmion, the fifth in descent from the first Robert, died, leaving female issue only, whereby his great inheritance became divided, and the Castle of Tamworth at length fell to the Freville family, and the manor of Scrivelsby to the Ludlows, by the marriage of whose daughter and heiress, Margaret, with Sir John Dymoke, knt., the same came into that ancient and honourable name. This Sir John Dymoke, at the Coronation of Richard II. claimed to execute the said office of King's Champion, but it was counterclaimed by Baldwin de Freville, who rested his pretensions on the tenure of Tamworth Castle. After great deliberation, it was found that the said castle was only holden by Kings Knight's service, and that this high office was attached to the manor of Scrivelsby, which was holden *per baroniam*, and was the *caput baroniæ*, or head of the barony of the Marmion family; and it moreover appearing that the late King Edward III., and his son Edward, Prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, had often been heard to say that the office belonged to Sir John Dymoke; the question of right was decided in his favour. From this period to the present, a lapse of nearly 500 years, the office has been executed by the Dymoke family at the several Coronations of the Kings and Queens of England. At that of Richard II., by Sir John Dymoke beforementioned; at that of Henry IV., by his son, Sir Thomas Dymoke, who was one of the forty-six Esquires created by that King, Knights of the Bath, on the day of his Coronation; they having watched all the night before and bathed themselves. This Sir Thomas also performed the same office at the Coronation of Henry V., as his son Sir Philip Dymoke, did at that of Henry VI.; and his grandson, Sir Robert Dymoke, Knight Banneret, did also at the same solemnities of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; to which last he was one of the gene-

* The account of the *Prophetic Stone* of the Coronation Chair, promised for this Number, is inevitably delayed till our next. It is an interesting piece of popular antiquarianism.

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nals who commanded at the siege and capture of Boulogne. Sir Edward, son of Sir Robert Dymoke, was champion to Queen Elizabeth, as was Sir Robert Dymoke, his son, to James I. and Charles I.; and his son, Sir Edward, to Charles II.; and his son, Sir Charles Dymoke, to James II.; whose son, another Charles, was champion to Queen Anne; he dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Lewis Dymoke, who executed this office at the Coronation of George I. and George II. On the Coronation of George III. John Dymoke, Esq. had the like honour; and the office was performed by a son of the head of the Dymoke family, at the Coronation of George IV. It was done by proxy, because the hereditary champion was a clergyman; and the Committee of Privileges allowed the office to be executed by his son, on his petition to that effect. W. G. C.

PROCESSION OF QUEEN MARY

THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON THE DAY BEFORE HER CORONATION.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The industrious antiquarian and historian, Stowe, in his Annals, says—"The last of September, (1553) Queene Mary rode through the City of London towards Westminster, sitting in a chariot of cloth of tissue drawne with six horses, al trapped with the cloth of tissue. She sate in a gowne of purple velvet furred with powdered ermine, having on her head a caule of cloth of tinsell beset with pearle and stone, and above the same upon her head, a round circlet of gold beset so richly with pretious stones that the value thereof was inestimable; the same caule and circlet being so massy and ponderous, that she was faine to beare up her head with her hand, and the canopy was borne over her chariot. Before her rode a number of gentlemen and knights, then judges, then doctors, then bishops, then lords, then the council: after whom followed the Knights of the Bathe, 13 in number, in their robes; the Bi. of Winchester lord Chancellor, and the Marquesse of Winchester lord high treasurer: next came the duke of Norffolke, and after him the erle of Oxford, who bare the sword before hir the maior of London, in a gowne of crimosin velvet, bare the sceptre of gold, &c. After the Q. chariot, sir Edward Hastings led her horse in his hand: then came another chariot, having a covering all of cloth of silver al white, and six horses trapped with the like, therein sate the lady Elizabeth and the lady Anne of Cleves: then the ladies and gentlewomen riding on horses trapped with red velvet, and their gowns and kirtles likewise of red velvet: after them followed two other chariots covered with red satin, and their horses betrapped with the same, and certaine gentlewomen between every of the said chariots riding in crimson satin, their horses trapped with the same; the numbers of gentlewomen so riding were 46, besides them in the chariots. At Fenchurch was a costly pageant made by the Easterlings · at the upper end of Grace-streete there was another pageant made by the Florentines very high, on the top whereof there stood four pictures; and in the midst of them, and most highest, there stood an angell all in greene, with a trumpet in his hand, and when the trumpetter, who stood secretly in the pageant, did sound his trumpet, the angel did put his trump to his mouth as though it had been the same that had sounded, to the great marvelling of many ignorant persons; this pageant was made with three thorowfares, or gates, &c. The conduit on Cornehill ran wine, and beneath the conduit a pageant made at the charges of the city, and another at the great conduit in Cheape, and a fountain by it running wine. The Standart in Cheape new painted, with the waites of the city aloft thereof, playing. The Crosse in Cheape, new washed and burnished. One other pageant at the little conduit in Cheape, next to Paules, made by the Citie, where the Aldermen stoode; and when the Queen came against them, the recorder made a short proposition to her, and then the Chamberlaine presented to her in the name of the maior and the city, a purse of gold, and 1,000 marks of gold in it; then she rode foorth, and in Paules churchyard, against the schoole, one M. Heywood sat in a pageant under a vine and made to her an oration in Latin and English. Then there was one Peter, a Dutchman, stoode on the weathercock of Paules steeple, holding a streamer in his hand of 5 yards long, and waving thereof, stoode sometime on the one foote, and shook the other, and then kneeled on his knees to the great marvel of all people. He had made two scaffoldes under him; one above the crosse, having torches and streamers set on it, and one other over the bole of the crosse, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burn the wind was so great; the said Peter had 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* given him by the citie for his costs and paines and all his stuffe. Then was there a pageant made

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against the dean of St Paules gate, where the queristers of St. Paules played on vialles and sung. Ludgate was newly repaired, painted and richly hanged, with minstrelles playing and singing there: then there was another pageant at the conduit in Fleete-streete, and the Temple Barre was newly painted and hanged. And thus she passed to Whitehall at Westminster, where she took her leave of the Lord Maior, giving him great thankes for his paines, and the citie for their cost. On the morrow which was the first day of October, the Queene went by water to the olde pallace and there remained till about eleven of the clocke, and then went on foote upon blew cloth, being railed on either side unto St Peter's church where she was solemnly crowned and anointed by the Bishop of Winchester, which coronation, and other ceremonies and solemnities then used according to the olde custome, was not fully ended till it was nigh foure of the clocke at night that she returned from the church, before whom was then borne three swordes sheathed and one naked. The great service that day done in Westminster Hall at dinner by divers noblemen, would take long time to write. The Lord Maior of London and twelve citizens kept the high cupboard of plate as butlers: and the Queene gave to the Maior for his fee, a cup of gold with a cover, waying seventeene ounces."—*Stowe's Annals, page* 1043-45. P.T.W.

The Cosmopolite.

SPRINGS AND RIVERS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well."
Proverbs, chap. v. verse 15.

GIVE me the cool evening hour, just as the sun is setting in gorgeous majesty, behind the empurpled hills, lighting up the skies in golden lustre, and shedding a rich and mellow tint upon the yellow foliage of the scenery. Give me that delicious hour, remote from the haunts of busy men, and let me lounge in luxurious indolence, by the side of some babbling stream just burst from the bowels of the earth:

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down."
Psalms, CXXXVII. verse 1.

or let me lay and gaze over a wider expanse of water, some sleepy, stealing river, or calm, unruffled lake; there let me lay and watch the fleeting of the day, the wonderful and brilliant changes in the sky, till all fades gradually away, and a cold, grey, and a solemn stillness pervades the scene.

I like the sound of rushing waters. There is a melody in the brook as it gurgles along amid the sedge grass, telling a love tale to each flowret that glistens on its side. There is a majesty, incomprehensible and astounding, in the mighty fall of waters, roaring and foaming in their angry course. There is a placidity in the silvery, undisturbed lake, which calms the most turbulent and unruly spirit, and the voice of the Deity himself is in the awful muttering of the ocean as it breaks frequent and regular on an extended beach in the dead of a summer's night.

WATER! the great pabulum of vegetation—the source of riches and commerce—the very life blood of the earth, whose pulsations are the tides. Whether it appears among us in springs, or descends from heaven in rain—whether we see it in streamlets, or rolling itself along between two wide banks like in the Mississippi—whether in lakes in Cumberland, or in the Black Sea, or in the vast Atlantic. Water is valuable in the facilities which it affords to human industry, and in the comfort it contributes to our wants in life.

Man, in his early state, wandering and wandering, erring, and erratic, has always fixed his habitation near water. Ancient London was selected on account of the flowing river, which doubtless extended to the south, over Kennington and Camberwell, in one vast mere, lagoon, or lake. The higher land would be chosen in cases of inundation, and consequently recent discoveries have shown that the most ancient portion of inhabited London was in the vicinity of St. Paul's, extending possibly along the ridge of higher ground, by Watling-street to Dowgate, signifying in British the *water*-gate, where a streamlet might have joined the river; and the very formation of the land even to this day amidst all the transformations of modern improvement partly sanctions the theory. That man should fix his habitation near water, is natural enough, both for convenience and for food. In all new colonies we find the banks of rivers are first located, and the increasing population spreads itself along the banks. Amid the ruins of the new world, and there are ruins and traces of men of far older date in those regions than in the eastern hemisphere — amidst those ruins the stream of population extended northward along the banks of the large rivers which flow in the western interior of that curious and interesting country.

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The Ohio is studded with the reliquia of a departed people, who flourished God knows when, but who buried their dead like the ancient Celts, and who paid their adoration to the carved idol.

Man, a reasoning and inquisitive animal, would view water with an eye of deep astonishment as his powers of intellect began to develope. It comes from the earth, and passes by him—but where does it go? he sees the same spring daily, and water still pours forth and rolls away. It falls on him from the thunder-cloud—he imagines his God to be speaking in the blast of the hurricane, the rain beats upon him, and it becomes no longer a matter of surprise; he falls in adoration, and worships water.

In all ages and at all periods of civilization, springs and rivers have been objects of adoration, and probably nowhere so commonly as in England. It was a Druidical ceremony, as well as an Egyptian custom. The Nile was worshipped, and the celebrated Delphic Oracle was near a holy spring. Ablutions are common in all religions, and the Romans raised altars to the nymphs of the fountains. A beautiful specimen of one was exhumed in Northumberland, and is preserved among the stores of the Antiquarian Society.

The Miracle of Moses calling forth the waters from the rock, when he smote it with his rod, bears upon the subject now before us. Elisha, when he slew the false prophets, raised an altar of stones, and dug a ditch round it, which was filled with water.—1 Kings, chap. xxxiv. verse 35.

To this very hour the Brahmin reveverences the holy Ganges, and devotees stand in it up to their necks, ejaculating prayers, unless an alligator, with an awkward appetite, makes free with him by way of a *whet*. But we need not go so far as the Ganges for a proof of existing water worship; we have only to look at the good old Doge of Venice, throwing his gold ring annually into the waves of the Adriatic—and there is a relic of pure unsophisticated Druidism.

It was a custom among the Gaulish Druids to assemble at a holy lake near Toulouse, into which the devotees were devoutly encouraged to plunge their gold and jewels for the good of their souls, which the holy Druids carefully fished up for the good of their pockets.

Count Caylus observes, v. ii. p. 340, "It was the custom of the ancients to throw into consecrated waters whatever they judged agreeable to their gods."

Auguries were made at Wells both by the Grecian and the Roman. The Parthenians of Greece dipped a mirror into a well, and its figures portended sickness or health. Those of Laconia cast cakes of bread corn into a pool, sacred to Juno—if they sank, good; if not, harm was predicted. There is a prophetic well at Rosebury Topping, County of York; they consult it in cases of sickness; if a shirt or shift taken off the back of a sick person float, it denotes recovery, and *vice versâ*—and to reward the saint, they tear off a rag and leave it hanging on the bushes. Using rags as charms exists in Persia: "after ten days journey, we arrived at a desolate caravansera, where we found nothing but water. I observed a tree with a number of rags tied to the branches, left as charms by passengers coming from distant provinces, in order to leave their complaints behind them." —Hanway's *Travels in Persia*, vol. i. p. 177.

Mungo Park also mentions the same custom to exist in Africa, and we have on record the sanative pool of Bethsheba. Naaman, who was a leper, applied to Elisha for relief, and he was ordered to wash seven times in the Jordan, and what is more, he was cured.—2 Kings, chap. v. verse 1, 9, 10, 14.

"On Midsummer Eve, a fire is kindled at a well called Bede's Well, about a mile west of Jarrow, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to which, as late as 1740, rickety children were brought." —Brand's *History of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 54.

St. Winifred's Well is of great note in Wales. Votive crutches, wheelbarrows, &c. were suspended round the walls, and the man who was wheeled to the well, in gratitude left his crutch or his barrow with the saint.

Lilly, in the *History of his Life and Times*, p. 32, relates, "that in 1635, Sir George Peckham, knt., having continued too long in the water of the well, mumbling his *Pater Nosters* and *Suncta Winifreda, ora pro me*, the cold struck the credulous old gentleman, and after his coming forth he never spoke more, and shortly afterwards expired."

A few years, a very few years ago, some parson wrote vehemently in vindication of St. Winifred and her miracles. It is to be hoped that the fair saint will reward her champion for his folly on earth.

Pennant, in his *History of Whiteford Parish*, p. 223, mentions a holy bathing well: "near the steps, two feet beneath the water, is a large stone called the Wishing Stone. It receives many a kiss from the faithful, who never fail in experiencing the completion of their

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sires, provided the wish is delivered with full devotion and confidence."

In an old work entitled the *Living Librarie*, fol. Lond. 1621, p. 284, I met with the following grave account of "a prophetic fountain in Glomutz, a citie of Misnia, a league from the river Eblis, where the Vandals Torabes came everie yeare in marvellous troupes, to thys wonderfull fountaine, where they sacrificed to their idols, and dulie enquired after the fruitfulness of the year following." As a presage of war, this well would be disturbed by blood and ashes.

In Hone's *Every Day Book*, p. 11, notice is taken of a custom among the Strathdown Highlanders, of drinking water drawn in profound silence from the *dead and living* ford, the *usque cushrichdd*, and it becomes a potent spell till next New Year's Day against witchcraft. A portion of it is always reserved in the house.

In a curious old MS. touching Welsh customs, it appears that if there be a well of our lady or other saint in the parish, the water used at baptism is the font, is fetched from thence, and old women are very eager, after baptism, to wash their eyes with the water.

Within the Holy of Holies, at Mecca, where no Christian is allowed to enter, and close to the celebrated Kaaba Stone, is the sacred well of Zern Zern, famous for its excellence and miracles.—Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 35.

In London there were several wells of sacred notoriety—and as there are many instances where early Catholics turned Druidical superstitions to their own account. It is possible that these sacred wells boast a higher origin than Christian veneration. For instance, *Chad* was a British Deity, promoted to a *saintship* by the Catholics, and we have *St. Chad's Well*, of great repute to this day. Then again we have a Holy Well near Tothill Fields — also near the Strand, where the Druidical relic of the May Pole stood till within these few years; and there is also a Holywell-street, near Shoreditch. Then again there were divers wells near London, whereunto the worthie citizens resorted, but more especially we must remember the rendezvous of the Parsons, the Clerks, the Clerkenwell.

Now all this is very fine! *Water* is very *well* in its way, and much good *springs* from it; but am I not making a *dry* subject of it? At a future time my ink may *flow* again upon the subject, and (to use an Irish accentuation) for the present I will LAVE it—and as for water—bring me roses—bring me water—clear, delicious water—and here, heigh, heigh, come closer, a word in your ear, *put some brandy in it*—mum.

JAMES SILVESTER.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

THE Memoirs of this "House" are comprised in two volumes of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Library*. They are as the reader may expect, less substantial matter than the same Editor's *Cyclopædia*; but they are withal pleasant books, as Dr. Johnson says, to take to the *fire*. By the way this would be a dangerous vicinity for some of the books that are published in these days.

The volumes before us abound with anecdote and *bon mot*, and are nearly as attractive in this way as the French *Ana*. We serve up a few specimens.

Method of showing the Devil in France, in the 17th Century.—A contemporary writer makes Cæsar himself (a musician) thus speak:—"You would not believe how many young courtiers and young Parisians have importuned me to show them the devil. Seeing that, I besought myself of the most pleasant invention in the world to gain money. At a quarter of a league from this city (towards Gentilly, I think,) I found a quarry very deep, which had long caverns on the right and left. When any person comes to see the devil, I place him therein; but, before entering, he must pay me at least forty-five or fifty pistoles. He must swear never to speak of it; he must promise to have no fear; to invoke neither gods nor demigods, and to pronounce no holy word.

"After that, I first enter the cavern; then before passing farther, I make circles, fulminations, invocations, and recite some discourses, composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner pronounced than the curious fool and I hear great iron chains rattle, and great dogs growl. Then I ask him if he is not afraid; if he answers yes, as there are some who dare not pass beyond, I lead him back, and, having thus got rid of his impertinent curiosity, retain for myself the money which he has given me.

"If he is not afraid, I advance farther in front, muttering some frightful words. Having arrived at a place which I know, I redouble my invocations, and utter cries as if I were in a fury. Immediately six men, whom I keep in this

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cavern, throw flames of resin to the right and left of us. Through the flames I show to my curious companion a large goat, loaded with huge iron chains painted vermilion, as if they were on fire. To the right and left there are two huge mastiffs, the heads of which are placed in long instruments of wood, wide at the top and very narrow at the other end. In proportion as these men incite them, they howl as much as they are able; and this howling resounds in such a manner in the instruments in which their heads are placed, that there comes out of them a noise so tremendous into this cavern, that truly my own hair stands on end with horror, although I well know what it is. The goat, which I have dressed up for the occasion, acts on his side, rattling his chains, shaking his horns, and plays his part so well, that there is no one who would not believe that he was the devil. My six men, whom I have very well instructed, are also charged with red chains, and dressed like furies. There is no other light in the place than that which they make at intervals, with the resin.

"Two of them, after having acted the devil to the utmost, come and torment my curious adventurer with long linen bags filled with sand, with which they beat him in such a manner all over his body, that I am afterwards obliged to drag him out of the cavern half dead. Then, when he has a little recovered his spirits, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to see the devil; and I pray him no longer to have this desire, as I assure you there are none who have, after having been beaten like a devil and a half."

Royal and Noble Robbers.—Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIII., or at the commencement of the following reign, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, used to take pleasure, after having made a debauch, in lying in ambuscade on the Pont Neuf, and robbing the passengers of their cloaks. It is related, in the Memoirs of Rochefort, that this prince and his companions having taken during the night five or six cloaks from the passengers, some of the persons robbed went and complained. The police arrived; at their approach the noble robbers took to flight. Among the prince's accomplices were the Count d'Harcourt, the Chevalier de Rieux, and the Count de Rochefort. The two last having fled for refuge towards the statue of Henry IV., climbed up on his horse; the Chevalier de Rieux being frightened, wished to get down; he placed his feet on the reins of bronze—they gave way under his weight—he fell, and uttered cries which brought the police. The latter forced him to get up, and obliged the Count de Rochefort, who had stationed himself at the back of Henry IV., to come down. They were taken to the dungeons of the Châtelet, from which they only got out by powerful interest.

Origin of the term Roué.— Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, a prince gifted with an amiable countenance, with a mild and affable character, much wit, agreeable and varied talents, knowledge tolerably extensive for a man of his rank, worthy of praise on many accounts, merits none on that of his morals. Corrupted in his youth by the Abbé Dubois, his sub-preceptor, he surrounded himself, as soon as he came to the regency, with men and women who partook of his inclination for debauchery. It was then that all the courtiers who directed or imitated this prince received the appellation of *roués*, or persons who deserved to be broken on the wheel. The greater number were men of abandoned characters, who were proud of their depravity, and sold to the enemies of the state their influence over the mind of the regent. This prince gave to the above appellation another sense; his *roués* were, in his estimation, persons who would suffer themselves to be broken on the wheel for him; but the public, more just, gave to this word the meaning which it now bears. The dukes, the counts, the valets, whom he named his *roués*; the actresses, the duchesses, the dancers, the princesses, the ladies of honour, &c. all eagerly participated in his profligacy, and almost all filled an employment infamous even in places of infamy, which consisted in seeking out and procuring for the sultan new victims of his luxury.

At that time the princes and dukes drank to excess, as they did under Louis XIV., and as some men of the lowest class of the people still do. The Duke de Richelieu, in his Chronicle, says of the regent, "As he loved wine, much more was drunk at his house than became a regent of France. Besides, having the misfortune not to bear wine so well as his companions, he often rose from table intoxicated, or having his reason very much affected. Two bottles of champagne produced that effect on him."

Court of the Regent Orleans.—The duchesses and princesses of the court partook of his disgraceful taste, and frequently got drunk. The mother of the regent, Charlotte Elizabeth of Ba-

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varia, in her letters, speaks, without blaming it, of the practice which the ladies of the court had adopted of drinking to excess. "Madame, the Duchess de Bourbon," says she, "can drink a great deal without being intoxicated; her daughters wish to imitate her, but their heads are not strong enough: they are, in general, somewhat less mistresses of themselves than their mother."

Way to make a young King studious.—One day Madame de Ventadour, seeing her royal pupil obstinately determined to learn nothing, presented herself with an afflicted air, and said, "I have just been informed that the parliaments, afraid of having an ignoramus for their king, are going to assemble the states-general, in order to name another king." The child wept, and cried out, "Tell them that I will study!" But he only acquired a feeble dose of instruction.

Montesquieu's Definition of a French Lord.—"A great lord," says Montesquieu, "is a man who sees the king, and speaks to the ministers, who has ancestors, debts, and pensions. If, with that, he is able to conceal his indolence and imbecility by an air of ignorance and importance, or a feigned attachment to pleasure, he believes himself the happiest of men." *Lettres Persanes*, lettre lxxxviii. This is a French lord: the character would apply to an English, if for eagerness we read indifference or nonchalance, that being the distinction between the respective characters.

The Naturalist.

WILSON.

We lament the death of this enthusiastic naturalist, which took place a short time since. He was interred in the cemetery of the Swedish church, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. We read in *The Ballot* Newspaper that "he expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, whither the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses and the lover of science, and *where the birds might sing over his grave.* It has been matter of regret to those of his friends to whom was confided the mournful duty of ordering his funeral that his desire had not been made known to them, otherwise it would have been piously observed." We participate in their regret; for, if ever superstition be sweet to the soul, it is in fulfilment of such last indications of the ruling passion as poor Wilson is said to have expressed. It not only hallows the memory of the dead, but cherishes the enthusiasm of the living.—*Ed. Mirror.*

CURIOUS FISH.

(For the Mirror.)

A most singular fish was brought to Plymouth, a short time since, by some fishermen, who secured it while driving for pilchards off the Mewstone. It was of an unknown species, not unlike a huge bream in shape, weighing sixty pounds, and was two feet nine inches in length, twenty-two inches in depth, and about eight inches in thickness. The dorsal and ventral fins were placed near the tail, stood off from the body, and measured each of them one foot three inches long, both of them tapering to a point. The tail itself was five inches long, and sixteen inches in breadth, crescent-like in shape, and seemingly attached to the body by a kind of hinge. The fish had no nostrils; and its mouth was barely an inch and a half wide. Instead of teeth, it was supplied with two solid sharp bones in the form of gums. Behind the pectoral fins, which were very small, were the ears, which had something of the human conformation. Its skin was perfectly invulnerable, of silvery hue, inclining to blackness towards the ridge of the back. The total absence of gills gave the head a most awkward appearance. W. G. C.

BRAZIL.

In an interesting paper detailing the recent Russian Natural History Expedition of Brazil, we find the following lamentable account of the loss of the painter to the expedition, M. Adrian Taunay. M. Riedel, one of the party, undertook a separate tour, and "having much enriched his collections, he returned again to Matto-Grosso, at a short distance from which he was overtaken by a terrible thunder-storm. After his arrival, he had to deplore the loss of his very dear friend and fellow-traveller M. Adrian Taunay, the painter to the expedition. Trying to get under shelter before the storm reached him, this gentleman rode off from the rest of his companions, who were yet at a considerable distance from the town; and in his hurry he lost the footpath, and came to the bank of the river Guaporé, but on the side opposite Matto-Grosso. Having passed the ferry a good way, and finding at the moment no boat to bring him across, he was seen, by an old woman on the other side, to drive his

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horse before him into the river. The animal got safely over; and, shortly after, his master threw himself, clothed as he was, into the current, at that time very rapid, but, losing his strength about the midst of the stream, he was drowned. He was seen by no person but the old woman, who chanced to be at the same time on the river side, and she was unable to render him any assistance. She immediately alarmed a great many of the inhabitants; but they could not find him sooner than the third day. After this melancholy accident, M. Riedel experienced many difficulties; besides, his health was impaired from the putrid atmosphere at that unwholesome place, inundated, in general, about four months in the year."—*Mag. Natural History.*

NOTES ON SONG BIRDS.

Weather foretold by the Robin.

FEW observers of nature can have passed unheeded the sweetness and peculiarity of the song of the robin, and its various indications with regard to atmospheric changes: the mellow liquid notes of spring and summer, the melancholy sweet pipings of autumn, and the jerking chirps of winter. In spring, when about to change his winter song for the vernal, he for a short time warbles in so unusual a strain as at first to startle and puzzle even those ears most experienced in the notes of birds. He may be considered as part of the naturalist's barometer. On a summer evening, though the weather be in an unsettled and rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand

"On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky,"

or on the "house top," singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere be dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge: this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

Song of the Lark.

This is a justly celebrated bird of song. Though monotonous, it is cheerful, and imparts a gaiety to the mind of even the most serious. His joyous matins and heavenward flight have been aptly compared to hymns and acts of adoration and praise. No bird sings with more method: there is an overture performed *vivace crescendo*, while the singer ascends; when at the full height, the song becomes *moderato*, and distinctly divided into short passages, each repeated three or four times over, like a *fantasia*, in the same key and time. If there be any wind, he rises perpendicularly by bounds, and afterwards poises himself with breast opposed to it. If calm, he ascends in spiral circles; in horizontal circles during the principal part of his song, and zigzagly downwards during the performance of the *finale*. Sometimes after descending about half way, he ceases to sing, and drops with the velocity of an arrow * to the ground. Those acquainted with the song of the skylark can tell without looking at them whether the birds be ascending or stationary in the air, or on their descent; so different is the style of the song in each case. In the first, there is an expression of ardent impatience; in the second, an *andante* composure, in which rests of a bar at a time frequently occur; and in the last, a graduated sinking of the strains, often touching the subdominant before the final close. The time and number of the notes often correspond with the vibrations of the wings; and though they sometimes sing while on the ground, as they are seen to do in cages, their whole frame seems to be agitated by their musical efforts.—*Ibid.*

The Cuckoo

Is constantly, at least often, followed by a small bird, which is said to be a titlark. On this circumstance is founded the proverb, on describing two disproportionately sized animals; they are said to be "like the cuckoo and titlark." From repeated observation it has appeared to me that the purpose of the small bird is to watch the motions of the cuckoo, and to drive her away; because, when on wing, the titlark is seen to dart on the cuckoo, as the swallow does upon the sparrow-hawk; and if the tit has any instinctive jealousy for the honour of his bed, his aversion to the cuckoo is naturally justifiable.

The Chaffinch

Has a peculiar call when alarmed for the safety of his nest, or when the clouds threaten rain; in the latter case, he is said to pronounce the words, "wet, wet, wet," sometimes for an hour together.—*Ibid.*

Song Thrush, or Throstle.

Here we have one of the most musical of British birds. He is one of the first harbingers of spring, and his loud and powerful pipe is always hailed with pleasure. His song is continued for hours together, and consists of short

* Of this familiar fact the poet Gay has made a beautiful application in his popular ballad of "Black-eyed Susan;" founding on it an apposite and admirable simile.—*J. D. for Cond*

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passages, each repeated two or three times. Some of these passages are very fine, and true to the chromatic scale. The song thrush has certainly more variety in his notes than any other British bird, the nightingale not excepted.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

PETER'S NET.

(By C. Lamb.)

"All is fish that comes to my net."

WHAT Apelles was to the *Grecian Alexander*, the same to the *Russian* was the late G— D—. None but Apelles might attempt the lineaments of the world's conqueror; none but our Academician could have done justice to the lines of the Czar, and his courtiers. There they hang, the labour of ten plodding years, in an endless gallery, erected for the nonce, in the heart of Imperial Petersburgh—eternal monuments of barbarian taste submitting to half-civilized cunning—four hundred fierce Half-Lengths, all male, and all military; like the pit in a French Theatre, or the characters in Timon as it was last acted, with never a woman among them. Chaste sitters to Vandyke, models of grace and womanhood; and thou Dame Venetia Digby, fairest among thy fair compeers at Windsor, hide your pure pale cheeks, and cool English beauties, before this suffocating horde of Scythian riflers, this male chaos! Your cold oaken frames shall wane before the gorgeous gildings,

With Tartar faces thronged, and horrent uniforms.

One emperor contended for the monopoly of the *ancient;* two were competitors at once for the pencil of the *modern Apelles*. The Russian carried it against the Haytian by a single length. And if fate, as it was at one time nearly arranged, had wafted D. to the shores of Hayti—with the same complacency in his art, with which he persisted in daubing in, day after day, his frozen Muscovites, he would have sate down for life to smutch in upon canvass the faces of blubber-lipped sultanas, or the whole male retinue of the dingy court of Christophe. For in truth a choice of subjects was the least of D.'s care. A Goddess from Cnidus, or from the Caffre coast, was equal to him; Lot, or Lot's wife; the charming widow H., or her late husband.

My acquaintance with D. was in the outset of his art, when the graving tools, rather than the pencil, administered to his humble wants. Those implements, as is well known, are not the most favourable to the cultivation of that virtue, which is esteemed next to godliness. He might "wash his hands in innocency," and so metaphorically "approach an altar;" but his material puds were any thing but fit to be carried to church. By an ingrained economy in soap—if it was not for pictorial effect rather—he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame round a picture, in which a dead white was the predominant colour. This with the addition of green spectacles, made necessary by the impairment, which his graving labours by day and night (for he was ordinarily at them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four) had brought upon his visual faculties, gave him a singular appearance, when he took the air abroad; in so much, that I have seen a crowd of young men and boys following him along Oxford-street with admiration, not without shouts; even as the Youth of Rome, we read in Vasari, followed the steps of Raphael with acclamations for his genius, and for his beauty, when he proceeded from his work-shop to chat with Cardinals and Popes at the Vatican.

The family of D. were not at this time in affluent circumstances. His father, a clever artist, had outlived the style of art, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. He, with the father of the celebrated Morland, worked for the shop of Carrington and Bowles, which exists still for the poorer sort of caricatures, on the North side of St. Paul's Church Yard. They did clever things in colours. At an inn in Reading a screen is still preserved, full of their labours; but the separate portions of either artist are now undistinguishable. I remember a Mother teaching her Child to read (B. Barton has a copy of it); a Laundress washing; a young Quaker, a beautiful subject. But the flower of their forgotten productions hangs still at a public-house on the left hand, as thou arrivest, Reader, from the now Highgate archway, at the foot of the descent where Crouch End begins, on thy road to green Hornsey. Turn in, and look at it, for the sight is well worth a cup of excusatory cider. In the parlour to the right you will find it—an antiquated subject—a Damsel sitting at her breakfast table in a gown of the flowered chintz of our grandmothers, with a tea-service before her of the *same pattern*. The effect is most delicate.

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Why have these harmonies—these *agrémens*—no place in the works of modern art?

With such niceties in his calling D. did not much trouble his head, but, after an ineffectual experiment to reconcile his eye-sight with his occupation, boldly quitted it, and dashed into the beaten road of common-place portraiture in oil. The Hoppners, and the Lawrences, were his Vandykes, and his Velasquezes; and if he could make any thing like them, he insured himself immortality. With such guides he struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sat down contented. If the features were but cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh, or oil-skin. For the thousand tints—the grains—which in the life diversify the nose, the chin, the cheek—which a Reynolds can but coarsely counterfeit—he cared nothing at all about them. He left such scrupulosities to opticians and anatomists. If the features were but there, the character of course could not be far off. A lucky hit which he made in painting the *dress* of a very dressy lady—Mrs. W—e —, whose handsome countenance also, and tall elegance of shape, were too palpable entirely to escape under any masque of oil, with which even D. could overlay them—brought to him at once, an influx of sitters, which almost rivalled the importunate calls upon Sir Thomas. A portrait, he *did* soon after, of the Princess Charlotte, clenched his fame. He proceeded Academician. At that memorable conjuncture of time it pleased the Allied Sovereigns to visit England.

I called upon D. to congratulate him upon a crisis so doubly eventful. His pleasant housekeeper seemed embarrassed; owned that her master was alone. But could he be spoken with? With some importunity I prevailed upon her to usher me up into his painting-room. It was in Newman-street. At his easel stood D., with an immense spread of canvass before him, and by his side a—live Goose. I inquired into this extraordinary combination. Under the rose he informed me, that he had undertaken to paint a transparency for Vauxhall, against an expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns to that place. I smiled at an engagement so derogatory to his new-born honours; but a contempt of small gains was never one of D.'s foibles. My eyes beheld crude forms of warriors, kings, rising under his brush upon this interminable stretch of cloth. The Wolga, the Don, and the Nieper, were there, or their representative River Gods; and Father Thames clubbed urns with the Vistula. Glory with her dazzling Eagle was not absent, nor Fame, nor Victory. The shade of Rubens might have evoked the mighty allegories. But what was the Goose? He was evidently *sitting* for a something.

D. at last informed me, that having fixed upon a group of rivers, he could not introduce the Royal Thames without his *swans*. That he had inquired the price of a live swan, and it being more than he was prepared to give for it, he had bargained with the poulterer for the *next thing to it*; adding significantly, that it would do to roast, after it had served its turn to paint swans by. *Reader, this is a true story.*

So entirely devoid of imagination, or any feeling for his high art, was this *Painter*, that for the few historical pictures he attempted, any sitter might sit for any character. He took once for a subject *The Infant Hercules*. Did he chuse for a model some robust antique? No. He did not even pilfer from Sir Joshua, who was nearer to his own size. But from a *show* he hired to sit to him a child in years indeed, (though no Infant,) but in fact a precocious *Man*, or human portent, that was disgustingly exhibiting at that period; a thing to be strangled. From this he formed *his* Infant Hercules. In a scriptural flight he next attempted a Sampson in the lap of Dalilah. A Dalilah of some sort was procurable for love or money, but who should stand for the Jewish Hercules? He hired a tolerably stout porter, with a thickish head of hair, curling in yellowish locks, but lithe—much like a wig. And these were the robust strengths of Sampson.

I once was witness to a *family scene* in his painting closet, which I had entered rather abruptly, and but for his encouragement, should as hastily have retreated. He stood with displeased looks eyeing a female relative—whom I had known under happier auspices—that was kneeling at his feet with a baby in her arms, with her eyes uplifted and suppliant. Though I could have previously sworn to the virtue of Miss ——, yet casual slips have been known. There are such things as families disgraced, where least you would have expected it. The child *might* be ————; I had heard of no wedding—I was the last person to pry into family secrets—when D. relieved my uneasy cogitations by explaining, that the innocent, good-humoured creature before me (such as she

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ever was, and is now that she is married) with a baby borrowed from the public house, was acting Andromache to *his* Ulysses, for the purpose of transferring upon canvass a tender situation from the Troades of Seneca.

On a subsequent occasion I knocked at D.'s door. I had chanced to have been in a dreamy humour previously. I am not one that often poetises, but I had been musing—coxcombically enough in the heart of Newman-street, Oxford Road—upon Pindus and the Aonian Maids. The Lover of Daphne was in my mind— when, answering to my summons, the door opened, and there stood before me, laurel-crowned, the God himself, unshorn Apollo. I was beginning to mutter apologies to the Celestial Presence—when on the thumb of the right hand of the Delian (his left held the harp) I spied a pallet, such as painters carry, which immediately reconciled me to the whimsical transformation of my old acquaintance—with his own face, certainly any other than Grecianesque—into a temporary image of the oracle-giver of Delphos. To have impersonated the Ithacan was little; he had been just sitting for a God.—It would be no incurious inquiry to ascertain what the *minimum* of the faculty of imagination, ever supposed essential to painters along with poets, is, that, in these days of complaints of want of patronage towards the fine arts, suffices to dub a man a R—l A—n.

Not only had D. no imagination to guide him in the treatment of such subjects, but he had no relish for high art in the productions of the great masters. He turned away from them as from something foreign and irrelative to him, and his calling. He knew he had neither part nor portion in them. Cozen him into the Stafford or the Angerstein Gallery, he involuntarily turned away from the Baths of Diana—the Four Ages of Guercino—the Lazarus of Piombo—to some petty piece of *modern art* that had been inconsistently thrust into the collection through favour. On that he would dwell and pore, blind as the dead to the delicacies that surrounded him. There he might learn something. There he might pilfer a little. There was no grappling with Titian, or Angelo.

The narrowness of his domestic habits to the very last, was the consequence of his hard bringing up, and unexpected emergence into opulence. While rolling up to the ears in Russian rubles, a penny was still in his eyes the same important thing, which it had with some reason seemed to be, when a few shillings were his daily earnings. When he visited England a short time before his death, he reminded an artist of a commission, which he had executed for him in Russia, the package of which was "still unpaid." At this time he was not unreasonably supposed to have realized a sum little short of half a million sterling. What became of it was never known; what gulf, or what Arctic *vorago*, sucked it in, his acquaintance in those parts have better means of guessing than his countrymen. It is certain that few of the latter were any thing the better for it.

It was before he expatriated himself, but subsequently to his acquisition of pictorial honours in this country, that he brought home two of his brother Academicians to dine with him. He had given no orders extraordinary to his housekeeper. He trusted, as he always did, to her providing. She was a shrewd lass, and knew, as we say, a bit of her master's mind.

It had happened that on the day before, D. passing near Clare Market by one of those open shambles, where tripe and cow-heel are exposed for sale, his eye was arrested by the sight of some tempting flesh *rolled up*. It is a part of the intestines of some animal, which my olfactory sensibilities never permitted me to stay long enough to inquire the name of. D. marked the curious involutions of the unacquainted luxury; the harmony of its colours—a *sable vert*—pleased his eye; and, warmed with the prospect of a new flavour, for a few farthings he bore it off in triumph to his housekeeper. It so happened that his day's dinner was provided, so the cooking of the novelty was for that time necessarily suspended.

Next day came. The hour of dinner approached. His visiters, with no very romantic anticipations, expected a plain meal at least; they were prepared for no new dainties; when, to the astonishment of them and almost of D. himself, the purchase of the preceding day was served up piping hot—the cook declaring that she did not know well what it was, for "her master always marketed." His guests were not so happy in their ignorance. They kept dogs.

I will do D. the justice to say, that on such occasions he took what happened in the best humour possible. He had no *false modesty*—though I have generally observed, that persons, who are quite deficient in that *mauvais honte*, are seldom over-troubled with the quality itself, of which it is the counterfeit.

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By what arts, with *his* pretensions, D. contrived to wriggle himself into a seat in the Academy, I am not acquainted enough with the intrigues of that body (more involved than those of an Italian conclave) to pronounce. It is certain, that neither for love to him, nor out of any respect to his talents, did they elect him. Individually he was obnoxious to them all. I have heard that, in his passion for attaining this object, he went so far as to go down upon his knees to some of the members, whom he thought least favourable, and beg their suffrage with many tears

But *death*, which extends the measure of a man's stature to appearance; and *wealth*, which men worship in life and death, which makes giants of punies, and embalms insignificance; called around the exequies of this pigmy Painter the rank, the riches, the fashion of the world. By Academic hands his pall was borne; by the carriages of nobles of the land, and of ambassadors from foreign powers, his bier was followed; and St. Paul's (O worthy casket for the shrine of such a Zeuxis) now holds—ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF G. D.

Englishman's Magazine.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A SIGHT OF WALTHAM CROSS.

TIME-MOULDERING Crosses, gemm'd with imagery
Of costliest work, and Gothic tracery,
Point still the spots, to hallow'd wedlock dear,
Where rested on its solemn way the bier,
That bore the bones of Edward's Elinor
To mix with Royal dust at Westminster.—
Far different rites did thee to dust consign,
Duke Brunswick's daughter, Princely Caroline.
A hurrying funeral, and a banish'd grave,
High-minded Wife! were all that thou could'st have.
Grieve not, great Ghost, nor count in death thy losses;
Thou in thy lifetime had'st thy share of *crosses*.

Ibid.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

(Concluded from page 160.*)*

THE *Jubilee Pippin* was raised at Norwich from seed sown on the day of the Jubilee, 1809. Of the *Keswick Codlin*, Mr. Lindley says, "This and the Hawthornden might with great propriety, be recommended for the poor cottager's garden; and, whoever, as a landlord, plants them for such a purpose, may be truly deemed the cottager's friend." This is a valuable recommendation. Probably the best way to prevent drunkenness, and the alleged evils of beer-shops would be to plant fruit-trees. The *Belle Grideline* is of Mr. Lindley's own nomenclature. He says, "it originated in a small garden near Surrey-street Gates, Norwich, about sixty years ago, and was first propagated by myself in 1793, when I gave it the above name." The *Borsdorff*, or Queen's Apple, (German) was a great favourite with Queen Charlotte, who had it imported for her annually, and it appears to have been introduced into this country soon after her arrival in 1761. The *Court of Wick Pippin* deserves especial mention:

"This most excellent and beautiful little apple originated from a seed of the Golden Pippin at *Court de Wick*, as it was formerly written, in Somersetshire. Throughout this, and indeed throughout almost all the western counties, it is held in the highest estimation as a table fruit. The trees grow to a good size, are very hardy, standing in some places the most severe blasts from the Welsh mountains, and there bearing in the greatest abundance, becoming the most perfectly ripened of their orchard fruits. It cannot have too extensive a cultivation."

The *Embroidered Pippin* looks well in print: "skin greenish white when first gathered, turning to a bright yellow, strongly marked with a sort of broken ramified net-work of deep grey russet, hence the synonyme of *Drap* d'Or, "or cloth of gold." *Fail-me-Never* is properly named, being "very hardy, and an abundant bearer." But the *London Pippin* is "a real Norfolk apple; the most common and best known of any in the Norwich market." The *Norfolk Beauffin* is what the *marchands* term "Biffin:" many thousands of these apples are dried by the bakers in Norwich annually, and sent in boxes as presents to all parts of the kingdom; *our* Norwich friends have hitherto forgotten us. The *Winter Majetin*, a Norfolk apple, sets at defiance "the *aphis lanigera*, a white mealy insect, so destructive to most of our old orchard trees," as does Mr. Knight's Siberian Bittersweet Apple. The *Baltimore* is a very large and beautiful American apple: "skin pale lemon colour, covered with a very thin grey russet, especially near the eye, and tinged with a pale salmon-coloured blush on the sunny side: one of its fruit 14¾ inches in circumference, and 4 inches in height, weighed 1 lb. 7½ oz. avoirdupoise." The *Cornish Gilliflower* is named from its perfume resembling the Clove Gilliflower, and was discovered in

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a cottage garden near Truro, about the year 1803, and was in 1813 considered of so much importance by the Horticultural Society, that they awarded the silver medal to Sir C. Hawkins, for bringing it into notice. The *Harvey Apple*, writes Ray, in 1688, took its name from "the famous Dr. Gabriel Harvey:" when baked in an oven which is not too hot, these apples are most excellent; they become sugary, and will keep a week or ten days, furnishing for the dessert a highly-flavoured sweetmeat. *Hubbard's Pearmain*, as a table apple, is unrivalled

"The *Ribston* Pippin may be truly said to be one of the best, and certainly is one of the most popular dessert apples of the present day, as well known as the Golden Pippin and the Nonpareil; and a greater number of trees of it are sold by nurserymen throughout England, than of both those sorts put together. It was raised, according to traditionary accounts, from some pips which were brought from Rouen, about the year 1688, and sown in the garden at Ribston Hall, near Knaresborough, in the county of York. A tree from these was planted out in the park, which grew to a very large size, and formed the subject of the present article. I visited it 1789, and found it in a very healthy state: it was, however, in a violent gale, in 1810, thrown down; and, five years afterwards, still continued to bear fruit, although lying on the ground. It has been doubted by some, whether the tree at Ribston Hall was an original from the seed. The fact of its not being a grafted tree, has been satisfactorily ascertained by Sir Henry Goodricke, the present proprietor, by causing suckers from its root to be planted out, which have set the matter at rest, that it was not a grafted tree. One of these suckers has produced fruit in the Horticultural Garden at Chiswick."

The *Old Nonpareil* merits notice from its antiquity:—"Switzer, in 1724, says, 'The Nonpareil is no stranger in England, though it might have had its origin in France; yet there are trees of it about the Ashtons, in Oxfordshire, of about 100 years old, which, (as they have it by tradition) were first brought out of France, and planted by a Jesuit, in Queen Mary's or Queen Elizabeth's time.' From which it appears that it must have been in our gardens above two centuries. The trees are regularly good bearers; and when grafted upon the Doucin stock, upon a good soil, and under judicious management, their fruit has been as perfect as the best of our newest productions."

The *Pine-Apple Russet* is an exquisite fruit: "juice more abundant than in any apple I have ever met with, as it generally runs very copiously as soon as cut open, saccharine, with that just proportion of acid which characterizes our most valuable fruits, and of a spicy flavour, with a high perfume; it is named from its abundance of juice, which somewhat resembles that of a pine-apple." The *Forest Styre* is a famous cider fruit of Gloucestershire, and is planted principally in the Forest of Dean, where it affords a stronger cider than the deeper soils of Herefordshire. Styre Cider may be found in the neighbourhood of Chepstow of 30 and 40 years old. In Phillips's Poem on Cider, he calls this the *Stirom*, a name which is now become obsolete. The *Orange Pippin*, when ripe resembles a crop of very ripe Seville Oranges; there are trees now to be found 100 years old: it has been supposed by some that the Orange Pippin was first brought from Normandy to the Isle of Wight, and that the first of the kind was planted in the garden of Wraxhall Cottage, near the under cliff, where it was growing in 1817. Of the *Redstreak* there is the following:—

"Mr. Knight, the author of the very interesting *Pomona Herefordensis*, is of opinion that the Redstreak was the first fine cider apple that was cultivated in Herefordshire, or probably in England; and thinks it may be doubted, whether excellent cider was ever made in any country previous to the existence of this apple. It is unquestionably a native of Herefordshire, and is supposed to have been raised from seed by Lord Scudamore in the beginning of the seventeenth century. When it began to be first cultivated, it was called *Scudamore's Crab*, and he certainly first pointed its excellence to the Herefordshire planters. Lord Scudamore was ambassador to the court of France in the time of King Charles the First."

The *Woodcock Apple* is generally supposed to have been named from an imaginary resemblance of the form of the fruit and fruit stalk, in some instances, to the head of a woodcock.

These Notes are from the Apples only; at this rate, however, we shall be weeks getting through the volume, so that we must content ourselves with specifying the number of Fruits described in Mr. Lindley's work:

Apricots	- -	14 *Varieties*
Cherries	- -	28

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Currants	-	-	6
Figs	-	-	27
Gooseberries	-	-	24
Grapes	-	-	61
Melons	-	-	24
Mulberries	-	-	2
Peaches	-	-	60
Nectarines	-	-	28
Pears	-	-	162
Pine Apples	-	-	37
Plums	-	-	60
Quinces	-	-	3
Raspberries	-	-	22
Strawberries	-	-	62

Varieties.

The Kitchen Garden would make a nice *haricot* chapter for the gastronomic reader—we mean him who cooks and eats as he reads; although it must be owned these things look better on the table than on paper—better to the mouth than the eye. Mr. Lindley's dessert has no plates, but the fruits are exquisitely dished up.

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

Saint Knighton's Glen.

"Devonia lifts
Her rocks sublimely—
Amid this region of enchantment stands
A pile stupendous, rising
Abruptly; and though nature round its base
Has flung her leafage, yet its sides are scathed,
And verdureless, and shiver'd."

N. T. CARRINGTON.

ONCE more, Weston, do I behold thy sunny vale, winding as of old, in all its freshness and beauty to the sea. States pass away; man perishes like the flowers of the field; but Nature is ever new, eternal and unchangeable. Such were my thoughts, as a sudden turn in the road displayed the vale of Priors-Weston before me. Many years had elapsed since I last saw Weston; much had passed in the interval—my health was somewhat impaired, and I felt a real throb of pleasure on revisiting a once loved and well-remembered scene. I like a western village. Many are the beautiful secluded little hamlets in that "region of fine landscape," the comfort and neatness of which, in my opinion, are far preferable to all the tinsel of large towns. But we are the creatures of circumstance; for a true native of Cockaigne would undoubtedly prefer Cheapside to the finest scenes in nature. *They love a crowd. N'importe,* Priors-Weston was in many respects the *beau ideal* of such a village:—the scattered buildings embowered in wood,—the trim thatch, or high peaked roofs, with their flanking stacks of grotesque chimneys,—the white walls and old projecting windows peeping out amidst luxuriant masses of vine and rose leaves,—the well filled stack-yards and their appendages,—the church tower and fretted windows with their matted screen of ivy, not forgetting an antique yew tree or two, in the churchyard, whose dark and sombre foliage was in harmony with the spot, contrasting well with the silvery larches in the shrubbery of the adjoining vicarage;—and the indescribable air of comfort and plenty which characterised the whole view,—when taken together, formed a scene such as old England alone can display.

As I progressed through the village, towards the hospitable roof of a friend of whom more anon, I perceived that like other places, time had made a considerable change in Priors-Weston. A new street had arisen at the southern extremity, and a tram-road passed across it which was carried onwards to the little port of————, distant several miles; where the increased crowd of masts alongside the old pier betokened that it too, was thriving like its neighbour.

Poor Charles Hyde! manly, single-hearted, and sincere, thou wert a true sailor—yet untainted by the world, and unsuspicious of its quicksands;—thoughtless as a boy;—yet with a mind that could sternly occupy itself when occasion needed—we yet remember its flashes.

Charles Hyde's father was once the proprietor of the Priors-Weston estate. In the wild country near it, to which we shall have occasion presently to allude, a lode of copper ore had been struck by a mining speculator. This person was a great schemer, and like many such, very needy. Becoming acquainted with Hyde, he magnified the importance of the undertaking, which he said only wanted the *wheels greasing*. It was then a new thing in the neighbourhood, and the matter ended in Hyde's becoming involved in the concern as chief partner. Every thing looked very well at first, though Hyde was cautioned against listening implicitly to the representations of his partner; but the tremendous calls for money, and short returns, at last convinced him, when too late, that he had been the dupe of a scheming, sanguine man, who looked at things through a false medium. Whispers now began to be prevalent about Mr. Hyde's affairs. He was in debt to a large extent. The interest had been for some time unpaid on an incumbrance on his estate; the parties threatened to foreclose,—his partner deserted him in the midst of it and went abroad,—and death stepped in just in time to screen the ruin which was every where staring

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him in the face. He caught an inflammation on the lungs from a violent wetting got underground when heated, and in ten days afterwards, poor Christopher Hyde—whose only fault was perhaps too speculative a disposition, and whose fate is not singular,—was lying with his forefathers in Priors-Weston church.

His wife, the orphan of a naval officer, and whose union had been of the happiest description, was thus suddenly and unexpectedly left a widow. Happily poor Charles was an only child, but in the wreck of his father's affairs he had a cheerless prospect before him. Bravely did they bear up against their misfortunes; without a tear Mrs. Hyde left her splendid home, and retired to the little cottage at the Knoll in the adjoining village of Priors-Weston. Mrs. Hyde possessed a settlement of 100*l.* a year, which was all she had to depend upon for the support of herself and child; but the creditors litigated about this, and in the meantime she was left nearly penniless. The mortgagee foreclosed and took possession of the estate: and the produce of the valuable stock and machinery of the mines and other tangible property fell to the lot of two judgment creditors—which parties chuckled at their good fortune at being *in*, in lucky time before their neighbours. Charles was twelve years old, and Mrs. Hyde cast her eyes naturally towards her friends in such a juncture. Her husband's relations, who had been fawning and living on them for years, protested that he had acted like a madman, and they had always disapproved of the match, "but still they greatly regretted it was not in their power at present," &c. Her own relations were all dead or abroad. One individual alone stepped forward to cheer the broken heart, when all the world seemed to have deserted her—it was an entire stranger. Captain Follaton, a veteran naval officer, having an only daughter to bring up, selected Priors-Weston for his residence, from the beauty and salubrity of its situation. By his advice and assistance, the scoundrels, as he said, who had commenced law proceedings, were quickly brought on their marrow-bones. The families were soon *old* friends, in every respect but the duration of time. Charles became dotingly fond of the sea, which was probably augmented by the occasional society of a few middys whose slang and laced jackets and dirks are taking things to a youngster. Follaton therefore got him aboard a man of war, and after serving for twelve years, I now found him laid up for the present, at his native place, luxuriating on a lieutenant's half-pay; his ship having been paid off, and he having no chance of promotion.

Singularly enough I met Charles who was walking to meet me, just as I checked my horse on approaching the tram-road. After welcoming me, he gave a glance around, while a shade came across his features, "I see you guess where this leads to—my poor father was right after all; the old shafts turned out well at last." It appeared that a near relation, who had characterised his father's schemes as insane and refused to assist his widow in her utmost need, had nevertheless purchased the mine, &c., for an "old song," and a very rich lode was accidentally struck soon after, by which he realized a large fortune. One man—indeed often several—but too frequently expend their capital for another to profit by in speculations of this nature. Such are some of the vicissitudes of mining affairs!

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE CORONATION OF KING JAMES II.

King James retrenched several things in the ceremony of the coronation, one of which was the cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster, saving thereby a charge of 60,000*l.*

The King slept at St. James's Palace, the night before his coronation. He was crowned on St. George's day 1685. The crown which did not fit the King's head, was often slipping off, and Mr. Henry Sidney supporting it with his hand, pleasantly said to the King, "It was not the first time his family had supported the crown." This Mr. Sidney was afterwards created Earl of Romney by King William; and he was the first person of note that joined him against James.

P. T. W.

DUTY OF PUBLISHING TRUTH.

"Keep your opinions to yourself," said Queen Caroline to the honest William Whiston. "If," said Whiston, "Luther and Calvin had kept their opinions to themselves, where would your religion have been?"

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The Mirror.

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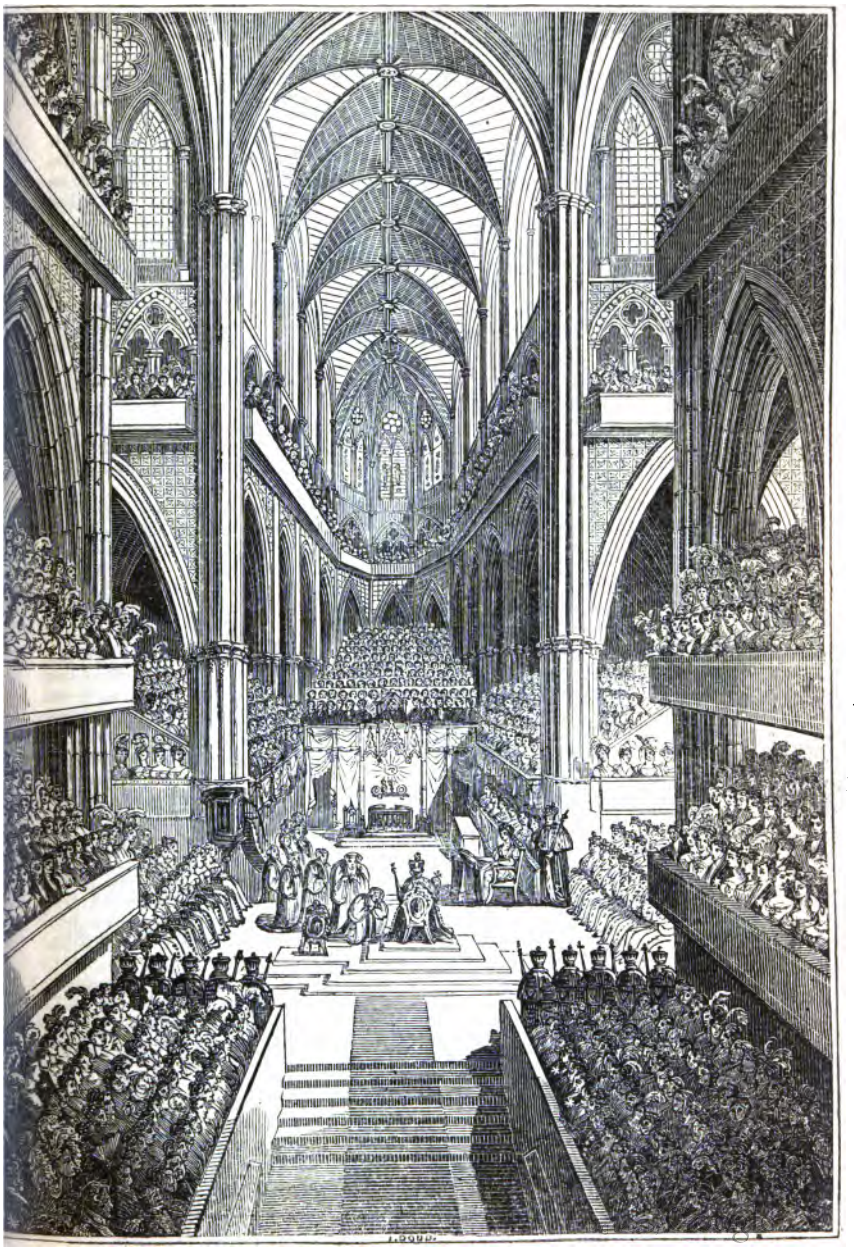

THE HOMAGE.

CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

Thursday, September 8, 1831.

By the courtesy of Sir George Nayler, Garter King at Arms, we were favoured with the privilege of witnessing this sublime and splendid ceremony, which we shall proceed to describe as fully as our columns will admit. We must, however, be concise in many particulars, from our want of space, as well as from some of the details having already been before the public. Our aim is to condense the official accounts, collate those of our principal contemporaries, and compare them with our own notes, not forgetting several points in themselves of minor importance, but contributing to the completeness of the whole.

PREPARATIONS IN THE ABBEY.

Accommodation was provided for 5,300 persons within the Abbey, and such were their stability and finish, that they had anything but the appearance of erections for a temporary purpose. These had occupied many previous weeks, and their economy of space, and elegance of effect could only be the result of much experience and deliberation.

From the great western door of the Abbey, on the outside, a covered way was constructed, extending about fifty feet, at the entrance of which their Majesties and suite were to alight. This entrance was constructed entirely of wood, but painted on the outside and in the interior—the exterior to resemble stone, in keeping with the architecture of the Abbey, and the sides and roof of the interior an admirable imitation of Gothic panelling in oak. There were two stained windows about midway in the porch, on the walls of which were emblazoned the national emblems in lozenges, shields, and other heraldic devices. Adjoining this portico were two robing-rooms, fitted with crimson and gold, and convenient anterooms. The external and internal finish of this building almost made one regret that it should be allowed but to stand a brief day.

On entering the nave, on each side were boxes fitted up by the Dean and Chapter, filling up the spaces between the columns, extending far back, amphitheatrically, and covered with crimson cloth. Galleries covered also with crimson cloth were suspended from the vaultings, the full extent of the nave. To these boxes and galleries alone could admission be obtained for money: they afforded only a view of the procession as it passed on to the choir, all view of the ceremony in the choir from hence being shut out by an addition to the beautiful Gothic screen, which separates the nave and the choir. This addition was of wood, yet painted so skilfully to harmonize with the rich work of the screen, as almost to baffle detection. This was executed by Mr. Parris, the celebrated painter of the Colosseum. High above the doorway, on one side appears, (for it is not yet removed,) the effigies of Edward the Confessor, who rebuilt the Abbey; and on the other side Henry III. who enlarged it: both of these figures are in niches, canopied. Above them, beneath the pinnacled cornice is a row of emblazoned shields. The whole is painted with great ability, and as a work of art, would have delighted even Capon, the famous architectural scene-painter. This raised screen encloses the organ and loft, which were occupied by musicians and choristers, under the direction of Sir George Smart, and it operated as a sort of sounding-board to the music, by aiding to confine the sound within the choir.

At the commencement of the choir there was an ascent of several steps, and again the same at the distance of a few yards, which placed the spectator on the "theatre," where the splendid pageant was enacted. This "theatre," as it is called, formed the floor of the "House," which was constructed within the walls of this vast and venerable pile, and might more appropriately be called the "pit," as it was the lowest part of the structure. The approach to the "theatre" through the choir was between inclosed ranges of seats, set apart for the great officers of state, the judges, &c., and the household. In the centre of the "theatre," opposite the altar, between the transepts, and of course immediately beneath the great lantern over the tower, was raised the platform upon which were placed the chairs of state, or thrones, for the King and Queen. These platforms were square; that for the Queen smaller than the King's, and ascended by only three steps, whereas the King's had five. The platforms, to the base of the first step, were covered with cloth of gold, and from thence to the flooring of the "theatre," with rich Wilton carpet. The King's chair stood on the right, facing the altar. The distance from the platforms to the *sacrarium* in front of the altar, where the coronation

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chairs stood, was not more than eight or nine feet.

The north and south transepts were fitted up with rows of benches, and close to each window an extensive gallery was erected. The first ten rows of benches on each side were kept for the peers and peeresses—the peers sitting on the right, and the peeresses on the left of their Majesties' chairs of state. Above these rows were others preserved for persons admitted with peerage tickets. On each side of the transepts were large galleries, ornamented with great elegance, but, unfortunately, not filled.

The Sacrarium, called in the printed ceremonial the area, exceeded all the other preparations in magnificence of decoration.

The first object which attracted the eye was the altar. The table, 6 feet 9 inches in length, stood upon a platform a little above the elevation of the floor, and had a small shelf behind. The whole was covered with blue and gold brocade. The top of this covering was panelled with broad gold lace, and was edged with gold looped fringe. The bottom and sides were bordered with gold lace, and the whole was furnished with a gold fringe, 7 inches deep. On this were subsequently placed the articles necessary in the coronation.

The back of the altar was covered with blue and gold brocade * * *. This drapery was coiled up with ropes of gold. It was surmounted by a cornice composed of two-inch-and-a-half gold and silk rope, with large gilt rosettes to each pipe. The fringe was of gold and silk, four inches deep. On the left hand, or north side, of the altar stood the chair of the Archbishop of Canterbury; it was of oak. The back, seat, and elbows were stuffed and covered with velvet of the colour called bishops' purple, and were panelled with gold lace. There was a footstool to match, which was covered with purple velvet, and ornamented with gymp. Besides this, there was a kneeling cushion for the Archbishop, covered with purple velvet, and a similar cushion for the Dean of Westminster on the other side. The step leading to the altar and the floor of the sacrarium was covered with a rich garter blue and gold Wilton carpet. The pattern was the Norman rose with the ermine. On the right of the altar stood the offering-table, which was covered with garter blue Genoa velvet, bordered with lace, and fringed with gold. Upon this, preparatory to the ceremonies, was placed a cushion, upon which the offerings were to be made, covered with garter blue velvet, panelled with gold lace, and with four gold tassels at the corners. The whole of the fittings of the sacrarium were the same as at the Coronation of George IV., and these details are from the *Gazette* description of that ceremony. Their accuracy far exceeds our aptitude at describing internal decorations. The curious in such matters will also be pleased to know that the pattern of the carpet of the theatre was in excellent taste — mullions and squares, crimson and cloth of gold colour, alternately, and a rich gold colour fringe. The cloth of gold on the steps of the throne was superb: the very surface was pure gold, over the Wilton carpet which covered the steps as well as the floor. The embroidery of the chair, or throne, was extremely rich; that of the pulpit, crimson velvet, panelled with gold, was chastely elegant, as it should be, rather than magnificent.

On the south side of the sacrarium was the box provided for the female branches of the Royal Family, and also for the young Princes. On the north side was placed a bench for the Bishops, who were to assist in the ceremonies. There were also in the sacrarium a chair of recognition and a Litany chair for each of their Majesties. St. Edward's Chair stood on the south side, and the Queen's Chair on the north of the area in front of the altar.

(*The Engraving in No. 597 of the Mirror is from this point of view.*)

We have already described this chair at some length. On this occasion it was covered with gold frosted tissue, and a corresponding cushion: the crockets and fretwork were also richly gilt.

At the back of the altar, on each side, was an entry to the Traverse, or part of the Shrine of Edward the Confessor, by which their Majesties separately retired to be disrobed. These entrances were concealed by green and gold tapestry hangings corresponding with the adjoining gallery fronts.

Above the sacrarium was the gallery for the Members of the House of Commons, rising almost to the uppermost windows. This was entirely filled, two-thirds of the members appearing in various uniforms, and the remainder in court dresses. The Speaker occupied a plain oak chair in the centre, closely over the altar; before him lay his mace on a purple cushion.

At the extreme end of the Abbey, and above this gallery, in the vaultings, were stationed part of the

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King's state band, with trumpets and drums, to aid the ceremony occasionally.

Such was the interior of the Abbey before the commencement of the ceremonies. The doors were opened at four o'clock, from which hour till ten o'clock the company continued to arrive. Lord Tenterden was first among the Peers, and so early as 5 o'clock, his lordship, (with characteristic promptitude,) was pacing the theatre, coronet in hand, and engaged in anxious inquiries. Soon after 9 o'clock all the Peers and Peeresses were present, and their separate arrivals enabled the spectators to fill up the time with notes of the splendid dresses, some of which, in our hearing, would not discredit any chronicle of fashion. The rivalry of diamonds among the peeresses was extremely superb; and the ermined robes of the peers, groves of feathers, and the richness and variety of uniforms and costumes—all observable in the transepts, made them not the least brilliant portion of the Abbey. The dulness of plain dress occasionally served to heighten the effect by contrast; but this was very partial. The choristers wore surplices and scarlet mantles, and the band half military costume. The peers did not take their seats on their entrance: their places were denoted by their names written on paper and sown on the cushioned benches, so that scores of their lordships left their coronets in their places, and betook themselves over to the peeresses, while others joined in conversational groups nearly over the whole of the theatre. A signal gun announcing the start of the King from St. James's, however, put an end to these colloquies; a busy stir ensued, and their lordships were seated by half-past ten o'clock.

The Great Officers of State, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the noblemen appointed to carry the Regalia, and the Bishops who were to support their Majesties, and to carry the Bible, &c., had in the meantime arrived at the Abbey, in procession from the House of Lords.

An anthem was played by the choir, and at its close the loud and long-continued huzzas of the multitude on the outside of the Abbey announced the near approach of their Majesties. The officers of arms and the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, habited in their splendid stoles, marshalled themselves in the nave, along with the Great Officers of State, to receive them. At this moment the interest was intense. The Guards in the Abbey were under arms—such of the peers and peeresses as were to join the procession, moved down the aisle to take their places—the officers of the Earl Marshal were busily employed in preserving due regularity and order. Gradually, but slowly, the heralds were observed to advance. As they put themselves in motion, the glittering of the Regalia came in view. Shortly afterwards the waving plumes and gorgeous robes of the Princesses of the Blood Royal attracted general attention. The Noblemen bearing the Queen's Regalia preceded their Royal Mistress into the Abbey, and the clash of presented arms, and the enthusiastic acclaim of the spectators nearest the western door, informed those that were more distant of her Majesty's arrival. A short pause took place—then another advance—till by degrees, the line of the procession extended itself in magnificent array in the Abbey. At length His Majesty, made his appearance, and was received with applauding shouts. The choir immediately commenced the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord," and this anthem lasted until the procession had reached its destination, and their Majesties had arrived at the theatre. The procession moved in the following manner:—

FORM OF THE PROCEEDING OF THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE WEST DOOR OF THE ABBEY INTO THE CHOIR.

Officers of Arms.

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

His Majesty's Vice Chamberlain.

Comptroller of His Majesty's Household.

Treasurer of His Majesty's Household, bearing the Crimson Bag with the Medals.

The Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Privy Seal; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord President of the Council; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland; attended by his Purse Bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord High Chancellor; attended by his Purse Bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand; attended by two Gentlemen.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, viz.:

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, wearing a Circlet of Gold on her head; her Train borne by a Lady of Her Royal Highness.

Bedchamber, assisted by a Gentleman of Her Royal Highness's Household
the Coronet of Her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Villiers.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, in a like Robe; her Train also so borne; and the
Coronet of Her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Encombe.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in a like Robe of Estate; her Train borne in like
manner; and the Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Deerhurst.
The Queen's Vice Chamberlain.

THE QUEEN'S REGALIA, viz.:

The Ivory Rod with the Dove, borne by Earl Cawdor; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Earl of Jersey; his Coronet carried by a Page.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

Her Majesty's Crown, borne by the Duke of Beaufort; his Grace's Coronet carried by a Page.

Two Sergeants at Arms.

Five Gentlemen Pensioners.

THE QUEEN,

The Bishop of Winchester.

in her Royal Robes;
Her Majesty's Train
borne by the Duchess of
Gordon, in the absence
of the
Mistress of the Robes,
assisted by
Six Daughters of Earls,
viz:—

The Archbishop of Armagh.

Five Gentlemen Pensioners.

Lady Teresa Fox Strangways.
Lady Mary Pelham.
Lady Sophia Cust.

Lady Theodosia Brabazon.
Lady Georgiana Bathurst.
Lady Georgiana Grey.

Ladies of the Bedchamber in Waiting, viz.

Countess Brownlow.

Marchioness of Westmeath.

Maids of Honour, viz.

Hon. Miss Eden.
Hon. Miss Bagot.

Hon. Miss De Roos.
Hon. Miss C. Boyle

Hon. Miss Seymour.
Hon. Miss Mitchell.

Women of the Bedchamber, viz.

Lady Caroline Wood.

Lady William Russell.

THE KING'S REGALIA, viz.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by the Duke of Grafton; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Golden Spurs, borne by the Marquess of Hastings; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of St. Albans: his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Third Sword, borne by the Marquess of Cleveland, his Coronet carried by a Page.

Curtana, borne by the Marquess of Salisbury, his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Second Sword, borne by the Marquess of Downshire, his Coronet carried by a Page.

Black Rod.

Garter.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England, his Coronet borne by a Page.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, viz.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, in his Robes of Estate, carrying his Baton as Field Marshal: his Coronet borne by a Gentleman of His Royal Highness's Household: his Train borne by Lord Edward Thynne.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in like Robes: his Coronet carried by a Gentleman of His Royal Highness's Household: his Train borne by Lord John Spencer Churchill.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in like Robes, carrying his Baton: his Coronet borne by a Gentleman of His Royal Highness's Household: his Train borne by Lord Ernest Bruce.

The High Constable of Ireland, Duke of Leinster, his Coronet borne by a Page.

The High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Errol, his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Earl Marshal of England, with his Staff: his Grace's Coronet borne by a Page.

The Sword of State, borne by Earl Grey: his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord High Constable of England, the Duke of Wellington, with his Staff, and his Baton as Field Marshal; his Grace's Coronet borne by a Page.

A Page carrying the Staff of the Lord High Steward.

The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his Coronet carried by a Page.

St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Lord High Steward; the Duke of Hamilton.

The Orb borne by the Duke of Somerset; his Coronet carried by a Page.

A Page carrying the Coronet of the Lord High Steward.

The Patina borne by the Bishop of Carlisle.

The Bible borne by the Bishop of Chichester.

The Chalice borne by the Bishop of Rochester.

Ten Gentlemen Pensioners, with their Standard Bearer.

THE KING,

The Bishop of Bath and Wells.

in
His Royal Crimson Robe
of State:
His Majesty's Train
borne by
Six eldest sons of Dukes,
viz.

The Archbishop of York in the absence of the Bishop of Durham.

Ten Gentlemen Pensioners with their Lieutenant.

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The Marquess of Worcester. The Earl of Surrey. The Earl of Euston.
The Marquess of Douro. The Marquess of Titchfield. The Earl of Lincoln.
Assisted by the Master of the Robes: and followed by the Groom of the Robes.
The Groom of the Stole; his Coronet borne by a Page. The Gold Stick of the Life Guards in waiting: his Coronet borne by a Page. The Master of the Horse; his Coronet borne by a Page.
The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; his Coronet borne by a Page. The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; his Coronet borne by a Page.
Two Lords of the Bedchamber, viz.
Earl Amherst; Earl of Denbigh;
Each attended by a Page to bear his Coronet.
Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard. Yeomen of the Guard.
Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

As his Majesty entered the choir the procession was visible in its whole length, and was one long trail of glittering splendour, which happily beamed on those who had been stationed to view the spectacle since five o'clock. The Procession then filed off.

The Princesses and their attendants were conducted by the Officers of Arms to their box.

The Queen, preceded by her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Chamberlain, and the Noblemen bearing her Regalia, and attended as beforementioned, ascended the Theatre, and passed on the north side of her Throne to the Chair of State and Faldstool provided for her Majesty on the east side of the Theatre, below her Throne, and stood by the side Chair until his Majesty's arrival.

The Princes of the Blood Royal were conducted to their seats, as Peers, by the Officers of Arms.

The King, ascending the Theatre, passed on the south side of his Throne to his Chair of State, on the east side of the Theatre, opposite to the Altar; and their Majesties, after their private devotion (kneeling on their Faldstools), took their respective seats; the Bishops, their supporters, standing on each side; the Noblemen bearing the Four Swords on his Majesty's right hand; the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on his left; the Great Officers of State, the Noblemen bearing his Majesty's Regalia, the Dean of Westminster, Garter, and Black Rod, standing about the King's Chair, and the Train-bearers behind his Majesty.

The Queen's Officers, the Noblemen who bore her Majesty's Regalia, her supporters, Train-bearer, and assistants, standing near her Majesty; her Lord Chamberlain on the right hand, her Vice-Chamberlain on the left; and the Ladies-Attendants behind her Majesty's Chair.

The Queen and King, as they advanced up the choir, were enthusiastically received: and all men cried "God save them."

The first of the ceremonies was

THE RECOGNITION.

As soon as the anthem was concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Garter, advanced towards the east side of the theatre. From this position the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words:

"Sirs,—I here present unto you King William IV., the rightful inheriter of the Crown of this realm; wherefore all ye that are come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, are ye willing to do the same?"

The reply to this demand, which was delivered with great solemnity of manner, and in a clear and distinct tone, was a general and hearty acclamation of "God save King William the Fourth."

The recognition was repeated from the south, west, and north sides of the the theatre; at each repetition the reply was still, "God save King William the Fourth;" and at the last recognition there was a flourish of trumpets and beat of drums. The King's scholars of Westminster School, who were placed in the corner of the lower gallery, at the south side of the Abbey, and near the organ loft, immediately made a short Latin recitation, under the direction of one of their masters, which concluded with a shout of "Vivant Rex et Regina." The young rhetoricians were loyally vehement.

Then followed another Anthem, taken from Psalm xxi. ver. 1—6.: "The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord," which was sung by the choir; their Majesties being in the mean time seated in their chairs of state.

We consider the Recognition as one of the most impressive stages of the whole ceremony. The King, on taking off his cap of state, was visibly affected. His Majesty bowed graciously and repeatedly to the Peers and Peeresses, and the whole scene was of that touchingly gratifying description—that mixture of sympathy and joy which can be better conceived that described.

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THE OFFERING.

The altar and the approaches thereto were now prepared for the solemnity of the "*Offering.*" The Bible, the Patina, and the Chalice, were placed upon the altar by the Bishops who had borne them in the royal procession.

Upon the steps of the altar the officers of the wardrobe spread a costly cloth of gold, and two splendid cushions for their Majesties to kneel on. The Archbishop of Canterbury then put on his cope, and the Bishops who were appointed to the duty of reading the Litany also vested themselves in their copes. The King, attended by two Bishops as his supporters, and preceded by the Dean of Westminster, and by the Great Officers and Noblemen, bearing the Regalia and the Four Swords, proceeded towards the altar. Here his Majesty, uncovered and kneeling, first offered a pall, or altar-covering of cloth of gold, which he placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who placed it on the altar. The King's second offering was an Ingot of Gold, weighing one pound, which was, in like manner delivered to the Archbishop, who put the Ingot into the oblation basin.

The Queen's offering was a pall of gold cloth, similar to that of the King, and her Majesty presented it with the same formalities as the King had presented his.

Their Majesties continuing to kneel before the Altar, the following prayer was offered up by the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"O God, who dwellest in the high or holy place, with them also who are of an humble spirit, look down mercifully upon these thy servants, William our King and Adelaide our Queen, here humbling themselves before thee at thy footstool, and graciously receive these oblations, which, in humble acknowledgement of thy sovereignty over all, and of thy great bounty to them in particular, they have now offered up unto thee, through Jesus Christ our only mediator and advocate. Amen."

This prayer being concluded, all the Regalia, with the exception of the swords, were delivered to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who handed them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them upon the Altar. Their Majesties were then conducted to chairs of state, covered with damask figured cloth, on the south side of the Altar. Around his Majesty's chair all the Great Officers and Noblemen who had taken part in the procession arranged themselves; the distinguished personages who bore the swords being most prominently stationed. Her majesty was surrounded by the principal officers of her household, by the Mistress of the Robes and her assistants, the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and the Maids of Honour: the latter were tastefully dressed in white muslin over satin, profusely festooned and garlanded with white roses; the chaste simplicity of these dresses excited much admiration.

The Litany was then read by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry and the Bishop of Lincoln, their Majesties kneeling.

The commencement of the Communion Service followed. The Bishop of Llandaff reading the Epistle, from 1 Peter, ii. 18—"Submit yourself to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake," &c.; and the Bishop of Bristol reading the Gospel, from Matt. xxii. 15—"Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk," &c.

Then followed the sermon preached by the Bishop of London, his text being the passage just quoted from the Epistle of St. Peter. Their Majesties sat in their chairs opposite the pulpit. The King wore a superb cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. The Archbishop of Canterbury sat in his purple velvet chair, on the north side of the altar. The Garter stood beside his Grace; The Bishops (most of whom were present,) sat on a long bench, covered with purple damask extending from the Archbishop's chair, immediately opposite to their Majesties.

The Altar was now very gorgeous, laden with service-plate of massive gold, and glittering with the splendid Regalia. The grouping, too, of the Royal Supporters, presented a scene of the most graceful and dignified character.

THE OATH.

The sermon being concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury approached the King, and standing before him addressed his Majesty thus:—"Sir, are you willing to take the oath usually taken by your predecessors." The King answered,—"I am willing."

The Archbishop then put the following questions to the King, whose replies were made from a book which his Majesty held in his hands.

Archbishop.—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this kingdom of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament

agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?

King.—I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop.—Will you, to the utmost of your power, cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?

King. I will?

Archbishop.—Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolate the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within the kingdom of England and Ireland, the dominion of Wales, the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereunto belonging, before the union of the two kingdoms! And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?

King.—All this I promise to do.

His Majesty then arose out of his chair, and, attended by his supporters, went bare headed to the altar, where, kneeling upon a cushion, at the steps of the altar, and laying his hand upon the holy gospels, he said—

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep, so help me, God."

Hereupon the King kissed the book, and signed the oath—the implements of writing being handed to his Majesty on a silver standish by the Lord Chamberlain. The King again put on his cap of crimson velvet, and returned to his chair. The anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," was then sung by the choir.

THE ANOINTING.

Upon the conclusion of this anthem, the Archbishop read the following prayer, preparatory to the anointing:—

"O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate Kings, Priests, and Prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel, bless and sanctify thy chosen servant William, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this oil, and consecrated King of this realm: strengthen him, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, confirm and stablish him with thy free and princely spirit, the spirit of wisdom and government, the spirit of council and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill him, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

At the end of this prayer, the choir sang Handel's splendid Coronation Anthem, taken from 1 Kings, i. 39—40: "Zadock, the priest," &c. During the performance of this Anthem, the King was disrobed of his crimson robes; his Majesty took off his Cap of State, and the Robes and Cap were immediately carried into St. Edward's Chapel. Thus disrobed, his Majesty appeared in the uniform of an Admiral; in black trousers, with broad gold lace.

The King then proceeded to St. Edward's chair; a rich canopy, called the "Anointing Pall," was now held over His Majesty's head by the Dukes of Leeds, Rutland, Newcastle, and Northumberland. This pall was made of gold and silver brocade; it was lined with silver tabby, and had a deep gold fringe and tassels all round it. It was raised into a canopy by the noble dukes just mentioned, by means of four silver staves, which they fixed in loops that were attached to each corner of it. The Dean of Westminster stood by St. Edward's chair, behind the Archbishop, holding the Ampulla, which contained the consecrated oil of which the Dean poured some into the anointing-spoon; into which the Archbishop dipped his fingers, and anointed His Majesty in the form of a cross, on the head, breast and hands.

We should add, that merely a drop of oil suffices. The Archbishop then pronounced a blessing.

THE INVESTING WITH THE SUPERTUNICA,

though set down in the Programme, was omitted, at the King's request. The Supertunica was, however, placed ready on the Table, but removed without being used.

THE SPURS.

Immediately after the "anointing," the Dean of Westminster took the spurs from the altar, and delivered them to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain; who, kneeling down, touched His Majesty's heels with them.

THE SWORD.

Earl Grey, who bore the sword of state, now delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, and in lieu thereof, received from his Grace another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet; upon which Earl Grey delivered it to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar, saying the following prayer:—

"Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and so direct and support thy Servant King William, and vouchsafe by thy right hand of Majesty, to bless and sanctify this sword, wherewith this thy servant William desireth to be girt, that it may be a defence and protection of churches, widows, and orphans, and all thy servants, and a terror to all those who lie in wait to do mischief, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

The Archbishop, assisted by other

Bishops, delivered the Sword into the King's right hand, and the Lord Great Chamberlain then girt His Majesty with it, the Archbishop saying,

"Receive this Kingly Sword, which is hallowed for the defence of the Holy Church, and delivered unto thee by the hands of the Bishops, though unworthy, yet consecrated by the authority of the Holy Apostles; and remember of whom the Psalmist did prophesy, saying, 'Gird thyself with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou Most Mighty, and with this Sword exercise thou the force of equity, and mightily destroy the growth of iniquity. Protect the Holy Church of God and his faithful people; defend and help widows and orphans; restore things gone to decay, and maintain those restored, that doing thus thou mayest be glorious in the triumphs of virtue, and excellent in the ornament of justice, and reign for ever with the Saviour of the World, whose image you bear, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth world without end."

OFFERING OF THE SWORD.

After this exhortation, the King rising up, went to the altar, where his Majesty offered the Sword in the scabbard (delivering it to the Archbishop), and then retired to his chair: the Sword was then redeemed by the nobleman who first received it, and who carried it during the remainder of the solemnity, having first drawn it out of the scabbard, and delivered the latter to an officer of the wardrobe.

THE INVESTING WITH THE MANTLE.

His Majesty then standing in front of his chair, was invested by the Dean of Westminster with the Imperial Mantle, or Dalmatic Robe of Cloth of Gold, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain fastening the clasps thereof. The richness of this robe can scarcely be described. The ground, or outside, is shot with gold thread, brocaded with gold and silver, with large and small flowers of the same frosted; all the ornaments and flowers being edged about with purple, or deep Mazarine blue. Its splendour would even figure in the elaborate pages of Hall, the chronicler.

THE ORB.

The King then sitting down, the Archbishop having received the Orb from the Dean, delivered it into the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this imperial Robe and Orb; and remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of God," &c. The King then returned the Orb. It has been customary at former coronations for the King to receive also the Armill, or rich arm-covering, but this was dispensed with.

THE RING.

The Lord Chamberlain then delivered the Ruby Ring on a crimson cushion, to the Archbishop, who put it on the fourth finger of the King's right hand, saying, "Receive this Ring," &c.

THE SCEPTRES.

The Archbishop then delivered the Sceptre with the Cross into his Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive this Royal Sceptre," &c.: and then the Sceptre with the Dove, saying, "Receive the Rod of Equity," &c. The Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksop, supported his Majesty's right arm for a time, and afterwards relieved the King, by holding the Sceptre; his Grace had previously presented to the King a glove for his Majesty's right hand, embroidered with the arms of Steward, which the King put on.

THE CROWNING.

This and the Recognition were the most interesting of all the Ceremonies. The Archbishop, standing before the Altar, and having St. Edward's Crown before him, took the same into his hands, and consecrated and blessed it with the prayer, "O God, who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy," &c. Then the Archbishop, assisted by other Bishops, came from the Altar, the Dean of Westminster carrying the Crown, and the Archbishop took and placed it on His Majesty's head, (at *one o'clock*, to a minute,) while the spectators, with loud and repeated shouts, cried, "God save the King," &c. the trumpets sounding, the drums beating, and the Tower and Park guns firing by signal. The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop pronounced the Exhortation, "Be strong and of a good courage," &c. The choir then sung the Anthem —"The King shall rejoice in thy strength," &c. As soon as the King was crowned, the Peers put on their Coronets, the Bishops their Caps, and the Kings of Arms their Crowns.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

The Dean then took the Holy Bible from the Altar, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who, attended by the rest of the Bishops, presented it to the King, saying, "Our Gracious King, &c. The King then returned the Bible to the

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Archbishop, who gave it to the Dean, to be by him replaced on the Altar.

THE BENEDICTION.

The King then knelt, holding both the Sceptres which had been already presented to him in his hands, and the Archbishop thus blessed him :—

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; and, as he hath made thee King over his people, so may he still prosper thee in this world, and make thee partaker of his eternal felicity in the world to come."

The Bishops then in an audible voice answered "Amen."

The Archbishop then turning to the people, said :—

"And the same Lord grant that the clergy and people gathered together for this ordinance, may by his gracious assistance be continually governed by thee in all happiness, and that humbly obeying his will, and faithfully serving thee, they may enjoy peace in the present life, and with thee be made partakers of the everlasting kingdom."

Again the Bishops responded — "Amen."

The King then arose and went to King Edward's chair, where he kissed the Archbishop and Bishops who were present. This done, the choir sang the Hymn, *Te Deum laudamus*, or, We praise thee, O God, &c.

THE ENTHRONIZATION.

When the *Te Deum* was ended, the King, led up by the Archbishops and Bishops, ascended the Theatre, and was enthroned by Bishops and Peers; and the Archbishop standing before him, pronounced the Exhortation, "Stand firm and hold fast," &c.

A loud and general exclamation of "God save the King!" accompanied by clapping of hands and huzzaing now burst from every part of the Abbey. At this moment, too, the coronation medals were thrown about by the Treasurer of his Majesty's Household.

THE HOMAGE.

His Majesty then delivered the Sceptre with the Cross to the Duke of Norfolk, to hold the same in his right hand, and the Sceptre with the Dove to the Duke of Richmond, to hold the same in his left hand during the homage.

The Archbishop and other Bishops then knelt before the King, and, for himself and the other Lords Spiritual, pronounced the words of the Homage, as follows :—

"I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you, our Sovereign Lord, and your heirs, Kings of Great Britain; and I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the church. So help me God."

These words were repeated after his Grace by the other Bishops, kneeling and paying homage in the same manner.

(*The Engraving with the present sheet represents this Ceremony.*)

The Archbishop then rose and kissed his Majesty's left cheek, and touched his Crown, and after him the rest of the Bishops present did the like, and retired in their respective seniorities.

The Duke of Cumberland ascended the steps of the throne, and, taking off his coronet, kneeling before the King, pronounced for himself and the other Dukes of Blood Royal, the words of Homage, the rest doing the same with him and saying after him, *mutatis mutandis* :—

"I, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks —So help me, God."

The Duke of Cumberland then kissed his Majesty's left cheek, and touched the Crown upon his head; the rest of the Dukes of the Blood Royal doing the like after him, and then retired. The Dukes and other Peers then observed the same ceremony, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words of homage. Each Peer kissed his Majesty's left cheek and touched his Crown, according to rank. To some it was an inconvenient form, inasmuch as trying to retire facewards to the King, a few aged Peers stumbled and fell. The Duke of Cumberland was nearly tripped up by the Duke of Gloucester inadvertently treading on his robe. Several Peers were much cheered as they retired: the Duke of Wellington received this meed of applause, as did Lords Plunkett and Lyndhurst. The most marked approbation was, however, shown towards Earl Grey and the Lord Chancellor. When Lord Brougham approached his Majesty, the applause was of that vehement description which bore the gale of high popular favour. The Members of the House of Commons were especially enthusiastic, and rising *en masse*, waved hats, handkerchiefs, and programmes in token of their respect.

Much time was lost to the spectators during the puerile form of kissing his Majesty, and more than once the homage appeared to him disagreeably fa-

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tiguing. The public feeling towards the Peers, however, relieved the scene; while the scramble for the medals in the choir, if not entirely decorous, was amusing. Hustle ensued upon hustle, till the King's chair appeared to be endangered by the "robustious struggle."

THE ANOINTING, CROWNING, AND ENTHRONING THE QUEEN.

DURING the Coronation of the King, her Majesty the Queen had remained seated in her chair on the south side of the Altar.

As soon as the last Anthem was concluded, the Queen rose from her chair, and being supported as before, proceeded to the Altar, attended by her Trainbearer and ladies-assistants, where her Majesty knelt whilst the Archbishop said the prayer of Consecration, as follows:—

"Almighty and everlasting God, the fountain of all goodness, give ear, we beseech thee, to our prayers, and multiply thy blessings upon this thy servant, whom in thy name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen. Defend her always with thy mighty hand, protect her on every side, that she may be able to overcome all her enemies; and that with Sarah and Rebecca, Leah and Rachael, and all other blessed and honourable women, she may multiply and rejoice in the fruit of her womb, to the honour of the kingdom and the good government of thy church, through Christ our Lord, who vouchsafed to be born of a Virgin that he might redeem the world, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in unity with the Holy Ghost world without end."

This prayer concluded, her Majesty rose and went to the faldstool at which she was to be anointed and crowned, placed before the Altar between the steps and King Edward's chair; and standing there, the chief attendant took off the circlet, which her Majesty wore up to this time. This was a rim or circle of gold, richly adorned with large diamonds, and beautifully set with a string of pearls round the upper edge.

The Queen then knelt down, and four Duchesses holding a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold, over her Majesty, as the four Dukes had held a pall over the King, the Archbishop poured the consecrated oil upon her head, saying, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, let the anointing of this oil increase thine honours, and the grace of God's Holy Spirit establish them for ever and ever. Amen."

The ladies then opened her Majesty's apparel for the anointing on the breast, which the Archbishop performed, using the same words, after which he said a prayer.

One of the ladies in attendance (having first dried the place anointed with fine cotton wool) then closed the Queen's robes at her breast, and afterwards put a linen coif upon her head.

The Archbishop next put the ring on the fourth finger of her Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive this ring," &c.

The Archbishop then took the Crown from the Altar, and reverently placed it on the head of the Queen, saying, "Receive the crown of glory, honour, and joy; and God, the Crown of the Faithful, who by our episcopal hands, though most unworthy, hath this day set a crown of pure gold upon thy head, enrich you with wisdom and virtue; that after this life you may meet the everlasting Bridegroom, our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen."

At this moment a sun-beam fell on her Majesty's Crown, which, though much less in size than the King's diadem, was of equal brilliancy. The Coronets of the Peeresses were very elegant, though they in part concealed the jewels interspersed in their hair; they were of various sizes, some so small as to appear perked on the head. The Peers' Coronets, with few exceptions, did not add much to their Lordships' dignity; the general disadvantage was in the Coronets being too large, and thus falling over the forehead. The Lord Chancellor, who wore his Coronet over his forensic wig, appeared to suffer some inconvenience by the double covering; he repeatedly evinced signs of perspiration and fatigue, by applying his handkerchief to his face. His Lordship joined ardently in the applause of the King; and, high in stature as in popular favour, the Chancellor waved his Coronet as freely as loyal heart could wish.

Her Majesty being crowned, all the Peeresses present put on their Coronets; and then the Archbishop placed the Sceptre and the Cross in her Majesty's right hand, and the ivory Rod with the Dove in her left, and offered a short prayer. The Queen, being thus anointed and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus.

At the commencement of the chorus the Queen arose, and, supported as before, ascended the theatre (reverently bowing to his Majesty as she passed

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the Throne,) and was conducted to her own Throne on the left hand of that of the King, where her Majesty reposed until the conclusion of the chorus. Immediately that the chorus was over, a loud shout of "God save the Queen" resounded through the Abbey.

THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

After the chorus and homage, the two Bishops who had read the Epistle and and Gospel received from the Altar, by the hands of the Archbishop, the Patina and the Chalice, which they carried into St. Edward's Chapel, and brought from thence the bread upon the Patina, and the wine in the Chalice. Their Majesties then descended from their Thrones and went to the Altar, where the King, taking off his Crown, delivered it to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain to hold, and the Sceptres to the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond. Then the Bishops delivered the Patina and Chalice into the King's hands, and his Majesty delivered them to the Archbishop, who reverently placed the same upon the altar, covering them with a fair linen cloth. The Queen also took off her Crown, and delivered it to her Lord Chamberlain to hold, and the Sceptres to those noblemen who had previously borne them.

Their Majesties then went to their chairs on the south side of the area. When the Archbishop and the Dean had first communicated, their Majesties approached the Altar and received the Sacrament, the Archbishop administering the bread, and the Dean of Westminster the cup.

The King and Queen then put on their Crowns, and took the Sceptres in their hands as before, and again repaired to their Thrones, supported and attended as when they left them.

The Archbishop then read the Communion Service, and pronounced the blessing; and at the conclusion the trumpets sounded and the drums beat.

After this, his Majesty, attended as before, the four Swords being carried before him, descended into the area, and passed through the door on the south side of the Altar into St. Edward's Chapel; and the nobleman who had carried the regalia received them from the Dean of Westminster, as they passed by the Altar into the Chapel. The Queen, at the same time descending from her Throne, went into the same Chapel, at the door on the north side of the Altar. Their Majesties then came into the Chapel, the King standing before the Altar, delivered the Sceptre with the Dove, which his Majesty had borne in his left hand, to the Archbishop, who laid it on the Altar. His Majesty was then disrobed of his Royal Robe of State, and arrayed in his Royal Robe of purple velvet by the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain. The Archbishop then placed the Orb in his Majesty's left hand.

The noblemen who had carried the Gold Spurs and St. Edward's Staff, delivered them to the Dean, and the latter deposited them on the Altar.

DEPARTURE OF THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE ABBEY.

Whilst their Majesties were in St. Edward's Chapel, the officers of arms arranged the return, so that all was ready to move at the moment that the King and Queen left the Chapel.

Their Majesties, and the Princes and Princesses, then proceeded out of the choir, and to the west door of the Abbey, attended as before, their Majesties wearing their Crowns; the King bearing in his right hand the Sceptre with the Cross, and in his left the Orb; and the Queen bearing in her right hand her Sceptre with the Cross, and in her left the ivory Rod with the Dove; their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses wearing their Coronets, and the Princes who are Field Marshals carrying their batons. The four Swords were borne before the King in the same order as before. The Dean and Prebendaries, and the Bishops who had carried the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patina, remained in the choir. The noblemen who had severally carried the Crowns, the Orb, the Sceptre with the Dove, the Spurs, and St. Edward's Staff, walked in the same places as before; those who had staves and batons carrying the same; all Peers wearing their Coronets; and the Archbishops and the Bishops supporting their Majesties, wearing their caps; and the kings of arms their Crowns.

The whole of the Coronation Ceremonies in the Choir of the Abbey were finished by three o'clock, when the procession returned through the Choir and nave. On reaching the West door, the King's style was proclaimed by Garter King at Arms: the Regalia were returned to the robing-rooms, adjoining the new Portico, to the State officers who had borne them thither; and at about half-past three o'clock the King and Queen entered the State-carriage to return to St. James's Palace, both their Majesties wearing their crowns; a proof that they had studied the grati-

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fication of the people beyond the programme of the day.

We have purposely omitted all description of the out-door procession of their Majesties from St. James's to the Abbey. It included nearly the whole of the Royal suite, and must have been a gratifying picture of kingly splendour. Nevertheless, besides the auspicious occasion for which this pageant was arranged, the spectacle is nearly as grand on the King's visits to the House of Lords. Its importance can therefore scarcely be considered paramount with the details of the Ceremonies within the Abbey. The countless crowds assembled to view the procession on its progress to and from the Abbey, exceed our calculation, as we witnessed them through the circular windows of the vaultings, and the loopholes of the walls. This was indeed a curious *coup d'œil,* inasmuch as it showed clustering myriads on the housetops and living streams in the streets below. The joyful expressions of the multitude were distinctly heard within the choir of the Abbey, both on the approach and return of their Majesties, and combined with the pealing organ, the roar of guns, the clang of military music, and the firing of bells,—they gave rise to feelings which it were difficult to suppress.

The arrival of their Majesties at the Palace was announced by the firing of a Royal salute of 21 cannon, which closed this part of the ceremonies of the day.

Reflecting awhile upon the merited enthusiasm of the people towards our beloved Sovereign, we were forcibly reminded of the virtues which were essential to a monarch's lasting popularity, as powerfully drawn by an old dramatist:

'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince;
'Tis not th' unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No—he's a king,
A true king, that dares do aught save wrong,
Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spungy sycophants, who stands unmov'd,
Despite the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng,
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Jove's footstool,
Adorning, not affecting majesty;
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this is a king,
And of this empire every man's possess'd
That's worth his soul.

Her Majesty's dress was of gold gauze over a white satin petticoat, with a diamond stomacher, and a purple velvet train lined with white satin, and a rich border of gold and ermine.

THE REGALIA.

In the preceding account we have omitted the descriptions of the several Regalia used in the Ceremonies, as they will be found in previous Numbers of *The Mirror*.

No. 505, contains the *Imperial Crown*, and *St. Edward's Chair*.

No. 506, contains the *Orb*, *Eagle*, *Spoon*, *Rings*, *Sceptres*, and *Swords*.

"PROPHETIC" OR "FATAL STONE" OF THE CORONATION CHAIR.

We quote Mr. Brayley's description of this celebrated relic, though not quite conformably to the promise in our No. 505. The reader will perceive it to be laboriously drawn up, notwithstanding we are compelled to omit a few of Mr. Brayley's extracts from old writers.

Tradition has identified this stone with that on which the Patriarch Jacob reposed his head when he saw the Vision of the Ladder reaching to Heaven, with the Angels of God ascending and descending, in the plain of Luz. Its known history, however, carries it back to a period so remote, that this legend was scarcely necessary to procure for it respect and veneration; and whether it were originally an Egyptian or a Celtic monument, it furnishes a very remarkable proof of the wide diffusion of a most ancient practice observed in the inauguration of kings; namely, by placing them either upon, or near to, an elevated stone, at the moment of investing them with the plenitude of regal power. This custom had its origin in the East, where it spread extensively, and is alluded to in many passages of the Old Testament, and it certainly became general among the Celtic and Scandinavian nations.*

The fullest account of this Stone given by any single writer, is that by Fordun, who, in his *Scoto Chronicon*, which was composed in the reign of Edward III., has devoted an entire chapter to its early history; the substance of his statement is as follows:—

"There was a certain King of Spain, of the Scottish race, called Milo, having many sons; one, however, named Simon Brek, he loved above all the others, although he was neither the elder nor the heir. His father, therefore, sent him to Ireland with an army, and gave him a *marble Chair*, carved

* The connecting the Prophetic Stone with the Vision of Jacob was, most probably, an invention of the Monks of Westminster; for the most ancient document in which it was thus described, was a Tablet, formerly suspended above the Chair in St. Edward's Chapel.

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with very ancient art by a skilful workman, in which the Kings of Spain, of the Scottish nation, were wont to sit when inaugurated, from which cause it was carefully brought into his region, as if it were an anchor. This Simon having reached the above island with a great army, reduced it under his dominion, and reigned in it many years. He placed the aforesaid Stone or Chair, at Themor, the royal residence, a noted place, at which his successors were accustomed to reside, distinguished with kingly honours. *Gathelus*, as some say, brought this Chair, with other regal ornaments, with him from Egypt into Spain. Others relate, that Simon Brek, having anchored on the Irish coast, was forced by contrary winds to withdraw his anchors from the billowy surge, and whilst strenuously labouring to that end, a stone, in the form of a chair, cut out of marble, was hauled up with the anchors into the ship. Receiving this, both as a precious boon from Heaven, and as a certain presage of future dominion; he, trembling with excessive joy, adored his gods for the gift, as if they had absolutely appointed him to the kingdom and the crown. It was there prophesied, likewise, that he and his posterity should reign wherever that Stone should be found; from which divination some one made this metrical prophecy, which, according to the common opinion, has frequently proved to be true:—

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient Lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

In Holinshed's Chronicle is a long account of the above-named Gathelus, who is there said to have been a Greek, "the sonne of Cecrops, who builded the citie of Athens."

After leaving Greece, "Gathelus resided some time in Egypt, where he married Scota, the daughter of King Pharaoh; but being alarmed at the judgment denounced by Moses, who was then in Egypt, he quitted that country with many followers, and landed in Spain;" here he "builded a citie, which he named Brigantia;" yet not without great opposition from the native Spaniards. Having at length succeeded in making peace with his neighbours, he sat "vpon his *Marble Stone*, in Brigantia, where he gave lawes and ministered justice vnto his people, thereby to menteine them in wealth and quietnesse. This Stone was in fashion like a seat, or chaire, having such a fatall destiny (as the Scots say) following it, that whereever it should be placed, there should the Scotish men reigne and have the supreme governaunce."

In the manuscript additions, made by an anonymous writer, in the reign of Henry VI., to the rhyming Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester (now preserved in the College of Arms,) it is stated, that

"The Scottes yclupped were
Aftur a woman that *Scote* hyght, the dawter of Pharaon,
Yat broghte into Scotlond a whyte marble Ston,
Yat was ordeyed for thare Kyng, whan he coroned wer,
And for a grete Jewyll long hit was yhold ther.
Kyng Edward wyth the lang Shankes from Scotland hit fette,
Besyde the Shryne of Seynte Edward at Westminstre ther hitte sette."

In the Lowland Scotch of "Wintownis Chronikil," which was written by the Prior of the very ancient Monastery of St. Serf's Inch, in Loch Levin, between the years 1420 and 1424, the history of the Stone is thus given in the ninth chapter of the third book. This commences by stating, that in the time of the brothers, Romulus and Remus, there was a mighty king reigning in Spain, who had many sons, one of whom was "Simon Brek:"

"A gret *Stáne* þis King þan had,
Dat fore þis Kyngis sete wes made,
And haldyne wes a gret jowale
Wyth-in þe Kynryk of Spayne hále.
Dis King bad þis Simon tá,
Dat Stáne, and in-tyl Yrland gá,
And wyn þat Land and occupy,
And holde þat Stáne perpetually
And make it his sege þare
As þai of Spayne did it of are."—

Simon Brek (continues the Chronicle) having arrived at, and conquered Ireand,

"Dere he made a gret Cytè
And in it syne þat Stáne gert he
Be set, and haldyn for jowale
And Chartyr of þat Kynryke hále."—

Fergus, the son of Eric, a lineal descendant from Brek, long afterwards

"Broucht þis stáne wyth-in Scotland
Fyrst qwhen he come and wane þat land,
And fyrst it set in Ikkolmkil,
And Scune þare-eftyr it wes broucht tyl:
And þare it was syne mony day
Qwhyll Edward gert have it away."—

"Now will I þe Were rehere
As I fynd of þat Stáne in wers;

"*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocunq; locatum,*
Inuenient Lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

"But gyf werdys fályhand be,
Qwhare-evyr þat Stáne yhe segyt se,
Dare sal þe Scottis be regnand,
And Lorddys hále oure all þat land."

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Sir James Ware states, from the Irish historians, that this Stone was brought into their country by the colony of the *Tuath de Danans*, and that it had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder, whenever any of the Royal Scythian Race placed themselves on it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned monarch of Ireland, under whom, when placed on it, the Stone groaned or spake. Fergus, the first King of Scotland, who was descended from the blood-royal of Ireland, "is said to have been crowned upon this Fatal Stone, which, as we find in the Histories of Scotland, he had from Ireland about the year of the world 3641. and 330 years before Christ, and he placed it in Argyle, where it continued until the reign of King Kenneth II., who, A. D. 840, having vanquished the Picts near Scone, inclosed the Stone in a *Wooden Chair*, and deposited it in the monastery there, to serve for the inauguration of the Kings of *Scotland*." *

Its place in Ireland was the Hill of Tarah; and for some ages the supreme kings of that country were placed upon it at the time of inauguration. When mentioning the ancient names of Ireland, Sir James says also, that "it was called *Innis-fail*, or the Island of *Destiny*, from the Fatal Stone, called *Lia-fail*," which was the Irish designation of this Stone.

Chalmers asserts, that the last of the Scottish Kings who "had the felicity to be crowned in this essential seat, was Alexander III.; and it is said that the Earl of Fife, as it was his privilege to do, (from hereditary right) placed the king in *Cathedrum Marmoreum*." † Hardyng, however, whose metrical "Chronicle" was partly composed in Henry the Sixth's reign, (and with whom, on this point, several ancient historians agree) speaking of John Baliol, affirms that he was crowned

"In the Minister of Scone, within Scotlad grond,
Sittyng upon the *regal Stone* full sound,
As all the kynges there vsed had afore,
On Sainct Andrewes day, with al joye therefore."

Buchanan, speaking of Kenneth II., in his Scottish History, says, that "having enlarged his kingdom, and settled wholesome laws for the good administration of the government, he further endeavoured to confirm the royal authority by mean and trivial things, almost bordering on superstition itself." There was "a *Marble Stone*," ‡ he continues, "which Simon Breccus is reported to have brought out of Spain into Ireland, and which Fergus, the son of Ferchard, is also said to have brought over into Scotland and placed in Argyle. This Stone Kenneth removed out of Argyle to Scone, by the river Tay, and placed it there inclosed in a *Chair of wood*. The Kings of Scotland were wont to receive both the regal title and insignia, sitting in that chair, till the days of Edward I. King of England." Holinshed, speaking of the removal of this Stone to Westminster, calls it a "*Chaire of marble*," probably from the old translation of Boece, which thus mentions it: "In this Chair all Kinges of Scotland war ay crownit quhil ye tyme of Kyng Robert Bruse; in quhais tyme besyde mony othir cruelties done by Kyng Edward lang schankis, the said *chair of merbyll* was taiken be Inglismen and brocht out of Scone to London, and put into Westmonistar, quhare it remainis to our dayis."

The internal dissensions of Scotland in the latter part of the thirteenth century, were extremely favourable to the designs of Edward I., who, having formed a league with Bruce against John Baliol, defeated the latter in a desperate battle near Dunbar, in April, 1296; and quickly subduing all Scotland, resolved to deprive the nation of every vestige of its independence. With that intent he caused the crown, sceptre, and *Inauguration Stone*, § with all the public archives, charters, jewels, &c., to be conveyed to London, there to remain as lasting memorials of his conquests, and of the entire subjugation of the Scots.

In the wardrobe account of Edward I. under the head of "Jewels remaining at the end of the twenty-seventh year, of those which were some time the King of Scotland's," are enumerated, "a large silver Cup and a *great Stone*, upon which the Scottish kings were accustomed to be crowned." ‖

* "Antiquities of Ireland," vol. ii. pp. 10 and 24. According to Pennant, its station, when in Argyleshire, was the Castle of Dunstaffnage, and he has given an engraving of an ivory image, found in the ruins of that castle, which represents a king with a book in his hand, sitting, as he supposes, in the ancient Chair, whose bottom was the "Fatal Stone." Vide "Tour to the Hebrides," vol. ii. p. 409, and vol. iii. p. 117.

† "Caledonia," vol. i. p. 468.

‡ "*Saxum Marmoreum*," &c. "*Kennethus in Cathedram ligneam inclusum*. Vide "Rerum Scot. Hist." Lib. vi., p. 156. Edit. 1697.

§ If entire credence could be given to the "Metrical History of Sir William Wallace," written by *Blind Harry*, we must believe that Edward I., after he had dethroned and imprisoned Baliol, was himself crowned King of Scotland upon this very Stone; but the circumstance does not appear to be mentioned by any other historian, although so extremely consonant to Edward's policy.

‖ "Jocalia remanencia," &c. videlicit,

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Walsingham, in his "Ypodigma Neustræ, says that Edward in returning by the Abbey of Scone, took from thence the *Stone* which the Kings of Scotland were wont to use for a throne at the time of Coronation, and brought it to Westminster; ordering it to be thenceforth made the chair of the officiating priests: and Hardyng, in his beforementioned "Chronicle," who evidently derived his information from that writer, but with an amplification, which shows that he had himself seen the chair, has thus stated the circumstances of the removal in homely verse:—

"And as he came homewarde, by Skone away,
The *Regal* there of Scotland then he brought
And sent it forth to Westmynster for ay
To be there in a Cheire clenely wrought
For a Masse Priest to syt in, when he ought
Whiche there was standyinc besyde the Shryne
In a Cheire of *old tyme made ful fyne.*

Matthew of Westminster informs us, under the date 1297, that the King, coming to Westminster on the morrow of St. Botolph, offered to the blessed King Edward, through whose virtues he had acquired them, the Regalia of the Scotish Kingdom; namely, the Throne, the golden Sceptre and the Crown. Grafton, who says this offering was made on the 18th of June, includes the "Cloth of Estate" among the Regalia, but he makes no mention of the Fatal Stone.*

Rapin, after alluding to the intention of King Edward to unite the two kingdoms, and mentioning his removal into England of the Scotish Regalia, &c., together with "the famous Stone on which the inauguration of their Kings was performed," proceeds thus:—"The people of Scotland had all along placed in that Stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that whilst it remained in their country the State would be unshaken, but the moment it should be elsewhere removed, great revolutions would ensue; for this reason Edward carried it away, to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty."† Nothing, indeed, can show the vast importance attached to the possession of this Stone by the Scots, in a more forcible point of view, than the circumstance that it was not only made the subject of an express article in a treaty of peace, but, also, of a political conference between Edward III. and David II., King of Scotland.

For our knowledge of the first of these facts we are indebted to the industrious author of the Introduction to the "Calendars of ancient Charters," who discovered a Writ of Privy Seal, dated at Bordesly, July the 1st, 1328 (being shortly after the treaty with Scotland was signed,) and directed to the Abbot and Convent at Westminster, wherein the King (Edward III.) after reciting that "his Council had, in his Parliament held at Northampton, agreed that the Stone whereupon the Kings of Scotland used to sit at the time of their Coronation, and which was then in the keeping of that Abbot and Convent, should be sent to Scotland, and that he had ordered the Sheriffs of London to receive the same from them by indenture, and cause it to be delivered to the *Queen Mother*," commands the Abbot and Convent "to deliver up the said Stone to those Sheriffs, as soon as they should come to them for that purpose."‡ Notwithstanding this command, it is clear that the Coronation Stone never was given up, although many ancient records, jewels, and muniments were actually delivered to the Scots, in pursuance of the Treaty.

The eleventh head of the Conference held at London between Edward III. and David, King of Scotland, in the year 1363, is thus briefly detailed by Dalrymple: "the King, after having been crowned King of England, to come regularly to the kingdom of Scotland, and to be crowned King, at Scone, in the Royal Chair, which is to be delivered up to the English. The ceremony of the coronation to be performed by persons whom the Court of Rome shall depute for that purpose."§ Even this agreement remained equally unfulfilled with the former one, and the Stone was still permitted to retain its place in St. Edward's Chapel, and it has ever since continued there.

Some of the newspapers notice the Sword of Justice falling from the hand of Earl Grey, during the Coronation; which incident the superstitious may consider as important as the head falling off a cane at the trial of Charles I.

* "Ciphus argenti, pond' 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* precii.
"Una Petra Magna super quam Reges Scocie solebant coronari." Vide "Ward. Acc." Lib. Quotidianus.
* "Chron" p. 177. Edit. 1569. It would seem that both the Crown and Sceptre, as well as the Royal Seat, were still preserved in the Abbey Church in Camden's time.
† "History of England." Vol. i. p. 375.
‡ "Ayloffe's Calendars." p 58. Introd. Ex autographo penes Decanum et Capitulum West.
§ Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 155.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 509.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1831. [Price 2d.

COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

The Engraving presents an interesting specimen of early castellated architecture, its foundation being nearly coeval with the Norman Conquest. At present it is almost a heap of ruins; but the above was the state of the Castle about forty years since. The subsequent description has been furnished by a Correspondent; his contribution was accompanied by a view of the present ruins, which are not sufficiently attractive for an embellishment.

Cockermouth Castle was the baronial castle of the honour of Cockermouth, built soon after the Conquest, by William de Meschines, who possessed that honour by gift of his brother, Ranulph, Earl of Cumberland, to whom the Conqueror gave all that part of Cumberland called Copeland, lying between the Dudden and the Derwent. From the said William this honour descended to Richard de Lucy; whose daughter and coheiress marrying Thomas de Moulton, had issue a son, Anthony, who took the name of Lucy; and to him this honour, together with the manor of Pappe Castle was granted by Edward III. This Anthony dying without issue, his estates devolved to his sister, Maud, who married Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland. She by a fine levied in 1384, settled the Castle and honour of Cockermouth upon her husband and his heirs male, with divers remainders to the family of the Percies, upon condition that they should always bear the arms of Lucy, which are gules, three luces or pikes, hauriant, argent, in all shields, banners, ensigns, and coats of arms whatsoever, quarterly with their own. In this family it continued till Joceline, the last earl, leaving only a daughter, she carried it in marriage to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; and by the death of his son, Algernon, without heirs male, it descended, together with the title of Earl of Egremont to Sir Charles Wyndham, Bart., whose son, George, now Earl of Egremont, is the present proprietor.

This Castle stood on the west side of the Cocker, on a mount seemingly artificial, near the river Derwent, the entrance being on the east side over a bridge. Over the outer gate are five shields of arms; four of them are of the Moultons, Umfrevilles, Lucies, and Percies. In this gate are some habitable rooms, wherein the auditor holds a court twice

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a year. Within the walls are two courts: in the first are some small modern tenements inhabited by a person who takes care of the Castle; from this court, through a gate, is the entrance into the second. On each side of this gate are two deep dungeons, each capable of holding fifty persons; they are vaulted at the top, and have only a small opening in order to admit prisoners, who either descended by a ladder or were lowered by ropes. On the outside of the gates, level with the ground, are two narrow slits sloping inward; down these were thrown the provisions allotted for the wretched beings confined there, who had no other light or air but what was admitted through these chinks.

Within the second court stood the mansion now in ruins; the kitchen as it is now called makes a picturesque appearance, and has one of those monstrous chimneys so common in old mansions, and serves to give an idea of ancient hospitality; under it is a groined vault, said to have been the chapel, supported near the middle by a large polygonal column, and lighted by only one window. During the Civil Wars it was a garrison, A. D. 1648; was besieged, taken, and burnt, and never since repaired; though the present earl has caused the outer walls to be new pointed, and the rubbish removed from the inner court. G. H. B.

Cockermouth, by the way, is one of the Boroughs condemned by the Reform Bill: indeed, the ruinous Castle smacks of the association.

As an amusing pendent we subjoin a characteristic passage from a paper on *Old English Architecture* in the *Quarterly Review* lately published; the graphic interest of which we have already attested by somewhat lengthy extracts:—

CASTLES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE history of domestic architecture in England is still for the most part unwritten, and would form the substance of an highly interesting work. From the remains, so often ploughed up in our fields, of villas with tesselated pavements, and baths of very artificial construction, there can be no doubt that the Romans, during their occupation of the island, introduced very generally their own style of house-building; and the Britons themselves probably copied from them to a certain extent, as their descendants evidently did in the plan and decoration of their religious edifices. But from the complete absence of any remnants of the British habitations of that day, it is useless to speculate on their form or materials. The same remark applies to the Saxon æra; for the few simple circular or square towers of three or four stories, which are the most ancient buildings we can trace in the island after the departure of the Romans, were apparently erected rather as military posts for the protection of the country, or as places of temporary refuge during an invasion, than as permanent residences. Coningsburgh in Yorkshire and Castleton in Derbyshire are some of the largest and best preserved examples of these early Saxon fortresses, if they in truth belong to that æra.

But our Saxon ancestors reared few such places of strength. Their habits were peaceful and agricultural, rather than warlike; and they lived, as William of Malmsbury informs us, in low and mean houses, having no pretensions either to splendour or strength. It was indeed this defenceless condition of the island which rendered it so easy a prey to the Norman conqueror. And it was to remedy this defect, and secure his newly-acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, that William lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom, as at Lincoln, Norwich, Rochester, &c., for the double purpose, as we are told by Stow, "of strengthening the towns and keeping the citizens in awe." His followers, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, had likewise to protect themselves against the resentment of those they had despoiled, and imitated their master's example by building castles on their estates. The turbulent and unsettled state of the kingdom during the succeeding reigns caused the rapid multiplication of these strong-holds; until, in the latter end of the reign of Stephen, there are said to have been no fewer than 1115 castles completed in England alone. "The whole kingdom," says the author of the Saxon Chronicle, "was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection." It was soon found also that they were likely to be no less inconvenient to the sovereign, enabling a cabal of barons to beard the power of their liege lord; and one of the first acts of Henry II. was to prohibit the erection of any castles without a license. Some of these are extant. The oldest known, is that granted by Richard II. to Richard Lord Scrope, his chancellor, for the building

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Bolton castle. It is styled in the ument, "Licentia batellare, kernel- (crenellare), et machicolare."

Many of the castles of this age were great size, and possessed a certain e grandeur of design. To the single p-tower of earlier date several other ers, both round and square, were ed, united by flanking walls, so as to lose a polygonal courtyard, the en- ice to which was usually between strong contiguous towers. An out- k, called the barbican, often still her defended the approach, as well a moat and drawbridge. Plates of covered the massive doors, in front hich the grated portcullis was let n through deep grooves in the stone- k; and overhead projected a para- resting on corbels, between which e the openings called machicolations, a which melted lead, hot water, and es could be thrown on the heads of assailants who should attempt an ance by forcing, or, as was the l mode of attack, firing the doors. gateways of Caerlaverock, Tun- ge, Conway, Carisbrook, and Caer- on, are good specimens of this kind.

keep-tower, or stronghold, rose eminent above the rest, and generally a an artificial mount. It contained well, without which the garrison ld not have been enabled to hold in this their last place of refuge; donjon or subterranean prison, the e of which was often extended to whole keep; and several stories of tments, which were probably not pied by any but retainers, except ng a time of siege. The staircase h communicated with these stories either pierced in the thickness of valls, or built on the outside of the r.

ter the age of Edward III., who ameliorated the institutions of the try, and introduced into it a cer- legree of elegance and refinement, nd a considerable improvement in character of the habitations which in to us. By degrees it was found ble to associate much convenience nagnificence with the strength re- te for defence; and the former ned plan of the close fortress ex- ed into a mixture of the castle and nansion. The courts were multi- . The tiltyard, surrounded by the es and domestic offices, occupied A second gateway led from thence the inner court, which was often e, and environed by the principal range, consisting of spacious and ificent apartments, the hall, the banqueting-room, the chapel, with gal- leries of communication, and numerous sleeping chambers. The windows were often large and beautifully ornamented, but always high above the ground, and looking inwards to the court. The keep was entirely detached and indepen- dent of these buildings. Such was the royal palace of Windsor erected by Ed- ward III.; and such the splendid baro- nial castles of Warwick, Ludlow, Spef- ford, Harewood, Alnwick, Kenilworth, Ragland, and many others. The last mentioned is one of the most perfect examples we are acquainted with, of the union of vast strength and security with convenient accommodation and great ornamental splendour. The keep is a perfect fortress in itself, and encircled by a range of minor towers and moat. Its masonry is unrivalled.

THE BURIAL AT MIDNIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

(The annexed Poem was written in allusion to the Duke d'Enghien, executed after a mock trial, at the Castle of Vincennes.)

The skies were beautiful with stars,
And Dian's crescent shed
Its sparkling lustre in the air,
When brightly fell the torch's glare
Upon the royal dead.

It was the silent hour of night,
The towery castle cast
A dark and gorgeous shade around,
And echoed to the trumpet's sound,
As on the wind it pass'd.

The banner gave a mournful tone,
And swept the tower on high;
But there were not the young and brave
To weep beside the hero's grave,
Or breathe one parting sigh.

He fell - Oh! not as warriors fall,
Amid the battle's strife:
A traitorous mandate came unknown,
And murder stain'd the castle's stone
When he resign'd his life!

They closed the earth upon his form,
The last devoted son:
But, Oh! the castle shall present
O'er him a prouder monument
Than sceptred kings have won!

G. R. C.

THE LATE PRESIDENT MONROE.

(For the Mirror.)

The following biographical sketch of James Monroe, Esq. who died at his residence in New York, July 4, 1831, being the fifty-fifth anniversary of the National Independence, is given in the American Journals: — "Mr. Monroe was born on Monroe's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in September, 1758. He was descended from a

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respectable Scotch family, distinguished for its loyalty and patriotism. His ancestor, in 1652, was a captain in the army of Charles I., and was rewarded for his fidelity with a grant of land by Charles II. His father was Spence Monroe, a farmer, in the County of Westmoreland. His mother was a sister of the late Judge Jones of Virginia.

"Mr. Monroe joined the army of the revolution in the fall or winter of 1776, as a volunteer, and brought with him from Virginia, a company of artillery, which he raised and commanded, and of which the late William Washington was lieutenant. Captain (afterwards Colonel) Monroe sought this post of danger at the battle of Trenton, on the 26th of December, 1776, and greatly distinguished himself as an officer in that action, in which he was severely wounded, having been shot through the breast, and by which he was disabled for nearly a year. After his recovery, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Major-General Lord Stirling, and continued in his staff some time. He was subsequently elected a member of the Continental Congress, and was a member in 1783, when General Washington resigned his commission to that body.

"After the war, Colonel Monroe was appointed by General Washington, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, and was subsequently appointed Secretary of State, under Mr. Madison, and held the last office from 1811 to 1814, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, in which the United States were then engaged, and to give greater vigour to the operations of the War Department, he was appointed Secretary of War, and held that office until the peace of 1815, when he was again placed by Mr. Madison at the head of the department of the State.

"Mr. Monroe was installed President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1817, and held that high and dignified office for two terms."

W. G. C.

Anecdote Gallery.

CHARACTERISTICS.

(For the Mirror.)

BEARDS.

Dr. P—— related to a friend of the writer, that he was once called upon to visit an insane lady under these circumstances:—She had been placed in an asylum, believing from the sensible manner in which she conversed and conducted herself, that she was restored to sanity, desired that she might be removed; and one of her friends in consequence, requested Dr. P—— to go and see her and form his own opinion as to the state of her mental health. "Try her," said the friend, "on literary topics, and you will, I fear, quickly discover that as yet she labours under considerable mental delusion." Dr. P—— accordingly obtained an interview with the reputed maniac, and after finding her perfectly collected and sensible in discourse upon general topics, commenced the experiment to which he was advised by alluding to the literature of the day, and stating that he understood she was a great reader. "Yes," replied the lady, "I am devotedly fond of reading."—"So am I," was the reply, "and no amusement can be more delightful and profitable."—"If we except that of *writing*," observed the lady.—"True Madam; writing, by which I presume you mean *composition*, is, I allow, an occupation of the faculties no less gratifying and eligible. I presume your observation is dictated by experience?" The lady confessed with a smile, that she wrote a great deal. Dr. P—— inquired in what style, and whether she intended to publish? To which she answered, that she wrote in various styles, and on numerous subjects, and intended to publish if she *could*. The urbane physician instantly tendered his services in order to forward her views, begging at the same time to know whether she had lately written anything, and upon what subject. The authoress answered, with thanks for his friendly offer, that she had, a long work, the subject and title of which she declined naming to him but said it was an essay in three parts, one of which was devoted to prove, "*how unnecessary it was for men to have beards!*" in fact that they were a useless and ridiculous appendage to the human face divine. "Ay! said the enlightened *Medecin*, "that is a most curious subject! and you, Madam, must be extremely clever to write upon it: I should much like to know how you treat it and contrive to maintain such a position."—"I cannot," replied the unconscious Literata, "enter into all the arguments I have used upon this interesting topic; but will briefly tell you my principal reasons for asserting the inutility of men's beards. They cannot be given for *use*, because they are of *no* use; nor for *ornament*, because they are frightful; nor as a *defect*, because God created all things *perfect*; neither have they been given

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to one sex as a *punishment* for sin, because the other equally deserving such, would have had them too." It is needless to observe that in spite of these acute and edifying arguments, the unfortunate authoress was doomed by Dr. P—— to remain in the abode she then occupied, until her peculiar opinions had undergone a thorough revolution.

JEMMY GORDON'S WILL.

THE eccentric James Gordon, (commonly called "Jemmy") of Cambridge notoriety, and of whom some characteristic sketches will be found in, if we remember rightly, the novel of "Pelham;" reduced himself by the most dissolute course of life, from a station of respectability, to one of the lowest penury. Originally an attorney and a man with some pretensions to education and talent, he contrived to glean from the idle youths of the University a precarious subsistence which invariably was expended in liquor; by assisting them in those college exercises, or impositions, which ignorance, or the pursuit of pleasure, precluded them from performing themselves. This was of course done in what may not inaptly be termed his *lucid* intervals; *i. e.* the interim between one fit of intoxication and another, when he happened to have no money to procure him this dreadful gratification; otherwise his brawling and mad pranks were wont to keep the streets in an uproar, until the civil authorities of University and Town lodged him in prison. However, such a punishment was a mere nothing to "Jemmy Gordon;" the wretched man has been known many times to *crave as a favour* of the chief magistrate for the time being, a night's lodging in the House of Correction, being hopeless of obtaining elsewhere a roof to shelter him, and a pallet on which to stretch his aching limbs. Some charitable relation left to Jemmy Gordon a legacy of half-a-guinea a week during his life, and we believe, two or three suits of clothes; that the latter should not long enable one to cut a respectable figure who was as often in the mud or the kennel as out of it, will not appear surprising; and that the former should merely have added to his comfort by supplying him with a smail, but assured pittance wherewith still to indulge his pernicious propensity still less so. Certain it is, that the wretched "Jemmy Gordon" was at the period of his decease, in as destitute a condition as ever, as we shall presently have occasion to show. His death, (oh! how terrible is it to contemplate death coming upon such a man!) was caused by the fractures and contusions which he received in a severe fall, consequent on one of his fits of inebriation. He lingered for some time in dreadful tortures mental and bodily, in hardness of heart, in blasphemous levity, and in an abject state of poverty fully evinced by the *Will* which he put into the hands of the humane surgeon who attended him, and of which the following is a *genuine* copy.

Town Gaol, Aug. 31, 1824.

I, James Gordon, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby give and bequeath to Alexander Scott Abbott, Esq. Mayor of Cambridge, my body, after my decease, for dissection, or such other purposes as he shall think proper, upon condition that he gives me a coat, or suit of clothes which he has done with, hoping that the cast off carcass, will indemnify him for his cast off clothes.

J. GORDON.

CHAOS.

A LADY, a leader of fashion too, in a provincial town, being about to quit her residence, informed some of her friends who happened to surprise her in the midst of her preparations, that they must excuse the confusion they witnessed, since owing to packing up, she "was at this time all in *chairs*." (chaos.)

A reverend divine has been heard to illuminate his flock, by informing them, that the world was produced from *Tchos!* an error less excusable emanating from such a quarter.

RUSTIC IGNORANCE.

AN old woman, who had never in the course of her life taken the Sacrament, having become extremely anxious to receive it, the pastor of the parish to which she belonged thought it his duty to examine her a little, and unfortunately found her one of the most deplorably ignorant, and stupid beings in existence, with few ideas beyond a sort of vague, general notion of a God, and a future state of retribution. Perceiving that she knew nothing of her prayers and creed, he asked her whether she had ever heard that there were any commandments? and if she had how many? She replied yes, and that there were *five*.—"*Five!*" exclaimed the minister, "you mistake; however, tell me if you can, which be they."—"Why, Sir," answered the ancient catechumen, with a curtsey and look of manifest pleasure that at length an opportunity had occurred of displaying her *knowledge*, "they be

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Christmas Day, Lady Day, Lammas Day, Michaelmas Day, and let me see, another, but I'm sure I forget what."—"Good Heavens! my poor woman!" exclaimed the horrified clergyman, "I could not have conceived that any body lived so weak as yourself!"—"*Wake!*" quoth the old dame in a huff, "*wake* did you call me, Sir? Ay, ay, indeed, I may well be *wake*, and so would you be I fancy, an you'd been troubled with the *ager*-fits as long as I have!"

An old woman, extremely anxious to be confirmed, was asked by the clergyman of her parish, whether it was with a view to receive the Sacrament, and whether she understood the meaning and purport of confirmation? to which she answered, "Ay, why, no, Sir; I can't say that I well do. But I've wanted mortal bad to be *confarmed*, because I've a notion 'tis a some'at as 'ill do my *rheumatiz* good!"

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

Monkeys.—Gibraltar, says a travelled friend, is peopled with these animals; but numerous as they are, it is not recollected that for many years the *dead body* of one of the species has been found, and the circumstance is thus accounted for. The Rock (par eminence) the chief colony of these creatures overhangs the Officers' Cemetery, and it is supposed that its imitative tenants having so frequently an opportunity of observing how the human race dispose of their dead, adopt the same practice, viz: scoop holes in the sand and bury their defunct also.

A TAME EAGLE.

A gentleman who kept a remarkably fine, and as he believed, an uncommonly *tame* eagle, discovered it one day *picking out the eyes of a large wax doll*, the property of one of his children. After manifesting this instinctive propensity, the ferocious bird was not deemed a safe inmate of a house in which were many children, and it was immediately shot.

M. L. B.

Notes of a Reader.

LIVES OF BRITISH STATESMEN.

This is another volume of the Biographical Series of the *Cabinet Cyclopedia*, containing the lives of four of the most important men in British History:—Sir Thomas More—Wolsey—Cranmer—and Burleigh: that of More being from the argumentative pen of Sir James Mackintosh, and Burleigh being reprinted from Macdiarmid's *Lives* published in quarto a few years since. We quote the finely-drawn character of More would to Heaven that all biographers had writ with such a pen:

Of all men nearly perfect, Sir Thomas More had, perhaps, the clearest marks of individual character. His peculiarities, though distinguishing him from all others, were yet withheld from growing into moral faults. It is not enough to say of him that he was unaffected, that he was natural, that he was simple; so the larger part of truly great men have been. But there is something home-spun in More which is common to him with scarcely any other, and which gives to all his faculties and qualities the appearance of being the native growth of the soil. The homeliness of his pleasantry purifies it from show. He walks on the scaffold clad only in his household goodness. The unrefined benignity with which he ruled his patriarchal dwelling at Chelsea enabled him to look on the axe without being disturbed by feeling hatred for the tyrant. This quality bound together his genius and learning, his eloquence and fame, with his homely and daily duties, bestowing a genuineness on all his good qualities, a dignity on the most ordinary offices of life, and an accessible familiarity on the virtues of a hero and a martyr, which silences every suspicion that his excellences were magnified.

He thus simply performed great acts, and uttered great thoughts, because they were familiar to his great soul. The charm of this inborn and home-bred character seems as if it would have been taken off by polish. It is this household character which relieves our notion of him from vagueness, and divests perfection of that generality and coldness to which the attempt to paint a perfect man is so liable.

It will naturally, and very strongly, excite the regret of the good in every age, that the life of this best of men should have been in the power of him who was rarely surpassed in wickedness. But the execrable Henry was the means of drawing forth the magnanimity, the fortitude, and the meekness of More. Had Henry been a just and merciful monarch, we should not have known the degree of excellence to which human nature is capable of ascending. Catholics ought to see in More, that mildness and candour are the true ornaments of all modes of faith. Protestants ought to be taught humility and charity from this instance of the wisest and best of

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men falling into what they deem the most fatal errors. All men, in the fierce contests of contending factions should, from such an example, learn the wisdom to fear lest in their most hated antagonist they may strike down a Sir Thomas More; for assuredly virtue is not so narrow as to be confined to any party; and we have, in the case of More a signal example that the nearest approach to perfect excellence does not exempt men from mistakes which we may justly deem mischievous. It is a pregnant proof, that we should beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because we love and venerate their virtues.

Annexed to More's Life is a note, which may be amusing to "the curious reader."

An anecdote in More's chancellorship is connected with an English phrase, of which the origin is not quite satisfactorily explained. An attorney in his court, named Tubb, gave an account in court of a cause in which he was concerned, which the Chancellor (who with all his gentleness loved a joke) thought so rambling and incoherent, that he said at the end of Tubb's speech, "This is a tale of a tub;" plainly showing that the phrase was then familiarly known.

The learned Mr. Douce has informed a friend of mine, that in Sebastian Munster's Cosmography, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. The practice of throwing a tub or barrel to a large fish, to divert the huge animals from gambols dangerous to a vessel, is also mentioned in an old prose translation of The Ship of Fools.

These passages satisfactorily explain the common phrase of throwing a tub to a whale; but they do not account for leaving out the whale, and introducing the new word tale. The transition from the first phrase to the second is a considerable stride. It is not, at least, *directly* explained by Mr. Douce's citations; and no explanation of it has hitherto occurred which can be supported by proof. It may be thought probable that, in process of time, some nautical wag compared a rambling story, which he suspected of being lengthened and confused, in order to turn his thoughts from a direction not convenient to the story teller, with the tub which he and his shipmates were wont to throw out to divert the whale from striking the bark, and perhaps said, "This tale is, like our tub to the whale." The comparison might have become popular; and it might gradually have been shortened into "a tale of a tub."

CRUELTY TO SHELL-FISH.

Contributed to "the Voice of Humanity."

It is now sixteen years since I first commenced writing on cruelty to lobsters, in consequence of similar benevolent attempts made in Bath and Weymouth as were made at the Mansion House, before the Lord Mayor, November 26, 1830, by Mr. Gompertz, accompanied by Mr. Saunders, the eminent fishmonger, to obtain the abolition of the unnecessary cruelty of driving *pegs* into their claws, instead of tying them with string. The effect in each instance has been exactly of the same value,—a flowery recommendation to abolish it, and a dissertation on the fish being injured in quality and flavour, &c., while the custom is still continued. But before finishing the first article I wrote on this subject, I perceived the shallowness and ridicule of making such an outcry about driving pegs into their claws, while we are so particular that the lobsters should be not only *alive* but *lively*, when put into the pot. A nobleman who resided on the coast near me, was a zealous abolitionist of pegging, and insisted, in his neighbourhood, that their claws should be tied with string; but he was still more pleased with a further discovery, that of bringing the lobsters from the sea in a large vessel, containing a sufficient quantity of their native element to boil them in, which was said greatly to improve their flavour!

As it may be inferred that I as much disapprove of the *boiling alive* as the pegging their claws, the question follows—would you dress a lobster when it has died a natural death by being deprived of its native element? I answer, unquestionably, yes; and otherwise I would not partake of it. I have even invited *connoisseurs* purposely to partake of lobsters thus dressed, who have unanimously declared that there was an improvement rather than a deterioration in their quality. The tail of a lobster thus dressed will be found to lose much of its hardness and indigestibility. The watery quality is equally common to those dressed in the usual way, which arises from the fish having been sickly and diseased. Persons inquire, how can lobsters be deprived of life? The mode which I recommend is to put them into *fresh* water—the hardest pump water answers best, in which they live but a short time. The same observation ap-

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es to crabs, shrimps, prawns, &c.; d I trust some of your readers will it their humanity into practice by pur- asing shell-fish from their fishmonger, hile alive, and reporting the result of a impartial trial of this plan. The orrid cruelty of dressing shell-fish alive s the same as if another fish which does ot possess their *amphibious property*, ut soon dies when taken out of the water, were to be instantly conveyed out of its native element either into the frying-pan or into the saucepan.

Before concluding, I wish to submit another argument, which is founded upon that charter by which we claim the right of killing animals for our food, viz. the authority of the Scriptures. Was that right given us without merciful restrictions, which, if attended to, would supersede all Parliamentary Acts to prevent cruelty to animals? Is the benevolent and merciful spirit of the Levitical law passed away with the Jewish dispensation?—or is the Christian dispensation, which says, "Be ye also merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful," to be made the cloak for inflicting exquisite tortures, on the plea of epicurism? I have never yet been able to satisfy myself that these *amphibious* fish, which we are in the habit of dressing alive, were ever allowed us for food; and it may be readily imagined that such prohibition was designed to check that spirit of semi-cannibalism of which the subject of this letter may be considered a sample. These creatures were not likely to be deprived of life, by man, without cruelty —they were, consequently, forbidden as food. Indeed, if there were no revelation of the divine will, it would be little creditable to the intellectual character of man, amidst a profusion of choice, to lay hands on every thing that has life, to render it subservient to epicurism. The passage alluded to is Lev. xi. 9, 10, 11, 12, on which I hope some of your readers will give an opinion:—"These shall ye eat, of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat. And all that have not fins nor scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you. They shall be even an abomination unto you; ye shall not eat of their flesh, but you shall have their carcasses in abomination. Whatsoever hath no fins nor scales in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you."

S. P.

A SOAPY ROOT USED IN PERSIA AND IN THE EAST, FOR CLEANSING SHAWLS AND STUFFS.

The widely extensive employment in modern times, of tissues fabricated from the hair of the Cashmerian goats, has rendered some method of cleaning them essentially necessary. If ordinary soap is employed, these valuable shawls and fabrics are creased and spoiled by the alkali it contains, and it leaves them, at any rate, much less pliant and velvety than they are when cleaned after the manner of the Turks and Persians, who make use of a root which affords an abundant mucilage when heated with water. M. Jaubert, who brought into France several goats from Thibet, also imported from Asia, under the name of *ishkar*, a quantity of this soapy root. it is usually as large as the thumb, of a greyish-yellow colour, with longitudinal external furrows, white within, exceedingly mucilaginous, free from smell, almost devoid of taste, and affording an ash-coloured powder. This powder, when mixed with water, immediately becomes a very thick, yellowish mucilage. With this paste the precious stuffs of the East are treated, and while it always deprives them of any greasy stains, it leaves them the yellow tint so much prized by these nations. This mucilaginous powder is not a fecula, it strikes no blue colour with iodine, and gives no traces of acid or alkaline action.

By careful and accurate researches, this root has been determined to belong to the *leontica leontopetalon*, a vegetable common not only in the East, but in the Greek islands, and the south of Italy.—*Virey, in the Journal de Pharmacie.*

MODE OF MAKING SOY.

Soy, the famous sauce for all kinds of food, is made from beans. The beans are boiled until all the water is nearly evaporated, and they begin to burn, when they are taken from the fire, and placed in large, wide-mouthed jars, exposed to the sun and air; water and a certain portion of molasses or very brown sugar are added. These jars are stirred well every day, until the liquor and beans are completely mixed and fermented; the material is then strained, salted, boiled and skimmed, until clarified; and will, after this last process, become of a very deep brown colour, and keep any length of time. Many persons have thought that gravy was used in preparing this condiment; but this appears not to be the case, the composition being entirely a vegetable one, of an agreeable

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flavour, and said to be wholesome. There are two or three qualities of it; to make the best requires much care and attention. Japanese Soy is much esteemed in China, on account of the superior manner in which it is made; perhaps they have a particular sort of bean for that purpose. Shopkeepers at Canton who sell Soy, have large platforms on the roofs of their houses, where the jars for preparing Soy are all arranged, and exposed to the sun; for the consumption of this article is enormous. Neither rich nor poor can dine, breakfast, or sup without Soy; it is the sauce for all sorts of food, gives a zest to every dish, and may be said to be indispensable at a Chinese repast.—*Dobell's Travels.*

MEETING OF NATURALISTS AT HAMBURGH.

Mr. James Johnston, M. A., in his description of the Anniversary of 1830, says—

"On reaching Hamburgh, the first duty of the stranger was to repair to the *Stadthaus*, the seat of the police and other minor courts, where, after elbowing his way through a tribe of ragamuffin-looking officers and still more wretched culprits, he found his way to the main staircase; and, on announcing himself as a *naturforscher*, he was shown up one or two flights of steps, and ushered into the grand room of state, where the banners of the Hamburgers wave from the walls, and a series of portraits commemorate at once the illustrious friends of the Hanse towns, and testify at the same time the gratitude of the sovereign senate of the Merchant Queen of Germany.

"It depended entirely upon the day of the month whether the scene which presented itself on entering this room were worthy of especial notice or the contrary. If it were still only the 13th or 14th of the month, he would see perhaps a dozen or twenty people standing in groups of three or four in different parts of the room, and an occasional rare ejaculation would reach him as some communication of interest was made, probably regarding what persons were on their way to the meeting. Such was the case when Agardh and I on the 12th entered the room. To all we were immediately introduced by the directors—each found some pleasant person or persons to converse with; and in cultivating personal acquaintance with men whose names you had probably often heard of, an hour passed quickly away. There were as yet no other public meetings than these two morning hours from nine to eleven, and they were chiefly for the purposes of enrolment, and the delivery of their tickets of admission to the strangers as they arrived.

"But every succeeding day the interest of these *mornings* increased exceedingly, and I consider it a strong inducement to be early in repairing to the place of meeting, that the scenes which ensue on every fresh arrival may be seen and enjoyed. A man in his travelling dress walks into the room, and goes straight up to a group on his left, where he recognises a well-known face. A scream of joyful recognition, and a host of loud exclamations, and a mutual behugging and *beslobbering* with salutations, first on the one side of the face and then on the other, with various shaking of hands and other such gestures attract the general attention; and 'who is that?—who is that?' goes from one to another; and then there is a move of the men who know him, or who have heard of and wish to know him, and the rest are beginning to resume their conversation, when a second interruption arises from the entrance of a *great man* in another science, and another set of men is set on the *qui vive*, and thus perhaps an entire hour may be most delightfully spent in merely looking on, in studying the physiognomy, and in watching the phases of expression and deep interest that pass over the countenances of different individuals by the mere presence and contact of others, votaries of the same branch of study, whom they have hitherto known only by their labours, but whom, though unseen, they have deeply venerated.

"The varied forms of salutation too are an interesting feature of such an assemblage, at least to us islanders. Saluting among the men is no where uncommon, I believe, from Torneo to the Straits of Gibraltar, but in some places it is more general than in others; and among some of the northern, the Scandinavian people especially, it is ridiculously frequent. Were it not that these people smoke perpetually, and therefore disregard the trifling affair of breath, I should think it must in many cases prove a very disgusting custom, at least I who am no smoker have found it so. One little Polish professor from Warsaw, with whom I got very intimate at Hamburgh, used to inflict upon me a regular salute on both sides at every meeting and parting, and on bidding him farewell, and obtaining his blessing, I received a triple portion twice told from the worthy kind-hearted

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in. Fortunately for me *his breathings* are of the less tainted character.

"Then, on presentation to a stranger, there is the *bowing*, and the *bowing*, and the bowing-interminable. First take your bow in front, then take a step to the left, and make another, then two steps to the right and make a third, then one step to the left and make another bow in front. This is Scandinavian, and is the least you can do to a gentleman; where ladies are concerned, a Swede begins at the one end of a long room, and bows slowly all the way till he comes in front of the ladies seated at the other. Or in Germany, you see two real bowing men come close up in front of one another till their heads almost touch as they begin to bob, and bob, and bob again like so many Chinese Mandarines. An old man with a powdered head and only a few long teeth in front, a little man with an interminable smile upon his phiz,—an apothecary from Brunswick—might set up, I think, as a model of this kind of bobbing, for he finished it off in the most characteristic style of any man I saw at the meeting. He is, however, a very worthy and kind-hearted man; and should any of my readers ever find themselves in the city of Brunswick, an hour devoted to visiting him they will not think ill spent.

"And of verbal salutations, it is curious to hear so many different in the same apartment. 'Mycka Tjenare,' says the Swede,—'Hvorledes befinner de Dem,' adds the Dane,—'Gut Tag, Gut Tag, wie gehts, lieber,' says the German, while the French 'Comment vous portez-vous,' serves as a general form of address among those who do not understand each other's tongue. Then there is the mixing up and compounding of languages where so many are spoken, and so few can speak them all. In walking about in the large saloon where several hundreds are met together, you meet first a Swede, perhaps, and as he prefers his own tongue where he has an opportunity of using it, you do your best at a few sentences, making good use of the words you have still retained rusting upon your memory since you left the western shores of the Baltic. Then you encounter a German, and in two minutes you set him a laughing, and in two seconds more you join him yourself, when he tells you of a couple of Swedish and one Danish word you have popped into the sentence. You commence again with a third tongue only to make similar blunders, of which you never steer entirely clear, until you meet some one who can understand your native language. Such blunders in such a place, are unavoidable, and you hear them made so often that they cease to afford the amusement at first derived from them."

Edinburgh Journal of Science.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

O the Brave Man, high sounds the praise,
As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays?
High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God! I sing! so I can raise,
A proud song to the brave man's praise!

A thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
And moist through Italy it blew:
As 'fore the wolf the scar'd herds flee,
So the wild clouds before it flew
It drench'd the fields, the frost unlock'd,
And the swoln streams with freed ice block'd.

The mountain snows thaw'd suddenly;
Down were a thousand floods impell'd;
The meadow-vale became a sea,
And the great river swell'd and swell'd;
High roll'd its waves along their course
Huge blocks of ice with mighty force.

The river, spann'd from side to side
A bridge, well built of freestone good,
On pillars and strong arches wide:
And on it a small toll-house stood,
Where dwelt, with wife and child, a man—
"Fly, Tollman quickly, while you can!"

The threat'ning ruin o'er them hung,
And storm and waves howl'd round about;
Up to the roof the Tollman sprung,
And wildly through the rock look'd out.
"Merciful heaven! O pity thou!
Lost are we!—who can save us now?"

On roll'd the ice-flood's furious course,
Now here now there, from shore to shore,
And from both shores, with rushing force,
The pillars and the arches tore.
The active man, with wife and child,
Than stream or wind cried yet more wild.

On roll'd the ice flood, shock on shock,
'Gainst both ends of the bridge it dash'd,
And pillar after pillar shook:
One moment shook, and then down crash'd.
Against the middle strikes it now—
Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!

High on the farther shore there stands
A crowd of people, great and small,
And each one cries and wrings his hands,
And yet no succour brings at all;
The while the Tollman wildly made,
Through stream and wind, demand for aid.

Song of the Brave, when soundest thou
Like organ-tone and pealing bell?
Go to'—so name him, name him now!
Sweet song, his name when wilt thou tell?
The flood strikes 'gainst the middle now—
Oh! brave man, brave man, where art thou?

Quick gallop'd then unto the strand
An Earl—on a proud horse rode he:
What held that good Earl in his hand?
A purse, as full as it could be:
"Two hundred pistoles," spoke he clear,
"For him who saves the three, are here!"

And now, the Earl, is he the brave?
Say on, my noble song, say on:
By the high God, the Earl was brave!
And yet I know a braver one.—

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Brave man! brave man, let's look on thee—
For ruin now comes frightfully!

And higher, higher rose the swell,
And louder, louder howl'd the storm,
Yet lower still men's courage fell—
O saviour, saviour! quickly come;
For gone is every pillar's stay,
And next the mid-arch must give way!

"Hollo! hollo! Up, boldly dare!"
High held the Earl that purse of worth,
And all men heard, yet all forbear—
Out of the thousands none stepp'd forth;
Vainly through stream and wind, yet made
The Tollman his lord cry for aid?

See, see a simple countryman
With walking-staff in hand comes now;
Coarse was the garment he had on,
Yet noble was his form and brow:
He heard the Earl, he took his word,
And the poor Tollman's cry he heard.

Then boldly, in God's name, he sprang
Into the nearest fishing-boat;
Spite whirlpool, storm, and tempest-clang,
Safely the light bark kept afloat—
Yet woe! the boat was all too small
From death, at once, to rescue all!

And three times, spite of tempest's rack,
The small boat flood and whirlpool braved,
And three times happily came back—
And thus they all were nobly saved:
Yet scarce the last safe port had won,
When, crash! the latest arch came down.

Who is the brave man—who is he?
Say on, my noble song, say on—
He risk'd his life most generously;
Yet for reward was it not done;
Since, had the Earl his pistoles spared,
Perchance, his life he had not dared.

"Here," said the Earl, "my valiant friend,
Is thy reward—'tis thine—come forth!"
Say now, could aught that act amend?—
By God! his was a heart of worth!—
Yet beat for a far nobler part,
Beneath his cloak, that peasant's heart.

"My life," said he, "may not be sold;
I want not, though my wealth be small:
To the poor Tollman give thy gold,
Who in the flood has lost his all"
Thus, with a kind voice, did he say,—
Then turn'd his steps, and went his way.

Of the brave man high sounds the praise,
As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays:
High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God, I sing, so I can raise
Immortal songs, brave men to praise!

New Monthly Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ODD FELLOW.

Mr. Charles Wilkinson.

WHO was ever of late years "in London—that overgrown place," as Mr. Colman somewhere sings, but must have seen, or should have seen, one of its "lions," who so overgrew all that is indigenous to that city, that it was almost doubtful which was the largest, the lion or London? Most persons about town must have met with the phenomenon I mean, and others must have heard of the Long Lawyer, (for such was his profession,) who was sometimes seen in the law neighbourhoods in term-time, looking like the long vacation personified, or like one of Chancellor Eldon's legal cases running to seed for want of decision. He put one in mind of Jack of Beanstalk memory, and the hardly less renowned Tom Thumb; and yet he was very unlike either of those small mightinesses, though not unlike the bean-stalk of the first. * * * * What could his mother have been thinking of when she bore him? Was it of a soaped pole at a country fair, and some indefatigable fellow vainly trying to reach the top of it; or had she any thoughts of discovering the longitude? What was her mode of rearing him? what his food, his appetites, exercises, and juvenile aspirations? and by what magic did she succeed in bringing him up to his high perfection? I have sometimes conjectured that his nurse must have sung for his lullaby those two lines of Milton in his *May Morning*—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

and laid too much emphasis on the three last words; but whatever arts were resorted to, whatever mode of culture was adopted, the result was the rearing of as great a human wonder as ever nature turned out from her man-manufactory;—

None but himself could be his parallel!

Of his pedigree the present writer knows nothing; but it was reported he was related to the Farnborough family, and also to the Wellesleys, or to one of them—Mr. Tilney Long Pole. Many pleasant anecdotes were recorded of his habits and manners in-doors, and out-doors, abroad and at home. It is said, that when he went to the pit of the theatre, the gods of the one-shilling gallery cried out, "Sit down, you sir, in the two!" not perceiving that he was some fifty feet lower down than that middlemost heaven; and the managers were obliged to cut away three seats in the pit for the admission of his legs. At the Opera, the wags said they sunk for him a chair six feet below the level of Fop's Alley, close to the orchestra, that the short people behind him might not have their view impeded; and even then that he extinguished the prompter on the stage. * * * * It was noticed that he never laughed till the laugh was over with the rest of the audience. A physiological friend accounted for this, by supposing that it took a joke some time to travel from his ear to his midriff, and tickle it to laughter. The last time he was seen at a tragedy, it was noticed that his white handkerchief was eighty seconds behindhand with the pit, his sorrow being brought up from a well of much more than the usual depth.

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His length must have been very inconvenient to him. Nature, when she invented him, ought to have constructed him on the plan of a fishingrod;—he should have been made to take in two; one half to screw into the other half, so that, when he waked in the morning, he might ring the bell for his man, and say, "John, bring me my legs and pantaloon parts directly, for I want to run down to Westminster." Then the upper half of him might have been got into any decent-sized bed, and the lower part been hung up with his boots till the morning, or left on the mat at his chamber-door, ready for him to jump into at a moment's notice.

One of the nymphs who walk under the Moon without being chastened by her beams, was, it is said, in love with him to desperation, and once tried to throw herself out of a hackney-coach into his arms, but she pitched with her nose in his coat-pocket; and as he could not stoop to her, and as there was no ladder standing near by which she could rise to him, she was obliged to give up her ambitious passion in despair. * * * *

It is said that he was the sole cause of the Strand being lighted with gas; the commissioners found it impossible any longer to sustain the loss of oil which his head, running against their old lamps nightly brought upon them: they did not so much mind the glasses, but the waste of oil was awful; and, as Russia looked refractory about that time, there might have been a stoppage in the usual unctuous supply.

Money, of Fleet-street, who used to shave him, was obliged to mount a dining-table to get at his chin, and even then he strained his tendon Achilles from standing so long on tip-toe. It was considered wonderful he did not unbeard himself in the manner of the Irish giant, who went up a ladder to shave himself! His tailor, when he measured him, like a sensible man, stood on a flight of steps; but three of his journeymen, unaccustomed to such a perpendicular position, were said to have broken their necks in the attempt; and their widows and children are now pensioners on the master, who swears that these accidents lessened his profits so much, that he did not make more than 40 per cent. by his custom.

Mr. Wilkinson wanted to go up with Mr. Sadler in his balloon. Sadler, who had been to Dublin, and came back as full of bulls as a pope, told him candidly that he could not carry him higher than he was already. Failing in this, he wished to o'er-monument the Monument; but the prudent keeper of that long lie very properly refused him, remarking that it would make the pillar look little when his height was subtracted from its elevation. Besides, the inhabitants of Fish-street Hill threatened to quit their houses if he attempted the ascent: he might, as they had every reason to fear, bring down both monument and houses on their devoted heads.

When he went shooting in September, his friends who had estates of their own, where they are allowed to cut the timber, lopped off the lower branches of their plantations, lest he should meet with the death of Absalom; and before he came down to their shooting-boxes they had the doors made higher, and the ceilings lifted, &c. &c. so it is humorously said. He would persist in travelling by one coach, when he ought to have gone by three; and when he was resolutely bent upon riding inside, they made a hole through the roof for his head and shoulders, and got informed against for carrying luggage higher than the number of inches allowed by act of parliament. If he went outside, the coach was either upset, or they lost so much time in setting him down and taking him up in passing under arches and gateways, that they were quite sick of attempting to get him out of town; and at last, as soon as his servant entered a coach-office to take a place for him, "There was not a place to be had for six months to come!" was the universal coach-office cry. Even in town, when he called "Couch!" the whole stand could stand him no longer;—coach, chariot, and cab bolted off the street as fast as their crazy cattle could carry them. Of course, no hackneyman was anxious to take up a gentleman who bulges out the back part of his coach with his shoulders, and trips up his horses by thrusting his excess of legs through the front. It was the same if he invoked the aid of a "Boat!"—the watermen cut their inch of cable, and pushed off for the Surrey shore. * * * *

He never rode on horseback. No doubt he would have done so if he could find either horse or mare hands-high enough to keep his legs from trailing after him. Indeed, it is said, that he once affected to ride a cob, but it was soon perceived that he was walking, and that the little fellow was only trotting along between his legs, as it were, under his auspices.

When he knocked to inquire for lodgings at Bath or at Brighton, as soon as the boarding-house keeper opened his door, and looked up at his proposed lodger, he became so alarmed, that

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down went the "To Let" immediately, and he swore that every floor was full.

The most amusing circumstance connected with this excellent man, for a kind good-humoured fellow he was to the last, was the forgetfulness of his dimensions. Sitting some time after dinner one day, he remarked on the sudden, that he should get up and stretch himself!—If you had seen the consternation of the party, or if I could describe it; but no, it is impossible. Three ladies, of imaginative mind, shrieked as with one voice, and fainted; and the gentlemen part of the company fairly took to their heels. Another time, a sick lady was quite thunderstruck at hearing him apologize for paying "so short" a visit, when, if he had considered but a moment, he must have been convinced that, wherever he came, it was a visitation of nine feet six inches at the very least estimation. He half frightened another friend by threatening to "drop in" some day at dinner. Poor Simpson ran in wild alarm to get his house insured, and the next day the district surveyor ordered it to be shored up. Drop in he did, however, in defiance of all danger; and, after the first impressions of fear had subsided, the little Simpsons were introduced with the dessert. One adventurous boy began to climb his knee,

—the envied kiss to share;

but, after clambering half-way up, he grew dizzy, and slid down again, just as "the bigger sort of boys" slip down a ladder, or a long baluster.

There is a good story told of an incident connected with one of his rural walks, or rather strides. Being overtaken in one of the narrow green lanes by a short man in a low chaise with a small pony, the little fellow bawled out to him, in a mixed tone of threat and tenderness, "Why don't you get out of the way? do you want to be run over?"—The nine-foot turned about, and, looking down at the threatener, coolly replied, "Pooh, pooh, if you say another word, I'll run over you!"

He stood, and even sat exempted from many of the small and large annoyances which vex and fasten upon men of moderate dimensions. No bullying fellow thought of threatening to squeeze his nostrils with violent finger and thumb; no intrusive one hoped to pick his pocket—for how indeed could the cleanest of artists in that light line follow him with a ladder (without which he could not get at it) at the rate at which he walked about town. Things which impede other men he must step over as over a straw;—such as a cabriolet upset upon a popular crossing, or a hogshead of sugar, or a crate of earthenware placed in a pathway. Stiles and five-barred gates, ditches and quick-set hedges were no let or hindrance to him: he got over any stile, even Edward Irving's or Jeremy Bentham's,—and, last and worst, he would have got over his biographer's.

There was a proportionate moral elevation in a man who aspired as he did to "commerce with the skies." He never, even in his stripling age, indulged in such a minute triviality as "ring taw"—he might indeed in the knuckling of the Elgin Marbles: he might have condescended so much as to have impelled the Torso of the Theseus through the ring; but what ring? none would have been large enough for his purpose but the ring of Saturn. * * * * He must have disdained "top" unless it were to

—o'ertop Pelion, and touch
The skyey head of blue Olympus.

He laughed "hop-scotch" to scorn—hop-Scotland only could have been worthy of his exertions; cricket cramped his powers, for how could he fail to gain notches without number who could stand at one wicket and stretch his leg out to the other, without stirring his stumps or stirring from them. He could not condescend to do any thing little. He could not stoop so low as to pick up a pin, or scramble after a dropped farthing with a beggar, or fasten his own shoe-tie;—he could not afford the time they would take him.

Where is he now? Has he grown out of London, and been put into Paris? Is he sojourning in Long Acre "in utmost longitude," or buried in Long Lane? Wherever he be, if he still exist, he is, in addition to his length, a gentleman, good-humoured and unpresuming. —*Metropolitan.*

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

Saint Knighton's Glen.

(Continued from page 176.)

The Knoll was a delightful retreat. It was built in the antique style—a sort of miniature Milton Abbot*—and stood apart from the village on a wooded knoll, round which a small but rapid stream,

* A beautiful cottage of the Duke of Bedford, near the banks of the Tamar, which is perhaps unequalled in its way in this country. How striking is the contrast between the style of this cottage and the starved lath and plaster monstrosities which almost universally characterize the metropolitan suburbs.

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battling with every stone that interrupted its progress, wound in its descent to the sea. I here found Mrs. Hyde happier with her small means than she had ever been when rich—the secret *contentment*—and Lucy Follaton, who in consequence of her father's death, now lived principally with a maternal aunt. She was a fine high-minded girl, with much deep enthusiastic feeling; though delicate and fragile, she had a spirit far above her frame.

* * * * *

Two months passed cheerily away. Charles and I fished or took our guns towards Dartmoor, or went on a coast or marine expedition. My health was now completely re-established, and I only delayed my departure further west, on account of the ardent wish expressed by all, that I should wait till the wedding of Charles and Lucy took place. It had been the dying wish of her father. After some of the usual sighs and tears, (Lucy was not *quite* free from the frailties of her sex) the happy day was fixed for the first of the ensuing month. How delusive are the prospects of man; not two days had elapsed after this arrangement, when Charles had more expectation of following his bride to the tomb than of attending her to the altar. She caught a fever which appeared in the village, and for several days we were in the most intense anxiety; but the unremitted attention of her medical attendant triumphed; she was recovering, but Charles's marriage was of necessity postponed *sine die*. I should have mentioned before that his vigorous mind had long ill brooked the inactive life he was obliged to lead. Brought up from early youth to a profession—which in time of war especially—afforded both mind and body constant exercise and employment; he felt the present want of stimulus the more deeply now he was thrown as it were upon himself. At the period I am now describing he was more than usually restless; and an opportunity fell in his way which would certainly afford him a life with enough of excitement in it, but desirable in this respect alone. With the growing commerce and population of the district there had been a proportionate increase of smuggling along the coast. This had called for increased vigilance on the part of government, and a vacancy occurring, it was suggested to Charles that he might obtain, through the intervention of a friend, a command in the preventive service. His mother and Lucy were both strongly against it, but Charles was just now in a mood which caught eagerly at the opportunity. A day or two before the expected arrival of his appointment he proposed an excursion towards Dartmoor.

We have before alluded to that remarkable and dreary tract of country, which spite of its dreary expanse, gives birth to most of the leaping streams which enliven happy Devon, and is the fruitful parent of her mineral and geological treasures. Wild and for the most part uncultivated, strikingly diversified from the joyous vales which it borders, Dartmoor exhibits a stern picture of desolation. We behold now a region, the apparent sport of some convulsion of nature, the surface tossed into a multiplicity of forms, deep dells, and craggy steeps; yawning ravines, or rushing cataracts, amidst an almost endless range of lofty hills, gigantic tors and picturesque wilds. Now a wide succession of gloomy wastes and barren moors—the sullen stream or the gurgling rill,—a deep solitude, where we hear not the cheerful voice of man, nor behold a sign of human habitation. To us, the rude, yet awe-impressing mountains of Dartmoor, bounding in stern grandeur the upland view, throw a vague shadow of gloom across our mind, though beheld perchance amongst the most lovely and fertile scenes in the Garden of England—even like the storm-clouds of life, which but too often pass across our memory, during a sunny moment of existence.

To this wide waste of tor, and mountain, and moor, we now bent our steps. The route was almost new to me, and became entirely so as we proceeded. After roaming for several hours along the dusky range of heights which bound the uplands, we descended lower, where the scenery we were traversing began to assume a very bold and rocky character. Here we accidentally discovered and were induced to explore the narrow entrance of a gorge which gradually opened along the base of the rocks into the hills. As we advanced, the glen began to assume features of a sterner character. On either side the acclivities formed an angle of perhaps seventy degrees: huge masses of rock impended over the pass, which threatened some day to block it up altogether. Along the bed of the glen through which we had already proceeded some distance, was the course of a torrent, the noise of which as it fought its way amongst the vast fragments of prostrate granite, that often turned it aside, alone broke the silence which prevailed in this vast and cheerless solitude. Here and there the pass widened, the sides being much lowered, and

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assuming more of a woodland than rocky character. To our surprise the broken path along the side of the torrent, appeared to have been frequently traversed, and marks of horses' hoofs were constantly occurring. This increased our curiosity to discover the inland outlet of this singular place. At last the indistinct roar of a waterfall boomed on the ear, the scenery increasing in wildness. On turning an angle we emerged into a large space encircled with rocks and shrubs and discovered the waterfall, leaping and tumbling amidst wreaths of foam from a deep and unseen fissure in the rocks aloft; the outlet no doubt of some of the dark streams which run through Dartmoor. Here of necessity the tracks which had aroused our curiosity terminated. There was nothing apparently to lead to the frequent visits of the party, whose traces appeared every where around, for we could discover no outlet. The day was now far spent, and just as we were turning to leave the spot, I distinctly saw a human figure appear for a moment before the angle of a huge mass of rock near the summit of the precipice. We hailed him, but he instantly disappeared. We again examined the cliffs and discovered something like a path upwards in this quarter, but the lateness of the hour, the danger of the attempt, and the uncertainty as to the character of the inhabitants, should there be any, all determined us on making a hasty retreat. It was late when we reached home.

A delay which took place for a week or two in Charles's appointment, afforded both his mother and Lucy, who was fast recovering, an opportunity of exerting all their influence in attempting to persuade him yet to decline it. The latter indeed was unusually earnest in her remonstrances: some presentiment seemed to sway her mind, and many a bitter hour was spent in consequence. But Charles had gone too far if he had wished to recede. An early friend of rank had exerted himself in his behalf and of course nothing could turn him. He at last entered upon the expected command.

In the meantime I had left Weston, and about a month afterwards received a letter from Charles announcing that the day of his marriage was again fixed. I hastened to return, and all began once more to smile upon the Knoll.

One afternoon, the day before the expected marriage, Charles came home with the intelligence that he had got leave of absence for a week, but most unfortunately was compelled to lead a party that evening towards Dartmoor; private information having been received of an extensive run on the coast, and that a valuable portion of it was to be conveyed in a direction pointed out to some depot of the smugglers. The case was so urgent that Charles was compelled to attend; but nothing could be more unlucky than that he should be so occupied the night before his marriage. The adventure we had met with flashed over his mind, and on considering the locality of the spot we found it was in the same direction as that hinted at in the private intelligence. When Lucy comprehended all Charles's story she was much agitated.

"Oh heavens! Charles, don't go," exclaimed Lucy, clasping his hand with violence, which she had unconsciously let fall in her anxiety: "For your mother's sake, for *my* sake, I implore, I entreat you not to go," speaking every instant with deeper feeling as Charles's countenance became clouded.

"But what does this mean my dear Lucy; why should to night's adventure be otherwise than the many I have already been engaged in. You know there is nothing on earth I would refuse you, but when my duty stands in the way, it acts as a stern monitor that cannot be gainsaid."

"You little know, Charles," she replied, interrupting him, "all I have suffered on your account since you entered on this hazardous—this detestable course of life. A presentiment—I cannot define it—has been pressing on my mind ever since I heard of it, and," lowering her voice, "I had a vision—smile you may—I say that in the early turn which my fever took, when wide awake, something passed before me which even now passes over me like a hideous nightmare."

"The natural result of the disease acting powerfully on your nervous system; the doctors will tell you that," said Charles.

"Nay, I am sure you will stay yet—your own dear Lucy kneels to you; there was a time when you would not have refused me this," she replied bursting into tears.

"By Heaven you distress me, Lucy; you know why I accepted this post, and that I would rather suffer death than shrink from my duty," said Charles, rising and implanting a kiss on her pale face. "But come, cheer up, our friend who has volunteered to be of the party will act as champion for your knight-errant should danger press; but never fear, I have fought almost alone amidst

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enemies on the quarter-deck of a Frenchman, and I will never let it be said that I turned my back before a gang of smugglers. Farewell then my love, if we are in life we shall be back before daylight."

"If you are in life, Charles!" she repeated with emphasis, "do *you* say so? but I have done my best—His will be done—Farewell."

As she fell back on the couch, the violence of her agitation had loosened the wreath that confined her hair; which fell in rich profusion over her face and neck—a wild sad face was hers.

"By Heaven, she looks like an angel!" said Charles to me, as he tore himself from the room after a parting embrace, "there is certainly something very odd about Lucy to night."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

ANTIQUITY OF FATTENING OYSTERS.

WHITAKER in his "History of Manchester" says, "The Romans first taught us the art of fattening oysters in artificial beds, the feeding pits being first invented about 90 years before Christ, and first constructed upon the shores of Baiæ; and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy.

P. T. W.

A PARADOX.

"WAITER," said a young fellow, going into a coffee-house one rainy day, "I hope you have got a good fire for I am confoundedly *wet*, and let me have something to drink directly for I am confoundedly *dry* also."

LOST AND FOUND, AND FOUND AND LOST.

SOME gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with a spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen that I am a heathen that you should ask me such a question?" then addressing a little girl, she said, "run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration*. Accordingly the bible was brought nicely covered; and on opening it the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come; here are my spectacles that I have been looking for these *three years* and didn't know where to find 'em."

WIT.

O SAY what is wit and resolve in a line
What philosophers covet, but cannot define;
'Tis a letter at study, a letter in motion;
A letter in flames will illustrate the notion;
'Tis a letter you'll find too, that pours through the choir
In cadence the hymns our devotions inspire.

WHEN wit with politeness is sweetly combined
What charms it conveys to the elegant mind;
Quite free from conceit, from assurance or ranting,
'Tis *a*-musing, *b*-coming, *d*-lighting, *n*-chanting.

BARTHOLOMEW PIGS.

Why were Bartholomew Pigs so called?

Because roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew Fair, London; where they were sold piping hot, in booths and on stalls. Hence, a Bartholomew Pig became a common subject of allusion. Falstaff calls himself "a little tidy Bartholomew boar pig." A pig-woman is also an important character in Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*. Dr. Johnson thought the Bartholomew pigs were the paste pigs sold to children in his time, but Nares emphatically says they were "substantial, real, hot, roasted pigs." The paste pigs, filled with grocer's currants, and a currant for each eye, may occasionally be seen: probably, hundreds were at Bartholomew Fair last past. — *Knowledge for the People.*

NAMESAKES.

THE head of John the Baptist, which is at Amiens, was shown to the Abbé de Marolles. In kissing it he exclaimed, "God be praised! this is the fifth or sixth that I have had the honour of kissing."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 510.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.

GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

OUR acknowledgment for the annexed sketch of the House of the illustrious author of "*Faust*" is due to Dr. Granville's volume of recent Travels. During his stay at Weimar, the Doctor enjoyed an interview with the Poet; his description of which, including a portrait of this great genius, is as follows:

I found a kind note from Madame Goethe, intimating that her father-in-law would see me at half past ten the following morning. There are forms which one must go through to see the great Patriarch. He likes not being taken by surprise; and whenever he has been so intruded upon, he has not appeared to advantage; has seemed confused, not much pleased, and niggard of his answers. He is, on the contrary, most amiable, all affability and playfulness, as when in his younger days, if visited by appointment. At his advanced age, which has now reached its seventy-ninth year, exposed to be stared at as a lion, and made frequently to pay the forfeit of his celebrity, by submitting to the impertinent intrusions of the idle and the curious, it is no matter of surprise that Goethe should appear to have some *bizarrerie* in his manners.

At half past ten precisely, Goethe made his appearance in one of his classically decorated withdrawing rooms, into which I had been but the moment before introduced. He advanced towards me with the countenance of one who seems not to go through the ceremony of a first greeting *à contre cœur*; and I felt thankful to him for that first impression on my mind. His person was erect, and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well-arched eyebrows, which give effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I have ever beheld; his fresh look and mild expression of countenance, at once captivated my whole attention; and when he extended his friendly hand to welcome me to his dwelling, I stood absorbed in the contemplation of the first literary character of the age. The sound of his voice, which bespeaks peculiar affability, and the first questions

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he addressed to me respecting my journey, however, recalled me from my reverie, and I entered at once into the spirit which presided at the interview, alike free from frivolity and haughty reserve. I found him in his conversation ready, rather than fluent; following, rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest yet entertaining; and manifesting no desire to display how much he deserved the high reputation which not only Germany, but Europe in general, had simultaneously acknowledged to be his due. He conversed in French, and occasionally in English, particularly when desirous to make me understand the force of his observations on some recent translations of one or two of his works into that language. Faustus was one of these. The translation, by the present noble Secretary for Ireland, (1827, Lord Francis Gower,) of that singular dramatic composition, which for beauty of style, and ingenuity of contrivance, leaves the old play of the same name by Marlowe far behind, seemed not to have given satisfaction to the veteran author. He observed to me, that most assuredly it was not a translation, but an imitation, of what he had written. "Whole sentences of the original," added he, "have been omitted, and chasms left in the translation, where the most affecting passages should have been inserted to complete the picture. There were probably difficulties in the original which the noble translator might not be able to overcome; few foreigners, indeed, can boast of such mastery of our prodigal idiom, as to be able to convey its meaning with equal richness of expression, and strength of conception, in their own native language; but, in the case of the translation to which I allude, that excuse for imperfection does not exist in many of the parts which Lord Francis Gower has thought proper to omit. No doubt, the choice of expressions in the English translation, the versification, and talent displayed in what is *original composition* of his lordship's own well-gifted mind, may be deserving of his countrymen's applause; but it is as the author of Faustus *travesti*, and not as the translator of Goethe's Faustus, that the popular applause has been obtained."

The patriarch poet seemed far more satisfied with the translation of another of his beautiful dramas, the Tasso, by M. Devaux. He said, "I understand English *à ma manière*, quite sufficiently to discover in that gentleman's recent translation, that he has rendered all my ideas faithfully. *Je me lisois moi-méme dans la traduction.* It is for the English to determine, if, in adhering faithfully to the ideas of the German original, M. Devaux *a conservé les règles et n'a pas trahi le génie de sa langue. Je n'en suis pas juge: peut-être le trouvera-t-on un peu trop Allemand.*"

Throughout this interview, which lasted upwards of an hour, Goethe manifested great eagerness after general information, particularly respecting England and her numerous institutions; and also on the subject of St. Petersburgh, which he looked upon as a city that was fast rising to the rank of the first capital on the Continent, according to the opinion of many intelligent travellers, whom he had seen and conversed with on the subject. In taking leave of him, at length, Goethe put into my hands a small red morocco case, which he hoped I would accept as a *souvenir* of our meeting; after which I withdrew, with sentiments of increased admiration for this celebrated man. The case contained two bronze medals, the one executed by Brandt of Berlin, the other by Bovy, and both represent the bust of the poet in bold relief, particularly the latter, which is decidedly of superior execution. The former, which bears on one side the portraits of the late Grand-duke and his consort, with the inscription "CARL AUGUST UND LUISE GOETHEN zum VII Novem. 1825," was struck by order of that prince, to commemorate the fiftieth year of Goethe's residence at his court, and was presented to the poet, a Counsellor and Minister of State, on the day mentioned in the inscription.

We learn from the *Literary Gazette*, that some of the friends and admirers of Goethe, at the Literary Union, have lately presented the venerable bard, with an elegant seal, as a testimony of the high estimation in which he is held in England.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

(For the Mirror.)

Go thou, when moonlight silvers the green leaves
That whisper in the wind, and thou wilt feel
That Autumn can enchant the thoughtful heart.
Or, when the sapphire sky reveals its light
Between the sunny wilderness of clouds,
And the hills glow with morning's rosy flush.
Oh! as thou musest on the scatter'd leaves,
That mingle in fantastic wreaths, or hear'st
The stream lamenting with a dirge-like sound,
Reflect on what thou art; for as the leaves
Fall to the earth in premature decay,
And the stream mourns its lovely summer tints

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Thus shall thou fall into the arms of Death,
And Memory haunt with grief thy silent tomb!
MS. Poem.

THE bees still hum around the rose,
That to our garden-terrace clings;
And in the noon of sunny skies
The air is rife with butterflies,
Upon their star-like wings.

The sward is still adorned with flow'rs,
And rich with fragrant balm,
But we have lost the violet blue,
And other gems that lov'd to woo
The beauteous vernal calm.

Beneath the bend of clustering boughs
The river's gleam is bright,
And yonder cliffs, that seem to sleep,
Fringed with old woods, above the deep,
Are touched with golden light.

The church that rears its distant spire
Over the mournful yews,
Attunes the heart's most sacred chords
To feelings ne'er express'd by words,
And languid hopes renews.

And turn thou to the glorious sea,
Its waves are sweet with song,
And bird-like murmurs fill the air,
As playfully the breezes bear
Their sparkling foam along.

When scenes like these beguile thine eye,
And blissful thoughts are thine,
The heart—that shrine of holiest things
May borrow Fancy's starry wings,
And shape a theme divine!

G. R. C.

ON APPARITIONS.

"This we know for a truth, that ghosts have not only been seen but heard to speak."
GROTIUS *on the Christian Religion.*

(For the Mirror.)

SUCH was the belief of one of the most celebrated men in the history of the world. A belief in spirits is generally attributed to men of weak minds, but Grotius was a man who thought deeply on every subject, and having been a soldier and a statesman, as well as a philosopher, he must have learnt experience as a man of the world. He flourished too during a period untainted either by the superstition of the ancients, or the sceptical philosophy of modern days. Authority, however, is no proof, especially on a subject of this nature; but the misfortune is, that here argument avails nothing, and invariably fails of carrying conviction with it; for until a man has actually seen, or fancied he has seen a spirit, until he has had "the ocular proof," he not only turns a deaf ear to all reasoning on the matter, but is inclined to think lightly of those who maintain it.

In all ages and all countries of the world, History informs us that apparitions have been seen and that a belief in their existence has been generally prevalent. Of this we have such ample testimony that were mere evidence sufficient, it would be better perhaps to relate all the histories of the fact, than enter into a dissertation on the possibility of it. Even in nations, separated from each other, and that have been excluded for ages from any commerce with the rest of the world, there have been found popular legends and traditions relative to the appearance of spirits; how we can reconcile this, unless by the admission of their truth is hard to say, for nothing less than experience could have possibly made them credible. We have said that they could not be communicated from other countries, and even if handed down from generation to generation, they must originally have had some foundation in fact. Universal consent is allowed to be a good argument to prove many abstract theories; why then should it not be allowed its due weight on this head also?

The most ancient apparition mentioned in history, is to be found in the book of Job; it is related in these words: — "When deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake; then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence and I heard a voice." The raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor, is another instance of the appearance of a spirit recorded in the Scriptures.

The truth of this doctrine was commonly received among the ancients, and maintained by their philosophers; we have all heard of the appearance of Cæsar to Brutus, as well as many other such relations; and Socrates, the wisest man of antiquity, had a demon constantly attendant upon him, which he consulted on all occasions. Even amongst the moderns there have not been wanting men of the first order of genius, who have either acknowledged their belief in spirits, or confessed they knew not what to think on the subject. In our own country, for instance, the famous Dr. Johnson was one amongst many others; a man of such extensive learning and so void of all prejudice,* that perhaps his opinion on the subject may carry some weight with it;—"That the dead are seen no more we surely cannot under-

* Thus in MS.

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take to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages; that it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and many who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

It is known amongst physicians that there is a particular disease, during the influence of which a constant train of human forms is presented to the eye of the patient, one disappearing as another succeeds; this is also mentioned by Mr. Locke in his Essay on the Understanding. It has indeed never been questioned that a disordered imagination frequently embodies what are only ideal forms; and that the memory, after having dwelt too intently on the form of any departed friend, can present his image to our view. This is true, but it is not all the truth; the point contended is, the reality in many instances, of such visions; the possibility of them we have no right whatever to call in question, and Montaigne in his Essays seems to imply there is even a degree of impiety in so doing: observe how impartially he treats the subject:—"Formerly, whenever I heard of spirits walking, witchcraft, &c., I pitied the poor people who were imposed on by these fooleries, and now I find, that I myself was to be pitied as much at least as they; reason has since instructed me that thus resolutely to condemn a thing as false and impossible, is to presume to set limits to God's will and the power of nature our common mother." In fact do we not every day see things more miraculous take place in the order of nature, which yet we implicitly believe. A grain of corn ripens, apparently fades, but being again consigned to the earth it springs up with new life. A tree in the winter season is robbed of its foliage and seems to be entirely deserted by the juices that nourished it, but when the spring returns it becomes more vigorous than ever. All this is far more extraordinary would we allow ourselves to consider it impartially, and only fails to excite admiration from our own want of thought, and from its not having novelty to recommend it.

That we cannot see the utility of spirits, or of the dead being suffered to revisit the earth, is no evidence against the fact; there is no necessity that we should know all things, for there are many other secrets of Providence besides this that we cannot divine, and which perhaps it is not intended we should. That it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief in them, there is no doubt, but the difficulty arises in a great measure from our own vanity and presumption; there cannot indeed be a greater evidence of folly, than to pass sentence on every thing as absurd and impossible and to deny it presently, simply because our weak comprehensions cannot reach. Such is the part only of a conceited coxcomb, and of those who fancy themselves wiser and more infallible than others around them. F.

The Naturalist.

BOTANICAL RECREATION.

(For the Mirror.)

THE more closely we examine the productions of nature the more do we find subject-matter for investigation and contemplation. The diversity of construction, the various properties and functions, with the minute and yet important parts connected with the fructification of plants, are worthy the deep attention of the profound philosopher. The superficial observer satisfied with merely skimming the surface of his subject, with viewing merely the most prominent parts, is ill acquainted with that sense of gratification and pleasing satisfaction arising from a closer intimacy with, and a deeper knowledge of the beautiful economy and harmony of nature. Frequently, and it may be said generally, the most curious, and often most essential parts in the works of creation, are concealed from our view by the obscurity of their situation. Nature appears, by a peculiar provision, to conceal, and, as it were, to defend her treasures from the marauding influence of the ignorant invader, by whose inconsiderate grasp, her rich stores of future families might be at once crushed and irretrievably lost. In the examination of a flower, the parts most conspicuous and which become generally the first object of observation are the petals, which by their varied colours of exquisite beauty, of the most fascinating tints, and of the richest dye, absorb the attention and secure from examination the more important parts concealed within them; while the pistillum and capsule, the most *essential* parts, are scarcely seen in their confined situation, and escape the destroying hand of the superficial examiner; and so little are those parts valued, and so much aversion has the florist, in some flowers, to their appearance, that the merits of a certain plant (Auricula) become greatly enhanced by their concealment; should, however, unfortunately the stigma be

prominent, the florist, in order better to dispose of his plant, immediately destroys the whole of the pistillum by plucking it from the capsule, consequently destroying the seed of the plant itself; so much is caprice blinded to its own interest. I would wish to draw the attention of your botanical readers to a part of the fructification of flowers, which I am inclined to believe deserves more attention than it has generally received, and at every time of the year presenting a most agreeable amusement combined with instruction; I mean the Nectarium, which has occupied the attention of botanists, and undergone repeated investigation. Its *use* with some is still a matter of dispute; many have asserted that the nectarium is not an *essential* part of the flower while others have asserted the contrary. Linnæus defines it to be "that part of the corolla appropriated for containing the honey, a species of vegetable salts under a fluid form, that oozes from the plant and is the principal food of bees and other insects;" this, as far as it goes, appears to be correct; but the *confining* of the *use* to bees and other insects, is found not to be perfectly correct, as it is now ascertained that the seed receives nourishment from, and by means of, this fluid, it being with the pollen conveyed down the tube of the pistillum into the seed vessel, which tube is also found to be lined, and in general covered, with this nectar or honey.

The *situation* of the nectarium is not confined to any particular part of the corolla, but varies both in form and situation, almost in every genera. It will be found attached to the petals, and on the filaments, on the anthera and calyx. By way of illustration, I will point out the *situation* and *form* of the nectarium in the few following plants, which I hope may be the means of exciting the attention of some of your botanical readers to further investigation, at the same time be a source of amusement to others, whose curiosity may lead them to examine this most curious subject.

In the following plants the nectarium is attached to the petals, and terminates the corolla:—

Monkshood — composed of two long styles lodged with the upper petal.

Columbine Larkspur—shaped like a spur, and forms a tube at the bottom of the flower.

Violet—consists of a substance shaped like a spur, and terminates the upper petal.

Orchis—remarkably conspicuous and of various forms, attached to the petals, sometimes like a slipper or shoe, and sometimes like a bee, according to the different genera.

If this spur or horn be divided by a small sharp instrument, such as a penknife, there will be discovered a liquid of sweetish taste, which is the true nectar, and the fabled drink of the gods.

In the following it is confined within the substance of the petals, or coloured leaves of the flower, principally at the base of the leaf:—

Ranunculus — a small prominence in the claw of each petal.

Lily—form a longitudinal line or furrow, which runs through each petal, reaching from the base to the middle.

Crown Imperial—form a small hollow or pore, at the base of each petal.

The nectar may be easily discovered by a small puncture or division.

In the following it is placed upon the filament:—

Bean Caper—consisting of a number of small leaves or scales, which are inserted into the inside of the base of the filaments, and surround the seed bud.

In the *Bastard Flower Fence* the nectarium is found on the antheræ or top of the stamina, and in the Indian Cress on the calyx.

It will be necessary, however, to remark that this nectar or honey, contained in the nectarium, is in many plants of very noxious quality; that contained in the Monkshood, or Aconite, Columbine, Hellebore and Fennel Flower, is very deleterious when taken into the stomach, and some botanists have stated the *smell* even, of the Monkshood, will cause head-ache, giddiness, and faintings; it is, therefore, necessary to be cautious while examining those plants that we use our taste or smell no more than is barely sufficient for the purposes of investigation. It is somewhat remarkable, that insects, *bees* particularly, have a great attachment to the honey of this plant (Monkshood), as in the knob which terminates the nectarium containing the black glutinous juice, scarcely half a dozen in one spike will be found perfect, all having been punctured and the contents extracted: how truly astonishing are the works of nature! Scarcely credible is the fact that any insect could devour so eagerly that which is so destructive to life, without its proving fatal to its existence; it has been said that the bee extracts that portion of the fluid only which is not deleterious, and consequently rejects that which is injurious; this certainly is an assertion not so easily proved, nor can we so readily perceive, even supposing

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the fluid to contain an ingredient not injurious, how a separation of the chemically combined particles could be accomplished by the simple means of suction, the method of the bee. By a process of analysis, a chemist might ascertain the nature of its component parts, determine and separate that which is harmless from that which is deleterious; this we can readily understand: but how the bee without any other means than its natural unassisted faculty of suction can readily decompose so poisonous a compound, without injury to itself, and extract the good or wholesome quality of a deadly poison, must, as far as we are enabled to judge by our present extent of information, remain in obscurity. T. T. E.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ABBEY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * *

A FEELING sad came o'er me, as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead!

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those cloisters pale,
With fitful light, on regal vest and warrior's sculptured mail;
As from the stained and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,
Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the beam.

Now sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,
And faint upon the listening ear the last hosanna fell:
It died—and not a breath did stir; above each knightly stall,
Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone—a living thing midst those that were no more—
I thought on ages that were past, the glorious deeds of yore—
On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
The fatal Roses twined at length, on great Eliza's reign.

I thought on Blenheim—when, at once, upon my startled ear
There came a sound; it chilled my veins, it froze my heart with fear,
As from a wild unearthly voice I heard these accents drop—
"Service is done—it's tuppence now for them as vants to stop!"

A grisly wight * * * * *

[*Cætera desiderantur.*]

Fraser's Magazine.

A LUDICROUS REVOLUTION.

A REVOLUTION of a singularly ludicrous character during my residence in one of the ex-colonies of Spain in South America. As I performed rather a prominent part in the farce, I shall endeavour to give the reader a faint sketch of this remarkable affair; but first to explain how I (a stranger and an Englishman) became connected with it.

I was on a visit with an old and esteemed friend at his picturesque villa, about five leagues distant from the scene of this sudden political change, and one morning, having occasion to go to the capital on business, I rose at four o'clock, in order to make the most of the early part of the day, purposing to return to dinner. The old cook, (with whom I was a favourite,) notwithstanding the early hour, had prepared a maté for me, which was most acceptable, and having lighted my cigarro de papel.* I hastened to the corral,† in order to catch a favourite Chilian‡ which I generally rode.

My friend's best lazo§ was in requisition, and I astonished myself and two of the natives, by noosing my Bucephalus at the first throw. They expressed so much admiration of my new recado‖ and its silver appendages, that I thought it prudent to decline their eager offers of escorting me to the Pueblo. Having mounted my fleet colorado,¶ I cantered along, gazing with rapture on the beauty of the rising sun. It was a heavenly morning; the green and gold of the orange and citron groves, spangled with diamond dew-drops; the acacia's silvery flowers and sensitive leaves expanding to the sunbeams, and the bright delusion of the distant mirage, lent their varied attractions to the scene. Myriads of horned cattle, sheep and horses, just emancipated from their corrals, were moving in speckled array along the luxuriant pasture land which environed the city. The Biscachos** were all in mo-

* Paper cigar (Spanish): it is composed of Brazilian or block tobacco, rolled in paper, or in the leaf of the Indian corn.

† The corral is a large enclosure, formed with stakes driven into the ground, into which cattle are turned at nightfall.

‡ The horses of Chile are more esteemed than any others in South America; they are more hardy and better bred.

§ This singular noose is made of the twisted entrails of oxen. It is fastened by a ring to the saddle, and the natives throw it with such dexterity, as to make sure of their aim at a considerable distance: it is used to capture men as well as cattle, and with its aid I have known the peasantry carry off light pieces of ordnance.

‖ The recado is a most useful saddle: the materials composing it form your bed: it is very expensive, a handsome one costing from £40. to £50.

¶ Bay colour (Spanish). It is the custom in this country to address one another by the colour of their horse, as "Sir of the White Horse," &c.

** A species of rabbit: they are very

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tion in search of their morning repast, and here and there a majestic ostrich in full speed crossed my path.

Proceeding onward amid this prodigal display of Nature's bounty, I arrived at a small village, distant one league from the capital. To my great surprise, I observed about 600 Guachos* assembled at this place, and a well-known democrat, (with whom I was slightly acquainted,) haranguing them in the most vehement manner. I rode up and saluted them, and was soon informed that they were determined to effect a change in the Government, and were about to surprise the capital: I was also given to understand that I must either remain where I was, or join in their expedition. Being naturally fond of mischief, and having a dislike to the existing Governor, I chose the latter alternative, and having briefly arranged our plan of operations, we set off at full gallop to try the fortune of war. Each Guacho was to receive three doubloons when the revolution was accomplished, and all were in high spirits. A case of pistols, which I possessed, were the only fire-arms amongst us, the other weapons consisting of lances, swords, daggers, and the favourite lazo.

The possession of the money-chest, which was deposited in the Treasury, was the first object to be obtained, and for this purpose, some of the martial peasantry were dismounted, and advancing under the command of their leader's brother, with the greatest secrecy and order, easily overpowered the few sentries posted on that building, and effecting an entrance, barricadoed the doors, while we proceeded, without obstruction, to the Grand Plaza,† where the Governor's house and the principal public offices are situated. About 300 ragged infantry, having just got the alarm, were drawn up here in trembling array; we advanced within a few yards of them, and their commander walking up to our leader, commenced a parley, and if words were weapons, I believe he would have been victorious: a lucky circumstance, however, speedily made us masters of the field of battle and the Government without bloodshed. By some accident, a pistol which I held in my hand, went off in the direction of the Colonel, and I was considerably alarmed at seeing him fall. Our Guachos thinking this the signal for attack, rode forward, but the *gallant regulars* observing their matchless leader *hors de combat*, ran away without making the least resistance, save a few, who threw down their arms and begged for quarter, which was readily granted them. In the mean time, the worthy Colonel continued to kick and plunge at a furious rate, crying out that he was mortally wounded, and entreating us to send for his wife and a surgeon. I carefully examined every part of his body, but could meet with no trace of the ball, and at length became fully convinced that his wound was only one of the imagination; but all my efforts to persuade him of his safety were in vain; I, however, induced him to swallow a little brandy, which I had in a case-bottle. This revived him a little; he stood up, felt himself all over, jumped, shouted, and coughed, to the infinite amusement of the Guachos, and he was beginning to think all was right, until one of them maliciously suggested that the ball had passed down his throat, which was wide open at the time: this, silly as it was, renewed his alarm, and his panic still continued, when his wife, a pretty young woman, arrived, making loud and evidently forced lamentations. She was accompanied by a fat priest, carrying the Host, and a Spanish quack-doctor, who commenced an unintelligible Latinized jargon, and was of opinion that as the ball had evidently lodged in the intestines, it would be necessary to extract it, which he proposed doing, but at the same time requested the priest to perform his office, as he could not answer for the Colonel's recovery from so difficult an operation.

The wounded hero was in a sad dilemma, but he resolutely refused to submit to the scalping knife of the ignorant empiric; and when urged by the priest to trust himself in the hands of God, he rather unceremoniously desired him to go to the devil. At length, having afforded us considerable amusement, he was conveyed to a room in the Cabildo,‡ where great numbers visited him, his existence being considered quite a miracle. We soon became masters of all the public offices, and a junta of the opposers of the former Administration being held, they declared the late Governor (who had fled on hearing the report of my pistol) deposed, and elected our leader in his stead, who retaining 100 Guachos as a body guard, paid and dis-

tive, and burrow to such an extent, that riding in their neighbourhood is attended with considerable danger.

* The peasantry of a large portion of South America are called Guachos or Guassos. They may be said to live on horseback.

† The principal square, generally in the centre of the town, the streets branching off at right angles.

‡ It was formerly the seat of the Municipal Council, and is now converted into offices for the transaction of law business.

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missed the remainder, and in three or four hours, every thing was as tranquil as if no change had occurred; indeed, during the whole affair, business received no interruption, and the new Governor attended the theatre in the evening amid the *Vivas** of the fickle citizens. My gallant exertions were celebrated in prose and verse, Cæsar's words *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, being most appropriately applied. My friend the Colonel became in a few days firmly attached to the new system, and attracted crowds to the Café he frequented, to listen to his exaggerated narrative of the events of the day, and his miraculous escape from the jaws of death. Thus ended, to use the expression of the natives, this *Grand* Revolution.—*United Service Journal.*

FULLER'S BIRD.

"I have read of a bird, which hath a face like and yet will prey upon a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

The wild-wing'd creature, clad in gore,
(His bloody human meal being o'er,)
Comes down to the water's brink;
'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarm'd—amazed,
And dares not drink.

"Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Prey'd on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to day?"
Once more he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look:
Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark wild wood:
And where the place is thick with weeds
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

But in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines until he dies;
And when all's o'er,
What follows?—Naught! His brothers slake
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

—So fable flows:—But would you find
Its moral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;
Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And forehead read—"The Harpy's" name,
But no remorse!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LINES ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun.

I climb'd to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnish'd with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
And it marshall'd our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over haubert and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they look'd o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

Metropolitan.

NAPOLEON.

(FOR MUSIC.)

Hark! the world is rent asunder,
Nations are aghast; and kings
(Mingling in the common wonder)
Shake—like humbler things.
Only thou art left alone
Napoleón, Napoleón.

Plague, from out her trance awaking,
Quits her ancient hot domain:
And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
Shouts to thee—in vain!
Both to thee are now unknown,
Napoleón, Napoleón.

He who rode War's fiery billows
Once, and rul'd their surges wild,
Now beneath Helena's willows
Sleepeth like a child!
All his soaring spirit flown:
Napoleón, Napoleón.

In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
Humbly laid, and half forgot,
And naught, besides the willow weepeth
O'er that silent spot!
Calm it is, and all his own;
Napoleón, Napoleón.

But, what columns teach his merit?
What rich ermines wrap him round?—
None!—his proud and plumed Spirit
Crowns, alone, the ground!
Proud, and pale, and all alone,
Thou art dead, Napoleón!
O—Napoleón.

New Monthly Magazine.

SOCIAL CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

Where several young ladies, sisters or friends, reside in one family, there is an opportunity for bringing the social harmony of voices to a kind of perfection, which casual intercourse can never lead to. In a country life the accomplishment of music is especially graceful. What can better befit morning or evening society in an arbour, or in the shady recesses of a park or pleasure-ground, than an Italian arietta of Millico or Paesiello, aided by a few *extempore* touches of the guitar? A glee sung by heart will not render the labours of embroidery less interesting, or badly occupy the interval between reading aloud. One of the chief delights of ladies' work is, that it so little engrosses the thoughts. While their fingers are mechanically employed, they may, in a hundred ways, entertain themselves and those about them, as well with the music of their voices as with the merry conceits of their wit and fancy.

Harmonicon.

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* *Viva* is the Spanish acclamation of applause.

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UPTON CHURCH.

THIS is a fine month to enjoy the old and renovated beauty of Windsor Castle. Nothing can be finer to the eye of the artist or the listless visiter than the broad, bold masses of this stupendous structure in the splendour of a September sun, and an hour, nay, even a day, may be well passed in lingering about its walls and towers; leaving its internal beauties for another day. The Rev. Mr. Bowles, quaintly enough thinks the restored portion of the exterior walls look as if washed with soap and water.

Perchance the reader may say—"what has this to do with Upton?" We reply as follows. Upton is a small, but not unlettered village, about a mile distant from Windsor, and is one of those delightful retreats which all Windsor visiters will do well to regard. A week may be well passed in this picturesque country. The Castle, *par excellence*, is the nucleus or centre of attraction; the town of Windsor is a place of some interest; but the retired villages, ivied churches, and hallowed sites and relics within five or six miles of the town will enable the home tourist to enjoy more easy walks and rides here than in any other country we are acquainted with.

Now, UPTON is one of these sequestered spots. Though the village is small, the parish is of considerable extent, about half a mile to the west of Eton, and intersected by the Great Bath Road. Mr. Hakewill, the accomplished topographer and illustrator of Windsor, tells us it is in the hundred of Stoke and deanery of Burnham. The manor of Upton cum Chalvey, which belonged to Merton Abbey, was on lease to the family of the Barkers in the reign of James I. It then became the property of the Lanes, and subsequently belonged to George Edwards, Esq. of Henlow, in Bedfordshire, whose family possessed it as early as the year 1725.

The Church, in the Engraving, is a Saxon structure: its plainness does not, however, require minute detail. It contains memorials of Edward Bulstrode, Squire of the Body to Henry VII. and VIII., and of others of the same family, who were the proprietors of Bulstrode, in this parish.* In the churchyard lie the Lanes. The Tower is "ivy-mantled" and being near Stoke Pogis, the occasional residence of Mr. Gray,† its churchyard has been fancifully considered as the subject of his beautiful Elegy. When we last saw Upton, the church tower had its usual evergreen freshness, which we hope it still retains. Mr. Hakewill tells us it was endangered a few years since. "Against these verdant honours, the farmers had, poetically speaking, sacrilegiously combined, as the harbour of the noxious sparrow, but by the fostering protection of the very respectable Archdeacon Heslop,

* Bulstrode was formerly the seat of the family of the same name, the heiress of which was mother of Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, a celebrated statesman and historian. It belonged then to Lord-Chancellor Jefferies, by whose attainder it fell to the Crown, and was granted by King William to the first Earl of Portland. It was the seat of the late Duke of Portland, by whom it was sold to the Duke of Somerset. The name is, however, still retained in the Portland property, in Bulstrode-street, Mary-le-bone.

† See *Mirror*, vol. xv. p 257.

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the church still wears its mantling verdure. The Rectory, which was given to Merton Abbey, by Paganus de Beauchamp, became the property of Eton College, by an exchange many years before the Reformation. The Vicarage is in the gift of the Crown."

The Sketch-Book.

"OUR VILLAGE" AS IT WAS.

"Look on this picture and on *this* !"

(*For the Mirror.*)

THANKS to Mary Russell Mitford, for the suggestion of this apposite though altered title. That fair delineator of rustic manners revels in the sunshine of cottage comforts; but our unworthy pen shall treat of the reverses of the village. We shall tarry not to admire the rustic innocence of the doll-delighted baby, the perturbation of the frocked ploughman before his mistress, twirling his hat on his thumb, and kicking the leg of the table with his hobnailed shoes; ours shall be, in the present paper, a retrospect of the "palmy state" of our village; and, in a forthcoming one, a present survey of its actual condition. Shut not the book, anticipating reader: we are not going to pour out vapid floods of exhaustless commentary on politics. No; the language in which the joys and miseries of "our village" will be delineated, must smack little of that of the senate. Even our homely selves must descend a key or two, and talk upon the subject in more plebeian style.

Alas for "*our* village!" where all save the very bricks and mortar is changed. To begin with the *old* squire, it may be veritably said of him, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." He was one of the true old English breed; his favourite dress was a red coat, buckskin breeches, and top-boots; his favourite feed, roast beef, with its jolly accompaniment of *home-brewed*. Under his patronage the village prospered; for it was his delight to make the poor man's cot as comfortable to him as his own hall—where the ruddy-cheeked huntsman and the rotund groom passed the major part of their time as happily as did the cozy, overfed hounds which slumbered at their feet. On each anniversary of the squire's birthday, a table was spread in the lawn fronting the drawing-room of the hall. Here the poorest of the villagers sat down to a bountiful repast, rendered still more palatable by potations of old October. Their conviviality was wont to be kept up till long after the harvest sun had gone down beyond the sheaf-covered fields; when at last the old squire would make his appearance, and address them in the following laconism: "Well, my Britons, I hope you are enjoying yourselves. Don't be in a hurry to go: I have ordered Middleton to see that when the barrels are out, you be supplied with more. I am now going to bed; so I wish you all a good night, and may God bless you!" Three cheers would follow this harangue, amidst the music of which the squire would make his parting bow. Honoured be his memory! We never enter the time-hallowed fane of St. Mary, but our eyes revert to his hatchment, with its edging of dusty and dropping velvet; and we gaze on it with the same mournful reverence with which we ought to contemplate the sole relic of one who lived but for the prosperity of our native hamlet, and who died ere its decay!*

It was in these happy days that the kitchen of the peasant's cottage in "our village" wore the features of a dairy; for the commons (rich and extensive in this neighbourhood) were then unenclosed: the right of commonage enabled each poor villager to keep a cow in addition to pigs and geese. The butcher with small capital likewise turned out his little stock to graze on the commons; a privilege partially enjoyed too by the farmer whose means were contracted, and who, by aid of such cheap pasturage, could afford to slaughter his own cattle. Beef and mutton were cheap; and it was a rare case to see, at the dinner-time, a cottager's table without its daily hot or cold joint. The hospitality of the farmers in and about "our village" was then notorious; and it mattered little whether it was the hungry hunter or the houseless mendicant that called at the door of the farmhouse; meat and drink were liberally dispensed, and with the same hearty good will as though it had been their imperative duty thus to give "from their basket and their store."

In these seasons of halcyon prosperity, "our village" was famous for that unfettered display of original and eccentric character which the frost of adversity has since deadened and blighted. Stories are told of the sot and the idler, and the manœuvres they had recourse to for the obtaining of liquor, good eat-

* We are compelled to erase the next few lines of the MS. though we lament to say from no sense of their inappropriateness. The reader may possibly supply the identical reflection they embody.—ED. M.

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ing and an easy life, which, were they collected, would form an epitome of mirth—more enlivening even than the Yorkshire scenes of "Bracebridge Hall" traced by Geoffrey Crayon, gent. We will select two or three authentic anecdotes related of a humorous bricklayer, named Cy. Fawcett. He, together with a journeyman whom he kept, had the keeping in repair of the squire's hall, and its various out-offices; for the doing of which he was paid by the week. Proverbially lazy, whenever he was in want of a good dinner and half a gallon of strong ale, he with his man, would repair to the squire's, under the pretence of some smoky chimney requiring to be cured, or the slates of the roof pointed. There on the top of the house, basking in the beams of the sleep-inducing sun, Cy. and his man used to take it in turns to enjoy a nap. It was a common expression with the former, when weary of keeping his eyes open, to say, "Here, Jack, take the hammer, and make a noise with it, while I have a sleep; and then I'll *tap* a bit while you take one;" a mode of cheating which was literally adopted, in order that the noise of the hammer might deceive the inmates below. A new agreement having been entered into between Cy. and the steward, it was settled that the former should "find his own victuals" when working at the Hall. A day or two after this compact, Cy. and his man were at work about the mansion, when, at dinner time, the housekeeper was surprised and annoyed to hear some one flogging a favourite old hound, immediately beneath her window. His cries drew her to the door, when she beheld Cy. brandishing a whip over the innocent animal, which at intervals he applied most unmercifully, exclaiming, "Curse thee! I'll teach thee to *run away wi' my dinner* another time!" "What, is that all, Cy.?" said the good-natured housekeeper; "pray come in and dine with us, and bring Jack along wi' ye." This invitation was cheerfully accepted; it being unnecessary to add that the whole was a manœuvre of Master Cy. on purpose to settle the, with him, perplexing question, "Where shall I dine?" The steward had promised to pay him a rather long account on a certain day, providing that a partition-wall in the kitchen garden should be finished at a stated hour. Cy. and his man set to work, and ran up the wall so quickly, that it began to totter ere the last brick was laid. "Here, Jack," exclaimed Cy. "stand with thy back against it, till I go in and draw the money." The account was settled, and master and man were fairly off the premises, when Jack whispered his eccentric employer, "Master, the wall's down, I heard it go!" "Never mind," responded Cy.; he had scarcely uttered the words, when the hall cook, hobbling after them, bawled out, "You are to come back; the wall has tumbled down." "Thank ye, thank ye," replied Cy, pretending to understand it as an invitation to tea, "we are obliged to you all the same; but they are waiting tea for us at home," and away they toddled, in spite of the vociferous exclamations of the cook.

But wo to "our village!" The squire died suddenly of apoplexy, and was interred amidst the weeping and wailing of the villagers. His son came to the estates, and then commenced the evil days of our hamlet. The red hunting coat was given to Tom Plewes, the groom, who was jealous of even losing a button off his master's favourite garment. The Hall was deserted, save three months in the year, and the walks in its gardens and pleasure-grounds became overrun with grass and weeds. The commons were *taken up*, and constituted private property. A *jeu d' esprit* written at the time conveys more than sarcasm:—

"The fault is great in man or woman,
Who steals a goose from off a common;
But who can plead that man's excuse,
Who *steals the common from the goose!*"

The next paper, "Our Village" as it is, will commence with some interesting particulars respecting the enclosing of the commons.

* * H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

Saint Knighton's Glen.

(Concluded from page 208.)

The moon had not yet risen. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured yet scarce-heard tramp of our horses' hoofs as we trotted over the turf, alone broke the deep stillness. We were now advancing towards the entrance of a little valley, and Charles told me that he expected from the information they had received, to make an extensive seizure hereabouts, on its road to some depot near Dartmoor; or perhaps to obtain a clue to the situation of such a place. The massive proportions of the scenery adjoining *St. Knighton's Glen*, now stood forth with a dim yet vasty effect on the sky-line. Two of the party were here sent forward to the gorge to see if any thing was stirring. After waiting a long time in perfect

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stillness, our scouts returned with no information. I therefore suggested that about two-thirds of the party should proceed up St. Knighton's Glen before the moon rose, as it was evident that the intelligence had been incorrect with regard to the expected transit of goods; for the smugglers would certainly have chosen the darkness for their operations, and moonlight was fast approaching. We dismounted and were soon at the entrance of the glen. Here the hoarse gurgling of the stream fell vividly on the ear; the darkness and deep solitude adding powerfully to the effect. As we proceeded the noise of the cataract became every instant more apparent, drowning every thing with its ceaseless roar. The moon was nearly up when we reached the cataract, and it was comparatively light from the large space we now breathed in, and the whiteness of its spray. We examined every part in the hopes of finding some outlet or path which would afford a clue to the existence of the smugglers' retreat, but we were unsuccessful. Our situation was certainly hazardous should such a place have existed. The parties might have fired or rolled stones down upon us from the cliffs, secure behind their impending masses.

The moon was now up, and we were preparing reluctantly to retrace our steps, when one of the party suddenly pointed out to Charles a thin stream of what appeared to be smoke, rising into the air from some portion of the cliffs above a secluded corner of the rocky circle. It was at once apparent that there must be a human habitation of some sort there, but the elevated site, and apparent difficulty of communication rendered it improbable that it was the place we were seeking. Still, who but a smuggler would fix on such a spot for concealment? On examining attentively, the smoke appeared to take its rise midway in the steep, and Hyde at once determined at all hazards to explore it. With as little noise as possible, for indeed that from the waterfall overwhelmed almost every other, one of the men climbed the steep surface of the rock for a short way, and soon gained a sort of ledge; the place where we stood was thrown into deep shadow by an enormous projecting mass of granite, and he immediately beckoned to us that he had found a path. In a few minutes we gained the ledge and something like a rude winding path became visible by which the ascent was rendered tolerably easy. We had not ascended above two thirds of the distance, before we were assailed with the furious barking of dogs. Hyde's situation at the head of the party was eminently hazardous, for two or three resolute men might here have successfully repelled a large number of assailants. But in this instance it was too late. Before the assailed had time to defend themselves, most of the party stood on a broad shelf of rock opposite the door of a rude sort of tenement, that seemed half cave, half building, and was ingeniously constructed for concealment. Amidst the loud yells and fierce growling of the dogs, Hyde hailed the inmates, and demanded an entrance in the king's name. A shrill female voice replied as well as we could make out through the now subdued growl of the animals, that she was a poor lone old woman, and it was a shame for us to come there at that hour; and bid us begone whoever we were, or she would let the dogs loose on us.

"We have told you who we are, old dame," said Hyde, "so open the door without any more noise, or I will blow the lock off in half a brace of shakes.—No one will molest you."

Charles had hardly uttered these words, and was on the point of advancing towards the door, when a bullet whizzed past my ear, accompanied by the flash of a brace of pistols from some fissure in the building.

"Oh heaven! the rascals have done for me," exclaimed poor Charles, staggering back into my arms, "Forward my lads—my poor mother—mercy—Lucy" —he fainted.

I remember little else of the scene that followed—it was one of life and death. Animated with the liveliest feeling of revenge against the cowardly miscreants, we placed Hyde in the arms of one of the party and rushed forward to the assistance of the others. We soon forced the door of the cottage. The interior was filled with smoke and we closed with the ruffians, who were captured after a little brisk work, in which several of the king's men were severely wounded, and one of our opponents killed. There was a still at work in the building with a quantity of spirits and smuggled goods. After seeing the three men we had captured with the old beldam, handcuffed and secured, I hastily descended from the hut, and found my dear friend laid on the turf at the foot of the rocks. The blood was still oozing from him, and one of the men with his hat full of water was attempting to restore him to some degree of consciousness. I was in a state of intense agony lest he should expire for want of

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proper aid. The pale mellow beams of the moon now fell full upon the rushing waterfall and aged rocks, presenting a powerful contrast to the sad and sickening lesson for humanity under their shade. Ah Lucy Follaton, I thought as a gush of recollections came across my mind, your prayers and your entreaties were not then without a cause. But no time was to be lost in removing him to some habitable place. The chilling damps of that deserted spot would only hasten his dissolution. I got the men together, a party being left in the possession of the cave, and we conveyed poor Charles, as fast as his weak state would permit, on a sort of litter to a farm house about a mile and a half distant. Having stopped the further loss of blood, he here recovered some sort of consciousness, though unable to speak. A medical friend from the port, who had been sent for express, gave me but faint hopes of his recovery. Knowing he was in kind hands I galloped off to Weston, almost choked with grief.

It was nearly daylight when I reached the village. I knocked up the parish surgeon, whom I dispatched to the aid of my friend, and after an inward struggle turned my horse's head towards his once happy but now desolate home. "Oh heaven! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single death can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower:

—Do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailing, steady, *same* in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and everything is changed. In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did; it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on but it knows no symmetry or order; it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

Here I feel I ought to draw this melancholy story to a close. It was a harrowing thing to enter that door, and for ever blast the happiness of those two innocent beings; and a fearful scene of grief there followed. Oh human heart! poor Lucy had received her bridal clothes late the preceding night—the morrow was to have been the day of their marriage!

Charles Hyde's gallant spirit was quenched before the sun set that was to have shone upon his bridal. * * His dear Lucy did not tarry long in following him to the grave. VYVYAN.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

EARLY LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet in the parish of Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham, on the 25th December, O. S. 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died, and was baptized at Colsterworth on the 1st January, 1642-3. His father, Mr. Isaac Newton, died at the early age of thirty-six, a little more than a year after the death of his father Robert Newton, and only a few months after his marriage to Harriet Ayscough, daughter of James Ayscough, of Market Overton, in Rutlandshire. This lady was accordingly left in a state of pregnancy, and appears to have given a premature birth to her only and posthumous child. The helpless infant thus ushered into the world, was of such an extremely diminutive size,* and seemed of so perishable a frame, that two women who were sent to Lady Pakenham's at North Witham, to bring some medicine to strengthen him, did not expect to find him alive on their return. Providence, however, had otherwise decreed; and that frail tenement which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind, was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity, and to survive even the average term of human existence. The estate of Woolsthorpe, in the manor-house of which this remarkable birth took place, had been more than a hundred years in the possession of the family, who came originally from Newton in Lancashire, but who had, previous to the purchase of Woolsthorpe, settled at Westby, in the county of Lincoln. The manor-house, of which we have given an engraving, is situated in a beautiful little valley, remarkable for its copious wells of pure spring water, on the west side of the

* Sir Isaac Newton told Mr. Conduit, that he had often heard his mother say, that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him into a quart mug.

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river Witham, which has its origin in the neighbourhood, and commands an agreeable prospect to the east towards Colsterworth. The manor of Woolsthorpe was worth only 30*l.* per annum; but Mrs. Newton possessed another small estate at Sewstern,* which raised the annual value of their property to about 80*l.*; and it is probable that the cultivation of the little farm on which she resided somewhat enlarged the limited income upon which she had to support herself, and educate her child.

For three years Mrs. Newton continued to watch over her tender charge with parental anxiety; but in consequence of her marriage to the Reverend Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile south of Woolsthorpe, she left him under the care of her own mother. At the usual age he was sent to two day-schools at Skillington and Stoke, where he acquired the education which such seminaries afforded; but when he reached his twelfth year he went to the public school at Grantham, taught by Mr. Stokes, and was boarded at the house of Mr. Clark, an apothecary in that town. According to information which Sir Isaac himself gave to Mr. Conduit, he seems to have been very inattentive to his studies, and very low in the school. The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident had led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. When a wind-mill was erecting near Grantham, on the road to Gunnerby, Isaac frequently attended the operations of the workmen, and acquired such a thorough knowledge of the machinery, that he completed a working model of it, which excited universal admiration. This model was frequently placed on the top of the house in which he lodged at Grantham, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. Not content with this exact imitation of the original machine, he conceived the idea of driving it by animal power; and for this purpose he enclosed in it a mouse, which he called the miller; and which, by acting upon a sort of tread-wheel, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail, while others allege that the power of the little agent was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel.

His water-clock was formed out of a box which he had solicited from Mrs. Clark's brother. It was about four feet high, and of a proportional breadth, somewhat like a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bed-room he supplied it every morning with the requisite quantity of water, and it was used as a clock by Mr. Clark's family, and remained in the house long after its inventor had quitted Grantham.† His mechanical carriage was a vehicle with four wheels, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it, but, like Merlin's chair, it seems to have been used only on the smooth surface of a floor, and not fitted to overcome the inequalities of a road. Although Newton was at this time "a sober, silent, thinking lad," who scarcely ever joined in the ordinary games of his school-fellows, yet he took great pleasure in providing them with amusements of a scientific character. He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites; and he is said to have been at great pains in determining their best forms and proportions, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made also paper lanterns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings, and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tails of his kites in a dark night, so as to inspire the

* In Leicestershire, and about three miles west of that of Woolsthorpe.

† "I remember once," says Dr. Stukely, "when I was deputy to Dr. Halley, Secretary at the Royal Society, Sir Isaac talked of these kind of instruments. That he observed the chief inconvenience in them was, that the hole through which the water is transmitted being necessarily very small, was subject to be furred up by impurities in the water, as those made with sand will wear bigger, which at length causes an inequality in time."—Stukely's Letter to Dr. Mead.—Turner's *Collections*, p. 177.

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country people with the belief that they were comets.

In the house where he lodged there were some female inmates, in whose company he appears to have taken much pleasure. One of these, a Miss Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician at Buckminster, near Colsterworth, was two or three years younger than Newton, and to great personal attractions she seems to have added more than the usual allotment of female talent. The society of this young lady and her companions was always preferred to that of his own school-fellows, and it was one of his most agreeable occupations to construct for them little tables and cupboards, and other utensils for holding their dolls and their trinkets. He had lived nearly six years in the same house with Miss Storey, and there is reason to believe that their youthful friendship gradually rose to a higher passion; but the smallness of her portion and the inadequacy of his own fortune appear to have prevented the consummation of their happiness. Miss Storey was afterwards twice married, and under the name of Mrs. Vincent, Dr. Stukely visited her at Grantham in 1727, at the age of eighty-two, and obtained from her many particulars respecting the early history of our author. Newton's esteem for her continued unabated during his life. He regularly visited her when he went to Lincolnshire, and never failed to relieve her from little pecuniary difficulties which seem to have beset her family.

Among the early passions of Newton we must recount his love of drawing, and even of writing verses. His own room was furnished with pictures drawn, coloured, and framed by himself, sometimes from copies, but often from life.* Among these were portraits of Dr. Donne, Mr. Stokes, the master of Grantham School, and King Charles I., under whose picture were the following verses.

A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguished here, in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet;
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

These verses were repeated to Dr. Stukely by Mrs. Vincent, who believed them to be written by Sir Isaac, a circumstance which is the more probable, as he himself assured Mr. Conduit, with some expression of pleasure, that he "excelled in making verses," although he had been heard to express a contempt for poetical composition.

But while the mind of our young philosopher was principally occupied with the pursuits which we have now detailed, it was not inattentive to the movements of the celestial bodies on which he was destined to throw such a brilliant light. The imperfections of his water-clock had probably directed his thoughts to the more accurate measure of time which the motion of the sun afforded. In the yard of the house where he lived, he traced the varying movements of that luminary upon the walls and roofs of the buildings; and by means of fixed pins he had marked out the hourly and half-hourly subdivisions. One of these dials, which went by the name of *Isaac's dial*, and was often referred to by the country people for the hour of the day, appears to have been drawn solely from the observations of several years; but we are not informed whether all the dials which he drew on the wall of his house at Woolsthorpe, and which existed after his death, were of the same description, or were projected from his knowledge of the doctrine of the sphere.

Family Library. No. 24.

* Mr. Clarke informed Dr. Stukely that the walls of the room in which Sir Isaac lodged were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were very well designed.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PAGANINI.

On the 16th of May, Dr. Bennati read before the *Royal Academy of Sciences*, at Paris, a physiological notice of this extraordinary man, in which he gives it as his opinion, that the prodigious talent of this artist is mainly to be attributed to the peculiar conformation which enables him to bring his elbows close together, and place them one over the other, and to the elevation of his left shoulder, which is an inch higher than the right one—to the slackening of the ligaments of the wrists, and the mobility of his phalanges, which he can move in a lateral direction at pleasure. Dr. Bennati also alluded to the excessive developement of Paganini's cerebellum, as connected with the extraordinary acuteness of his organs of hearing, which enables him to hear conversations carried on in a low tone at a considerable distance. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire remarked that he had been particularly struck with the prominence of the artist's forehead, which hangs over his deeply-seated eyes like a pent-house.

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GREAT AGES.

We throw out a hint to all friends who have abundance of leisure, that they could not employ a few hours more serviceably than in tracing and noting down the oldest man on record, whose birth admits of unquestionable *proof*. We have, unfortunately, no work at hand that will enable us to say on what authority rests the story of the great age of the Parrs and the Jenkinses; but have very little doubt that it is no better than their own recollections. The inquiry would not be without use; the possible age to which life may stretch out must have its influence on all calculations of annuities, insurances, &c., and may have in very important legal questions—the *possible* period of gestation was the great inquiry in the Gardener Peerage, and the possible age of man may become so on a future occasion. We protest, however, against all circumstantial evidence; — it is not worth wasting a thought upon. We knew an old man—a very old man, as the reader will believe, when we tell him that it appeared by the Post-Office books, that he had been SUPERANNUATED for *seventy-eight years*—so old a man, indeed, that the then Postmaster-General believed some fraud was being practised on the office. But *his identity was proved beyond all question*, the fact being, that he was superannuated *at six years old!* Now, had this gentleman delighted in the marvellous, he might have beaten many hollow. Superannuation at fifty or sixty is credible enough; and he had therefore to make his election, whether he would die, as honest people often do, at 84, or as a prodigy at 134.—*Athenæum.*

HANGMEN.

Kennett in his *Antiquities of Rome*, says, "We must not forget the *Carnifex*, or *common-hangman*, whose business lay only in Crucifixions." Cicero has a very good observation concerning him: "That by reason of the odiousness of his office, he was particularly forbid by the laws to have his dwelling within the city." Spelman in his *Glossary*, tells us, "Under our Danish kings, the Carnifex was an officer of great dignity; being ranked with the Archbishop of York, Earl Goodwin, and the Lord Steward."

Sir William Segar, Garter King at Arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a Herald, who procured him by artifice to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be *common-hangman of London.—Antis's Register of the Garter.* And from him probably (says Butler) the hangman was called *Gregory* for some time. The name of *Dun* which succeeded that of *Gregory*, is mentioned by *Cotton, Virgil Travestie*, published 1640; and was continued to these *Finishers of the Law* (as they have sometimes affected to style themselves, and *Squires* by their office, from the confirmation I suppose,) (says Butler, *of Gregory Brandon's arms*) twelve years longer; when one *Jack Ketch* was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since.

Montraye in his *Travels*, says "The executioner of *Stockholm* was condemned to that office at ten years old, for cutting off the head of another boy at play."

"I cannot really say (says Butler) whence that sum (thirteen-pence halfpenny) was called Hangman's Wages, unless in allusion to the *Halifax Law*, or the customary Law of the Forest of Hardwick, by which every felon, taken within the Liberty or Precincts of the said Forest with goods stolen to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, should after three market days in the town of Halifax, after his apprehension and condemnation, be taken to a gibbet there, and have his head cut off from his body."

P. T. W.

A certain lodging-house was very much infested by vermin — a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, Sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they're all *married* and have *large families* too."

M. L. E.

Many readers will be surprised to hear that the following verse, which with a very trifling alteration has appeared in so many recent publications, is more than 130 years old:

SNOW.

Those envious flakes came down in haste
To prove her breast less fair,
Grieving to see themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

G. F.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand. (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; C. C. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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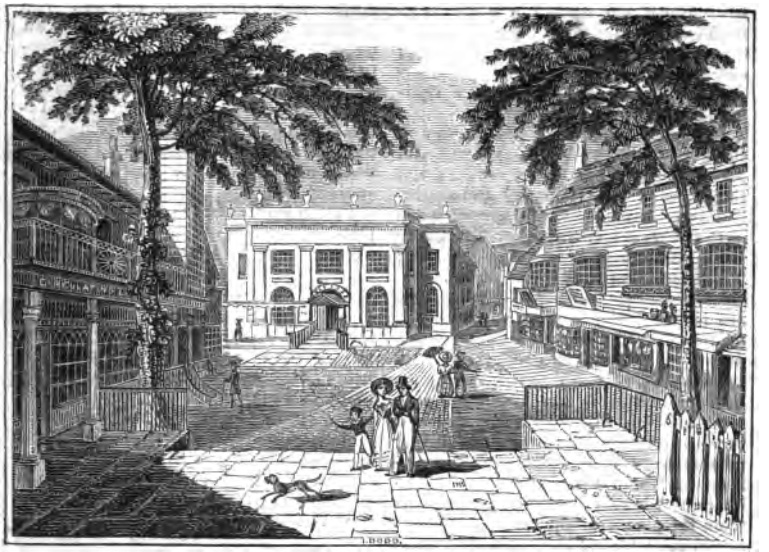

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THE "regular subscriber" will probably recollect our *recherché* Engraving of "Tunbridge Wells, in 1748, with Sketches of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Lyttleton, Richardson, &c.;" if not, he may refresh his memory by turning to the 14th volume of our miscellany, and there again enjoy the hooped and brocaded, and square-cut and full-flowing costumes, of the olden time. Let him then veer from the living glories of the picture to the place itself—the upper or principal Walk—in which he will recognise the site of the Engraving now before him, which may be said to represent *Tunbridge as it is*.

Our accompaniment to the previous Illustration was rather anecdotical of the distinguished folks in the promenade than descriptive of the Walk itself; so that a few topographical notes on the place may not here be unacceptable.

Tunbridge is only thirty-six miles from London,—what invalids almost call an easy distance. Its situation is very romantic; and, besides the inducement which valetudinarians may have to resort thither for the benefit of its far-famed chalybeate springs, there are a host of other attractions, which frequently exert their influence in bringing visiters to the spot. Tunbridge is by no means peculiar in this respect; although we believe only within these few years have persons discovered the *rationale* of the restorative effects of watering-places on the constitution. The influence is one of nature and art combined; of ease and enjoyment, aiding the all-wise provisions for the health of man, that flow in hidden streams beneath the surface of this world of his contrivances. No longer pent up in a crowded city, he is released from its innumerable cares: his soul seeks rest amidst still retreats or flowery solitudes; for, compared with the full-tide of London, the busy sea and its changing shore are silence, and in field and village walks, flowers spring up at every turn. Thus, as we have said elsewhere, "when early leaves begin to fall, and remind old and young of their wrinkles, the parliament-man sets off to recruit his elo-

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quence in the chase;* the coquette to repair those few wrecks of beauty which the season has spared her; and the young man of fashion to recruit his recreant limbs and shattered frame in the country." Hundreds of such visiters flock to *the Wells:* although it may not be so "public and giddy" a place as in Richardson's time, we hope it may be there "a full season, and more coming every day."

It is, however, time to become *topographical.*

"The situation is in a sandy valley on the south-eastern verge of the county of Kent, and near the Sussex border; and the several detached houses and assemblages of buildings which are included in the general appellation of Tunbridge Wells, occupy part of three parishes; Tunbridge, Frant, and Speldhurst. Besides the Wells properly so called, which are in the hollow of the narrowest part of the valley, the neighbouring eminences, which rise abruptly, and with romantic irregularity on either side, have offered situations for building so tempting, that to the distance of two or three miles around, rows of elegant or commodious houses have been constructed, for the accommodation of visiters. These are denominated either from the places of their site, or according to the whim of their respective proprietors, Mount Sion, Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Nelson Place, Trafalgar Place, Wellington Place, &c.; and generally speaking, they are finely shaded with trees, and scattered about with a very pleasing irregularity. The forest scenery around, and the diversity of objects which the several rides and walks present; the beautiful foliage of the trees, the luxuriant fertility of the cultivated part of the neighbouring district, and the serenity combined with cheerfulness which especially prevails here, are advantages which Tunbridge Wells may justly boast."

The discovery of *the waters* is rather a weak story. It is attributed to Dudley, Lord North, a courtier in the reign of James I., who was sojourning here for change of air.

"Accidentally passing through the wood, which at that time enveloped the spring, the appearance of an unusual scum on the surface of the water excited his curiosity, and the taste and other circumstances rendering its mineral impregnation very evident, his lordship diligently inquired into the probable effect of such a tonic in his own case; and a trial of it being recommended by his physicians, the perfect restoration of his health gave such a degree of celebrity to the place, that it soon came into great repute.

"The reputation of the water, being once established, invalids resorted to them; and Lord Abergavenny, whose estate was contiguous, enclosed the spring at his own expense, and gave all possible encouragement to the endeavours of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to provide accommodations for the company, which progressively increased until the town of Tunbridge, although nearly six miles from the spot, was crowded with the overflow of visiters."

In the work whence we quote these facts,† there is a somewhat dry hint as to the efficacy of the springs in certain cases, though it only verifies what has just been said of the influence of Mineral Waters:

"Their efficacy has been attested by thousands, who have experienced the benefit of a discreet use of them, and by many who have got rid of imaginary diseases by the aid of cheerful company, and abstraction from care, business, and fatigue; who have attributed to the water the advantages thus derived from other sources.

"The water of

"THE SPRINGS

arises into, and is received by two marble basins, placed within an area, enclosed by a stone wall, at the end of two parallel walks, which are the general resort of the company, during the season, which now begins in March or April, instead of May, and continues until the end of October.

"One of the walks which was formerly laid with pantiles, was in 1793 paved with Purbeck stone, by subscription. A portico supported by slender pillars is a shelter from the rain, in front of the assembly rooms, libraries, and a range of shops for trinkets and jewellery; and on the opposite side a row of spreading elms affords an agreeable shade.—*(See the Engraving.)*

"The water at the fountain head is perfectly clear and pellucid, sparkles and throws up air bubbles on being poured out of one vessel into another; has a very slight smell, but tastes strongly of iron; deposits a rusty sediment, and strikes a deep purple colour upon the addition of infusion of galls.

* Qy.—call of the house.

† A Journey round the Coast of Kent, by L. Fussell, Esq. 8vo. 1818—a neglected book, and we think undeservedly so; for it is well written throughout. Mr. Britton has announced a Guide to Tunbridge, and we know of no person better qualified to produce a valuable as well as interesting description of this attractive place.

It nearly resembles the waters of the Puhon spring at Aix-la-Chapelle, and is recommended as a tonic in chronic weaknesses and general debility.

" ' Temperance and exercise are indispensably requisite to give the waters a chance of producing beneficial effects,' observes a certain author; but luxury and excess first brought these springs into repute, have sent a constant succession of visiters to maintain their credit, and are still the principal support of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

" A chapel was built by subscription at Tunbridge Wells, and the clergyman derives a handsome but precarious income from the contribution of visiters in summer, and resident inhabitants in winter. Divine service is regularly performed every day during the summer, and three times every week in the winter; and it is creditable to the *fashion* of the place, that the company resorting to the springs are generally regular in attendance at morning prayers. Adjoining the chapel is a charity school, supported also by subscription.

" The principal trade carried on at Tunbridge Wells is in turnery ware, consisting chiefly of various kinds of boxes and toys, of which incredible numbers are sold to the company, and sent to various parts of the kingdom, being executed with remarkable delicacy and ingenuity. They are principally made of cherry-tree, plum-tree, yew, box, and sycamore.

" The celebrated Nash, afterwards better known by his title of King of Bath, once presided here as master of the ceremonies, and some of his laws are still in force.

" The company, who usually on arrival first pay what is called ' a welcome penny' to the dippers, taste the water at the fountain, and then subscribe to the libraries, coffee-house, assembly-rooms, band of music, and—*the clergyman*, in order to become entitled to a participation in the privileges and amusements of the place, assemble on the parade early in the morning, and after drinking water, and walking for an hour or two, retire, or more frequently form parties to breakfast. (Early rising therefore may be presumed a co-operative assistant to the wells, in their salubrious effect.) After this repast they attend at the chapel, then walk, ride, read, or saunter away the morning in the shops and coffee-houses, until dinner time. A band of music performs in the orchestra close to the public walks, before breakfast, after Divine service, and again when dinner is over. The evening promenade then commences, from which the company adjourn to drink tea, visit the theatre, or go to the card assemblies, or the balls, which latter are usually very full, and brilliantly attended. There are also frequently concerts and *concert-breakfasts;* and occasionally public breakfasts, dinners, and tea-parties, with music and dancing, at the High Rocks, an assemblage of rude and romantic eminences surrounded with trees on the side of a crystal stream, about a mile and a half southward of the wells.

" Another and a very appropriate employment for those who visit the wells, and are able to take exercise on horseback, is that of joining in the excursions which it is usual to make to all the principal places in the vicinity, which, either upon account of their former or present state, are objects of rational curiosity."

We confess this is rather a tantalizing picture for a London reader; but, as all these luxuries are within three dozen miles, at fewer shillings' cost, we may reasonably recommend him to " the Wells."

LONDON ILLUMINATIONS.

(To the Editor.)

From having been a spectator of the certainly very glaring, but tasteless, Illumination of the metropolis on occasion of the coronation of their present Majesties, I am induced to transmit some ideas to paper which occurred to me on that occasion; and which I feel persuaded will, if carried but into partial effect, render any future exhibition of that nature not only more gratifying as a spectacle, but also more creditable to our national taste.

It is well known, and is therefore only mentioned here by way of remembrance, that illuminations, and more especially what are termed general illuminations, are only resorted to on occasions of great national importance, such as that of the coronation of the sovereign; a great national victory gained on sea or land; or of some important measure passed in parliament for the general welfare and benefit of the nation. Therefore an illumination, as a testimonial of the gratitude and happiness of the people, ought to be conducted in a way that will express their sense of such important events, and their general gratitude for the benefits derived from them, in a manner the least inconvenient and the least expensive to them; and still so as to express their undivided satisfaction in as uniform and splendid a manner as possible, so that it may appear to be the general rejoicing

of a whole people and not that only of distinguished and wealthy individuals.

Illuminations (I would say) ought therefore to be considered like architecture, as a science; in which should be exhibited order, beauty, and a just and harmonious proportion. The late illumination had nothing of order in it; very little of what was beautiful; and considered in the whole, no harmony or proportion whatever. There were W.R and A.R, and crowns and stars and anchors in abundance, even to satiety; and in tasteless shapes and proportions. The Club houses in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and some of the Government Offices were what is termed very fine, there being plenty of blaze and glare, but had very little of taste about them. They must have been left to the old jog-trot fancies of house carpenters, oilmen, and lamp merchants; and the transparencies and other decorations to the skill and attainments of ornamental decorators, a class of artists that are scarcely superior, in general, to the common herd of stencillers and whitewashers. I am ready to agree with the throng of spectators from Spitalfields and Whitechapel, that it was all very fine; but with the exception of the Admiralty and Ordnance Offices, and Crockford's (the latter of which it is a pity was not turned into a bonfire instead of an illumination) there were none other than Rundle's and the Post office (that I saw) that exhibited any thing of taste, or were suited to so illustrious an occasion as that of a coronation. At the London Coffee-house, kept by Mr. Leach on Ludgate Hill, there is a long display of windows which were lighted up with lamps along the sides and tops of the sashes; this mode of illuminating adopted in a few private houses, was one of the most pleasing to the eye, and carried with it an agreeable uniformity. But the exhibition of illumination as a science in which order, beauty, and just proportions should harmonize, were exemplified in a very chaste and tasteful manner in the lighting up of the front of Northumberland House at Charing Cross: this magnificent façade which consists of two stories of twelve windows in each, with a large bow-window in the centre, was entirely lighted up with amber-coloured lamps round the window frames, and which as the windows have double sashes, were pleasingly reflected on the borders of the inner sashes, and gave the appearance of a double set of lamps of the same colour. This was certainly the most correct and beautiful exhibition of the whole evening.

It would be nothing but fair to let the public offices under Government and the King's tradespeople, have their fancies in displaying their duty and loyalty in exhibiting their crowns and stars, and royal initials, and any tasteless absurdity they might choose to amalgamate with them. But the general good effect of an illumination would be more pleasing, and would produce not only an uniform but more agreeable effect, by individuals generally lighting up their windows in the manner adopted by Mr. Leach, and at Northumberland House.

The grand and general line of an illumination, (which attracts the great mass of spectators) I consider to be from Hyde Park corner to London Bridge. To give an illumination at once carrying uniformity, and somewhat of a chaste and splendid taste with it, I propose that individuals should light up their windows with lamps in the manner I have already mentioned to have been done at the London Tavern, and at Northumberland House. As for the more splendid and decorative parts, there is the grand entrance to Hyde Park, and the Triumphal Arch to the New Palace gardens facing it; let these as the commencement of the proposed line of general illumination, be decorated with lamps in a manner conformable to their architectural proportions and capabilities; every person I should suppose could easily imagine the agreeable and splendid effect these two structures, thus illuminated, would exhibit. As to the expense occasioned thereby, if the Government did not choose to pay it, it might be effected by a voluntary subscription for that purpose among the nobility and the members of the Club houses, under the direction of a committee of those classes. And under the same management and direction, at the Piccadilly end of St. James's Street, at the space in front of the entrance to St. James's Palace, at the bottom of the Haymarket by the Opera house, and at Charing Cross, temporary architectural structures of a Gothic and of a Grecian character might be constructed, and illuminated and decorated with transparencies, and other ornamental characteristics suited to their respective elevations and proportions. Temple-bar, too, is a structure that presents on both sides of it, fitting opportunities for showing off a tasteful and splendid exhibition of this nature. At the bottom of Fleet Street also, and at the top of Ludgate Hill, at the head of Cheapside, at the crossing of King and Queen Streets, and at the juncture of Bishopsgate and Grace-

church Streets, and in similar situations, specimens of Gothic and Grecian temporary architecture of every design and elevation might be erected and suitably illuminated and decorated at no very great expense, to be defrayed by the means of a general subscription among the citizens. This illumination would have a superb effect, and be more creditable to the taste of the metropolis, than a hundred times repeated incongruities and absurdities, by which individuals are at present at great pains and expense to evince their bad taste.

The Monument I venture to suggest as a suitable and magnificent termination to the grand line of illumination here traced out, with a little proper skill and mechanical knowledge, and with no great expense neither. Thus the citizens who chose to do themselves credit and honour on such an occasion, might by a subscription among the merchants and bankers, (or by the members of Lloyd's solely) evince a proper sense of their loyalty or patriotism on such an occasion by causing this noble column to be illuminated from the base to its utmost height.* On the porticoes and dome of St. Paul's, with its two noble and classical steeples, which might be illuminated with the most magnificent effect, I am fearful of touching, as I am well assured the dignitaries of that beautiful and stately fabric would not be at any expense themselves, or suffer any other persons to do it, from an apprehension that the church itself would be endangered; though at St. Peter's at Rome, the whole dome of that church (on certain occasions) is entirely illuminated, so as to be distinctly seen at sixty miles distance, and has annually been illuminated for centuries without any accident having taken place.

In Naples, and several parts of Italy, a splendid and pleasing illumination is made by placing along the parapet walls of the houses, a wire frame covered with coloured oiled paper of the size and shape of a common garden pot, which is placed in the pan of the pot, and lighted inside by some chemical burner in a piece of floating cork. These paper wired-frames, which may be made of any shape, as that of a statue, globe, vase, &c., and which may be varied according to taste or fancy, in either red, blue, green, or any other colour, have a wonderfully pleasing and brilliant effect, and would be a great improvement of our illuminations if adopted on the parapet walls of our houses, and on the parapet and many other parts of the churches and steeples (where it is attainable) of this magnificent metropolis. The effect at Naples is strikingly imposing, for as that city is built on the very edge of its beautiful bay, and is gradually carried up the rather precipitous side of a mountain, the whole of the illuminated houses and steeples, are clearly, but reversedly, reflected in the deep and calm mirror of the water.†

I shall conclude with merely hinting on this subject that railings about our squares, and indeed the street railings to the areas of private houses, might be made highly ornamental and brilliant on these occasions, by fixing an additional number of coloured glass lanterns, above and around them, with festoons of coloured lamps extending between the spaces. And lastly, nothing could have a more beautiful and agreeable effect, than the decoration of the bridges of the metropolis (on such occasions) either with coloured lanterns or with torches, or by festooning their exterior sides and arches, with the common illumination lamps, the reflection of which would be visible in the current below; and might be viewed in as much safety and with a superior effect from any other of the adjoining bridges, than perhaps any other object that might attract a crowd to witness the splendour of a London Illumination.

R. T.

* This would be rather a hazardous as well as expensive affair. We think the Monument was partially illuminated during the Mayoralty of Alderman Garratt, who presides over the ward in which the Monument stands, or, as Pope says "lies."—Ed. M.

† In France, the ordinary out-door illumination is with *pots de feu*, or vessels resembling the pans in which garden-pots are set. These have a large wick floating in fat, &c., and being placed on parapets, ledges, roofs, &c. have a fine effect. The exterior of the Palace and the Gardens of the Tuileries were thus illuminated on the king's birthday; the principal walks being bordered with the *pots*, which were also placed on frames, or shelves rising several feet high, to a point, and in general form resembling a yew or fir tree. The appropriateness of this device had a very pleasing effect. By the way, the Lord Chamberlain partially illuminated Devonshire House, and its front wall, with these *pots de feu* at the recent Coronation.—Ed. M.

The Sketch-Book.

THE OLD DUTCHMAN.

From the French.

(*For the Mirror.*)

An old and venerable Dutchman having for many years honourably discharged all the offices of one of the principal towns of the republic, and having amas-

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sed great wealth in an irreproachable manner, took finally the resolution of ending his days in tranquillity at his country house; but ere going into retirement, wishing to take leave of his relations and friends, he invited them all to an entertainment at his house. His guests, who expected a sumptuous repast, were somewhat astonished upon entering the dining room to behold a long oaken table, covered with a coarse blue cloth. When seated, they were helped in wooden platters to curdled milk, salt herrings, cheese, butter, and rye bread; beside them stood wooden vessels filled with small beer, from which each visiter was expected to help himself. This singular whim, on the part of the old man, caused many a secret murmur amongst his company; but, in consideration of his years and wealth, far from daring to express their discontent, they pretended to take in good part this frugal cheer, and some even went so far as to compliment him upon this revival of the style of olden hospitality, of which, in this fantasy, they recognised the representation.

The old man, who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction, did not desire to carry the jest too far; and, upon a concerted signal, several stout maid servants habited like country women, brought in the second course. A white cloth now took place of the blue one; pewter platters succeeded those of wood; and instead of rye bread, herrings, and cheese, the company were served with good brown bread, strong beer, salted beef, and boiled fish. Hereupon the secret murmurs ceased, the invitations of the old man became more pressing, and his visiters ate with better appetites.

Scarcely had time been allowed them to taste the second course, when a butler entered, followed by half a dozen men servants in splendid liveries, who brought in the third. A superb mahogany table took place of that of oak, and was covered with a beautiful diapered table-cloth; a side board was set out with the richest vessels (of plate and glass) and most curious china; and the guests were cheered with the sight of rare and exquisite viands, which were served in profusion. A choice collection of most delicate wines, delighted the palate, whilst a melodious concert was heard from a neighbouring chamber. The company drank toasts all round, and made themselves merry; but the good old man, perceiving nevertheless that his presence was a restraint upon them, rose, and spoke thus: —

"Gentlemen and ladies — I return thanks for the favour you have accorded me; but it is time that I retire, and leave you at liberty; yet, before the ball commences which I design for those who are fond of dancing, permit me to explain the end which I proposed to myself when I invited you to an entertainment so singular as this must have appeared. I wished to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors reared the new born state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power, by living in the frugal manner represented by the *first* course. Our fathers preserved these precious heritages by living in the simple manner of which the *second* course was intended to present the picture; and now, if it be permitted to an old man, who regards you tenderly, and is on the point of saying farewell, to state freely what he thinks, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you have noticed in the *last* course, and which is our present style of living, will deprive us of the advantages which our ancestors by their toils acquired, and which our (immediate) forefathers have transmitted to us by their industry and good administration." M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

Crowned in Westminster Abbey, with the date of their Coronations.

HAROLD II., January 5, 1066.
William the Conqueror, Dec. 25, 1066.
Queen Maud of Flanders, April 22, 1068
William II., September 26, 1087.
Henry I., August 5, 1100.
Queen Maud of England, Nov. 11, 1100
Queen Adeliza of Brabant, Jan. 30, 1121
Stephen, December, 26, 1135.
Queen Maud of Boulogne, Mar. 22, 1136
Henry II., December 19, 1154.
Prince Henry, son of Henry II., June 15, 1170.
Richard I., September 3, 1189.
John, May 27, 1199.
Queen Isabella of Angouleme, October 8, 1200.
Henry III. (second time), May 17, 1220
Queen Eleanor of Provence, January 20, 1236.
Edward I. and Queen Eleanor of Castile, August 19, 1274.
Edward II. and Queen Isabel of France, February 23, 1307.
Edward III., February 2, 1327.
Queen Philippa of Heinault, April, 1327
Richard II., July 16, 1377.
Queen Anne of Bohemia, Jan. 22, 1382
Queen Isabel of France, Nov. 14, 1397.

Henry IV., October 13, 1399.
Queen Joan of Navarre, Jan. 26, 1403.
Henry V., April 9, 1413.
Queen Katherine of France, February 24, 1421.
Henry VI., November 6, 1429.
Queen Margaret of Anjou, May 30, 1445.
Edward IV., June 29, 1461.
Queen Elizabeth Woodville, May 26, 1465.
Richard III., July 6, 1483.
Henry VII., October 30, 1485.
Queen Elizabeth of York, Nov. 25, 1487
Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine of Arragon, June 24, 1509.
Queen Anne Boleyn, June 1, 1533.
Edward VI., February 20, 1547.
Queen Mary, September 30, 1553.
Queen Elizabeth, January 15, 1558.
James I., July 25, 1603.
Charles I., February 2, 1625.
Charles II., April 23, 1661.
James II., April 23, 1685.
William and Mary, April 11, 1689.
Queen Anne, April 23, 1702.
George I., October 20, 1714.
George II., October 11, 1727.
George III., September 22, 1761.
George IV., July 19, 1821.
William IV., September 8, 1831.

W. G. C.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

On the changes in the habits, amusements, and condition of the Scottish Peasantry.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

(Communicated to the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.)

CHANCING to be in a party of old friends the night before last, one of them gave me a touch on the elbow, and said "Can you tell me, Hogg, what has been the moving cause of those changes which have gradually taken place in the habits, amusements, and conditions of our peasantry, since our early recollections?"

"Upon my word, Sir," said I, looking more than usually grave, "the thing never struck me till this moment that you put the question; for, as having been one of them myself, and joining keenly in all their amusements for the last fifty-three years, the change has been I suppose so gradual that I never perceived it. But, on a cursory look backward, I think there *is* some difference in the characters and amusements of our young peasantry from those of a former generation; but d——l take me if I know how it has happened. Let me think about it a little while, and I'll try to account for it; for it will be a queer thing indeed if I cannot account for any thing that has taken place among the Border peasantry at least."

"You can tell me this without any fore-thought," said he; "Are they worse fed, worse clothed, or worse educated than the old shepherds and hinds of your first acquaintance? Are their characters, in a general point of view, deteriorated or otherwise? Or are they more cheerful, more happy, and more devout than those of a former day?"

"In as far," said I, "as it regards shepherds and farm servants, they are not in my opinion deteriorated. They are better fed, better clothed, and better educated than the old shepherds and hinds of my first acquaintance; but they are less devout, and decidedly *less cheerful and happy*."

"On looking back, the first great falling off is in SONG. This to me is not only astonishing, but unaccountable. They have ten times more opportunities of learning songs, yet song-singing is at an end, or only kept up by a few migratory tailors. In my young days, we had singing matches almost every night, and, if no other chance or opportunity offered, the young men attended at the ewe-bught or the cows milkings, and listened and joined the girls in their melting lays. We had again our kirns at the end of harvest, and our lint-swinglings in almost every farm-house and cottage, which proved as a weekly bout for the greater part of the winter. And then, with the exception of *Wads*, and a little kissing and toying in consequence, song, song alone, was the sole amusement. I never heard any music that thrilled my heart half so much as when these nymphs joined their voices, all in one key, and sung a slow Scottish melody. Many a hundred times has it made the hairs of my head creep, and the tears start into my eyes, to hear such as the Flowers of the Forest, and Broom of Cowdyknows. Where are those melting strains now? Gone, and for ever! Is it not unaccountable that, even in the classic Ettrick and Yarrow, the enthusiasm of song should have declined in proportion as that of their bards has advanced? Yet so it is. I have given great annual kirns, and begun singing the first myself, in order to elicit some remnants, some semblance at least, of the strains of former days. But no; those strains could be heard from no one, with the exception, of one shepherd, Wat Amos, who alone, for these twenty

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years, has been always ready to back me. I say, with the exception of him and of Tam the tailor, there seems to be no songster remaining. By dint of hard pressing, a blooming nymph will sometimes venture on a song of Moore's or Dibdin's (curse them!), and gaping, and half-choking, with a voice like a cracked kirk-bell, finish her song in notes resembling the agonies of a dying sow.

The publication of the Border Minstrelsy had a singular and unexpected effect in this respect. These songs had floated down on the stream of oral tradition, from generation to generation, and were regarded as a precious treasure belonging to the country; but when Mr. Scott's work appeared their arcanum was laid open, and a deadening blow was inflicted on our rural literature and principal enjoyment by the very means adopted for their preservation. I shall never forget with what amazement and dumb dismay the old songsters regarded these relics, calling out at every verse, "changed! changed!" though it never appeared to me that they could make out any material change, save in "Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead." On reading that song, both my own parents were highly offended at the gallant rescue being taken from the Elliots and given to the Scots.

With regard to all the manly exercises, had it not been for my own single exertions I think they would have been totally extinct in the Border districts. For the last forty years I have struggled to preserve them in a local habitation and a name, and I have not only effected it, but induced more efficient bodies to follow the example; such as the Great St. Ronan's Border Club, the gallant Six Feet Club, &c. I have begged, I have borrowed of my rich Edinburgh friends, I have drawn small funds reluctantly from the farmers who attended, for the purpose of purchasing the prizes; but more frequently I have purchased them all from my own pocket; and though these prizes were necessarily of small value, yet by publishing annually all the victors' names in the newspapers, and the distance effected by each, and the competitor next to him, a stimulus was given for excellency in all these manly exercises, such as appears not to have existed for a century and more,—indeed, never since the religious troubles in Scotland commenced.

Still there is a change from gay to grave, from cheerfulness to severity; and it is not easy to trace the source from which it has sprung. The diet of the menials and workmen is uniformly much better than it was when I went first to service half a century ago. The tasks of labour are not more severe, but better proportioned, and more regular, and in general less oppressive. But with regard to the intercourse between master and servant, there is a mighty change indeed, and to this I am disposed principally to attribute the manifest change in the buoyant spirit and gaiety of our peasantry. Formerly every master sat at the head of his kitchen table, and shared the meal with his servants. The mistress, if there was one, did not sit down at all, but stood at the dresser behind, and assigned each his portion, or otherwise overlooked the board, and saw that every one got justice. The master asked a blessing, and returned thanks. There was no badinage or idle language in the farmer's hall in those days, but all was decency and order. Every night the master performed family worship, at which every member of the family was bound to be present, and every Sabbath morning at least, and the oldest male servant in his absence took that duty on him. The consequence of all this familiarity and exchange of kind offices was, that every individual family formed a little community of its own, of which each member was conscious of bearing an important part. And then the constant presence of the master and mistress preventing all ebullition of untimely merriment, when the hours of relaxation came, then the smothered glee burst out with a luxury of joy and animation, of which we may now look in vain for a single specimen.

But ever since the ruinous war prices made every farmer for the time a fine gentleman, how the relative situations of master and servant are changed! Before that time every farmer was first up in the morning, conversed with all his servants familiarly, and consulted what was best to be done for the day. Now, the foreman, or chief shepherd, waits on his master, and, receiving his instructions, goes forth and gives the orders as his own, generally in a peremptory and offensive manner. The menial of course feels that he is no more a member of a community, but a slave; a servant of servants, a mere tool of labour in the hand of a man whom he knows or deems inferior to himself, and the joy of his spirit is mildewed. He is a moping, sullen, melancholy man, flitting from one master to another in hopes to find heart's ease and contentment,—but he finds it not; and now all the best and most independent of that valuable class

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of our community are leaving the country.

Before the revolutionary war, before a borderer would have thought of deserting his native country, he would sooner have laid down his head in the grave with his fathers, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet." But now all the best are leaving it; all the industrious, diligent, and respectable men who have made a little competency to carry them to another country are hastening away as if a pestilence were approaching them. God grant that it be not a prelude to approaching evil!

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

THE days are gone when pilgrim's knelt
By sacred spot or shrine;
The cells where saints have lived or died
No more are held divine:

The bough of palm, the scallop-shell,
Are signs of faith no more;
The common grave is holy held
As that on Salem's shore.

Yet, when I knew that human knee
Had worn the rock away
And that here, even at my feet,
Earth hid the righteous clay.

I felt this was no common spot
For any common thought—
The place's own calm sanctity
Within my spirit wrought.

The cave was dark and damp—it spoke
Of penance and of prayer;
Remorse that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief, were there.

But at the entrance was a scene,
Which seem'd expressly given
To bring the heart again to earth,
And win it thence to heaven.

For so benign an influence
Was falling from the sky,
And like a blessing on the land
The sunshine seem'd to lie.

The long green grass was full of life,
And so was every tree;
On every bough there was a bud,
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power,
Thus in its joy arrayed—
The God who made the world so fair
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook
Went murmuring along,
And to its music, from the leaves,
The birds replied in song.

And, white as ever lily grew,
A wilding broom essayed
To fling upon the sunny wave
A transitory shade.

Misty and gray as morning skies,
Mid which their summits stood,
The ancient cliffs encompass'd round
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amid its depths that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away—
The future might renew
Its early confidence on high,
When years and sins were few.

Till, in the strength of penitence
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory
That lingers in this dell,
That human tears, and human prayers,
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see
Were only some fair scene,
Not linked unto our present time
By aught that e'er had been.

But now a moral influence
Is on that small gray stone;
For who e'er watched another's grave
And thought not of his own.

And felt that all his trust in life
Was leaning on a reed?
And who can hear of prayer and faith
And not confess their need?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years
Of prayer might scarce suffice
To reconcile his God, and win
A birthright in the skies.

What may we hope who hurry on
Through life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To heaven upon our way?

Then blessed grave! ah, not in vain
Has been thy presence here,
If it hath wrought in any heart
One higher hope or fear.

Literary Gazette.

PAGANINIS.

ARE springing up like the armed men of Cadmus; let us hope that they will not engage in the same mortal strife. The *Madras Government Gazette*, of January last, gives an account of a BRAHMIN MUSICIAN! Mercy on us! a descendant of the ancient Gymnosophists, remarkable for the severity of their lives and manners, turned public performer, and on the fiddle too! But let us hear what the Anglo-Indian editor says:—"It has, we have no doubt, excited much surprise, combined with a degree of admiration in the minds of many of our readers, at this presidency, to have heard the performances on the violin of a brahmin named VERAPIAH, in the service of his Highness the Rajah of Tanjore, who has lately made his appearance here. He plays at first sight, with correctness and in exact time, the most difficult pieces of our printed music. His skill on the piano-forte is equally great, excepting that he requires some previous practice."

The *Asiatic Journal* tells of another Paganini, whom I suspect to be an Englishman with an Italianized name. He, however, has the modesty to announce himself only as an *élève*. The writer says, "A violinist, a pupil of Paganini, named MASONI, is electrifying

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the musical world at Calcutta by his astonishing performances, which bid fair to rival those of his celebrated master. His benefit concert took place at the Town-hall on the 17th of February, and is spoken of in terms of astonishment. Besides his command over the violin, Signor Masoni is, it appears, an able improvisatore."

We have an English Paganini, who, by the way, is a very clever fellow, and does as many *marvellous* things as the Italian. And there is also a Polish Pag.—Pan Polinski, who is likewise a wonder. "Last year," exclaims *The Globe*, "we had minstrels from all parts of Europe—this year, Paganinis. What next?"—*The Court Journal* shall reply, which tells us, that a company of *tame* wild beasts belonging to the *Cirque Olympique* are engaged to perform at Drury Lane next season, and that a well-known dramatist is employed in writing a piece adapted to their powers. "The lion is the *star*, and there are two very able monkeys for the humorous parts." Should the lion and tiger take a benefit, and offer their tickets in person, I surmise that they will meet with no refusals.—*Harmonicon.*

PARAGRAPHS FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO.

I saw in the Superga the tomb of the Piedmontese princess, who rendered herself famous by a single sentence. There was a famine in that little kingdom. The princess was astonished. "Do they die of it?" asked she. "In great numbers," was the answer. "What squeamishness!" said her Highness; "why don't they eat beef and mutton? I'm sure I would do so, rather than starve."

The world has other instances of this high-life knowledge. The son of an English duke, a guardsman, is still memorable for a sentiment of equal ease. On his regiment being ordered for Holland, in the first French war, it was observed that he must prepare for some privations. "To be sure I must," was his reply. "A bottle of good champagne and a tolerable haunch, I suppose, are holiday fare among the Mynheers. Let me have but a bottle of drinkable claret and a roast fowl, and I can get on any where."

The old Duke of Norfolk was a prodigious profligate, a prodigious politician, and a prodigious eater—a combination of prodigies. He had the art of throwing three dinners into one: "I first take my fish and my bottle of claret," said he, "and then I go to dinner." All idlers and idle nations are great eaters. The Italian will eat macaroni, as a horse eats grass, every hour in the day, and perhaps in the night too. The French gourmand will begin his dinner by eating a dinner of oysters. The Russian noble gets drunk with brandy, before he gets drunk with wine; and, having finished his wine, gets drunk with brandy again.

The English pride themselves in their nicety in wines—yet there is no nation in the world more perpetually duped in this very point. Three-fourths of the Bourdeaux clarets are made up of the rough hot wines of Italy, mixed with the meagre French vintages. Half the white wines on the English tables are made up of Cape, which the London palate pretends to abhor.

"Give me," said a French merchant, "six hours' notice of what wine you like, and you shall have it out of those two barrels." There are forty thousand pipes of Madeira sold annually in Europe, while the island produces about ten thousand! There are thirty thousand casks of Frontignan sent every year from the French cellars, while the vineyards of Frontignan produce, in the best seasons, two thousand! Constantia is to be found in the hands of every dealer in Europe, yet it is produced in but one vineyard, and the vineyard produces but a few pipes. But we have the same dexterity in almost every thing connected with the public subsistence. The utmost importation of tea at the India House, is thirty millions of pounds; a couple of millions more may be allowed for smuggling, and this is scarcely more than but a pound and a half each for the consumption of the twenty millions of British and Irish, in a year! all of whom, with scarcely an exception, drink tea, morning and evening.

The art of supplying the deficiencies of nature has descended even to mushrooms. I remember a Parisian maker of catsup, saying, on being asked how he managed his manufacture in a peculiarly bad mushroom season, "Sir, I should know little of my *profession* if I could not make catsup *without* mushrooms."—*Monthly Magazine.*

POETICAL CHARACTER OF BYRON.

Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide, imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with

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a master's might. We speak of the external world — of nature and of art. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early poems he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it; and even in the first two cantos of Childe Harold he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his lukewarmness; but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear; and proved himself a poet. But in the third canto, "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and he "babbled o' green fields," floods and mountains. Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a cento—his model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited therefore to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional, or verbal; but all the descriptions are conceived in the spirit of Wordsworth, coloured by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being —and that so entirely, that had the Excursion and Lyrical Ballads never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third canto of Childe Harold. His soul, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the Bard of Nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own—and even described it after his own fashion; but a far mightier master in that domain was his instructor and guide—nor in his noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to the beauty and sublimity of those inspired passages, which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination. With all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled his soul; and thus "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," do almost entirely compose the fourth canto, which is worth, ten times over, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep; and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The two first cantos are frequently cold, cumbrous, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and these far from being of first-rate excellence, they are found wofully wanting in imagination. Many passages are but the baldest prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos,—and so was the friend, not Mr. Hobhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they "made a prodigious sensation," but bitter-bad stuff has often done that; while often unheeded or unheard has been an angel's voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos no better than themselves, then had the whole four in good time been most certainly damned. But, fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed; and proceed he did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing, with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoil riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked, and her wonderous son. Is Childe Harold, then, a Great Poem? What! with one half of it little above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original either in conception or execution, and the remainder glorious? As for his tales —the Giaour, Corsair, Lara, Bride of Abydos, Siege of Corinth, and so forth —they are all spirited, energetic, and passionate performances — sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified — but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that range a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and over many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of cleverness—and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect. Many of these hints will doubtless appear impertinent and heterodox: but we would not advise any hostile critic in any periodical work to attempt to prove them so; for if he do, he may count upon the crutch.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

"The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty" forms the 25th volume of the *Family Library*, and we predict that a more interesting work will not be

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included in the whole Series. At the moment we are writing, it is unpublished, or, we should say, a sealed book, though the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday contains some lengthy extracts from its pages. To that respectable Journal we are therefore indebted for the introduction of these passages to the reader. They relate to the number and disposal of the Mutineers, and especially to the bringing home of the prisoners in the *Pandora*.

The number of persons who remained in the Bounty after her piratical seizure, and of course charged with the crime of mutiny, was twenty-five; that these subsequently separated into two parties —sixteen having landed at Otaheite, and afterwards taken from thence in the Pandora, as prisoners, and nine having gone with the Bounty to Pitcairn's Island. Of the sixteen taken in the Pandora—

1. Mr. Peter Heywood, midshipman, was sentenced to death, but pardoned.
2. James Morrison, boatswain's mate, ditto.
3. William Muspratt, commander's steward, ditto.
4. Thomas Burkitt, seaman, } condemned
5. John Millward, ditto, } and
6. Thomas Ellison, ditto. } executed.
7. Joseph Coleman, armourer, } tried and acquitted.
8. Charles Norman, carpenter's mate, } tried and acquitted.
9. Thos. M'Intosh, carpenter's crew, } tried and acquitted.
10. Michael Byrne, seaman,
11. Mr. George Stewart, midshipman, } drowned in
12. John Sumner, seaman, } irons when
13. Richard Skinner, seaman, } the Pandora
14. Henry Hillbrant, cooper, } waswrecked.
15. Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, murdered by Matthew Thompson.
16. Matthew Thompson, seaman, murdered by Churchill's friends at Otaheite.

Of the nine who landed on Pitcairn's Island:—

1. Mr. Fletcher Christian, acting lieutenant } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
2. John Williams, seaman, } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
3. Isaac Martin, ditto, } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
4. John Mills, gunner's mate, } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
5. Wm. Brown, botanist's assistant, } were murdered by the Otaheitans.
6. Matthew Quintal, seaman, put to death by Young and Adams in self-defence.
7. William M'Koy, seaman, became insane, and killed by throwing himself from a rock.
8. Mr. Edward Young, midshipman, died of asthma.
9. Alexander Smith, *alias* John Adams, seaman, died in 1829.

The Pandora called at numerous islands without success; but on Lieutenant Corner having landed on one of the Palmerston's group, he found a yard and some spars, with the broad arrow upon them, and marked "Bounty." This induced the captain to cause a very minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the Pandora, being driven out to sea by blowing weather, and very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little tender and a jolly boat, the latter of which was never more heard of. This gives occasion to a little splenetic effusion from a writer in a periodical journal, which was hardly called for. "When this boat," says the writer, "with a midshipman and several men (four), had been inhumanly ordered from alongside, it was known that there was nothing in her but one piece of salt-beef, compassionately thrown in by a seaman; and horrid as must have been their fate, the flippant surgeon, after detailing the disgraceful fact, adds, 'that this is the way the world was peopled!' or words to that effect, for we quote only from memory." The following is quoted from the book: "It may be difficult to surmise," says the surgeon, "what has been the fate of those unfortunate men. They had a piece of salt-beef thrown into the boat to them on leaving the ship; and it rained a good deal that night and the following day, which might satiate their thirst. It is by these accidents the Divine Ruler of the universe has peopled the southern hemisphere." This is no more than asserting an acknowledged fact, that can hardly admit of a dispute; and there appears nothing in the paragraph which at all affects the character of Captain Edwards, against whom it is levelled. After a fruitless search of three months, the Pandora arrived, on the 29th August, on the coast of New Holland, and close to that extraordinary reef of coral rocks called the "Barrier Reef," which runs along the greater part of the eastern coast, but at a considerable distance from it. The boat had been sent out to look for an opening, which was soon discovered; but in the course of the night the ship had drifted past it. "On getting soundings," says Captain Edwards, in his narrative laid before the court-martial, "the topsails were filled; but before the tacks were hauled on board and other sail made and trimmed, the ship struck upon a reef; we had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways, to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up, and afterwards furled, the top-gallant yards got down, and the top-gallant masts struck. Boats were hoisted out, with a view to carry out an anchor; but before that could be effected, the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes after this, that there were four feet of water in the hold. Finding the leaks increasing so fast, it was thought necessary to turn the hands

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to the pumps, and to bale at the different hatchways; but she still continued to gain upon us so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck, there were eight feet and a half of water in the hold. About ten, we perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef, and was in ten fathoms water; we therefore let go the small bower anchor, cleared away a cable, and let go the best bower anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot, to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard, and the water gained upon us only in a small degree, and we flattered ourselves that by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which we were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, we might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of water: but these flattering hopes did not continue long; for, as she settled in the water, the leak increased again, and in so great a degree, that there was reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. During the night two of the pumps were unfortunately for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and we continued baling and pumping the remainder of the night; and every effort that was thought of was made to keep afloat and preserve the ship. Daylight fortunately appeared, and gave us the opportunity of seeing our situation and the surrounding danger; and it was evident the ship had been carried to the northward by a tide or current. The officers, whom I had consulted on the subject of our situation, gave it as their opinion, that nothing more could be done for the preservation of the ship; it then became necessary to endeavour to provide and to find means for the preservation of the people. Our four boats, which consisted of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into them; two canoes, which we had on board, were lashed together, and put into the water; rafts were made and all floating things upon deck were unlashed. About half-past six in the morning of the 29th the hold was full, and the water was between decks, and it also washed in at the upper deck ports, and there were strong indications that the ship was on the very point of sinking; and we began to leap overboard and take to the boats; and before every body could get out of her, she actually sunk. The boats continued astern of the ship, in the direction of the drift of the tide from her, and took up the people that had hold of rafts and other floating things that had been cast loose, for the purpose of supporting them on the water. The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, and afforded us no assistance when she was so much wanted on this trying and melancholy occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men, and sent to a small sandy island (or key) about four miles from the wreck; and I remained near the ship for some time with the other two boats, and picked up all the people that could be seen, and then followed the two first boats to the key; and having landed the men and cleared the boats, they were immediately despatched again, to look about the wreck and the adjoining reef for any that might be missing; but they returned without having found a single person. On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board, answered to their names; but thirty-one of the ship's company, and four mutineers, were lost with the ship."—It is remarkable enough that so little notice is taken of the mutineers in this narrative of the captain; and as the following statement is supposed to come from the late Lieutenant Corner, who was second lieutenant of the Pandora, it is entitled to be considered as authentic; and if so, Captain Edwards must havo deserved the character ascribed to him, of being altogether destitute of the common feelings of humanity. "Three of the Bounty's people, Coleman, Norman, and M'Intosh, were now let out of irons, and sent to work at the pumps. The others offered their assistance, and begged to be allowed a chance of saving their lives; instead of which, two additional sentinels were placed over them, with orders to shoot any who should attempt to get rid of their fetters. Seeing no prospect of escape, they betook themselves to prayer, and prepared to meet their fate, every one expecting that the ship would soon go to pieces, her rudder and part of the stern-post being already beat away." When the ship was actually sinking, and every effort making for the preservation of the crew, it is asserted that "no notice was taken of the prisoners, as is falsely stated by the author of the 'Pandora's Voyage,' although Captain Edwards was entreated by Mr. Heywood to have mercy upon them, when he passed over their prison, to make his

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own escape, the ship then lying on her broadside, with the larboard bow completely under water. Fortunately, the master-at-arms, either by accident or design, when slipping from the roof of 'Pandora's box' into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the scuttle or entrance, which he had just before opened; and thus enabled them to commence their own liberation, in which they were generously assisted, at the imminent risk of his own life, by William Moulter, a boatswain's mate, who clung to the coamings, and pulled the long bars through the shackles, saying he would set them free, or go to the bottom with them. Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the top-mast cross-trees. The master-at-arms and all the sentinels sunk to rise no more. The cries of them and the other drowning men were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour had elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats. Among the former were Mr. Stewart, John Summer, Richard Skinner, and Henry Hillbrant, the whole of whom perished with their hands still in manacles. On this melancholy occasion, Mr. Heywood was the last person but three who escaped from the prison, into which the water had already found its way through the bulk-head scuttles. Jumping overboard, he seized a plank, and was swimming towards a small sandy quay (key) about three miles distant, when a boat picked him up, and conveyed him thither in a state of nudity. It is worthy of remark, that James Morrison endeavoured to follow his young companion's example, and, although handcuffed, managed to keep afloat until a boat came to his assistance." This account would appear almost incredible. It is true, men are sometimes found to act the part of inhuman monsters; but then they are generally actuated by some motive or extraordinary excitement: here, however, there was neither; but, on the contrary, the condition of the poor prisoners appealed most forcibly to the mercy and humanity of their jailer. The surgeon of the ship states, in his account of her loss, that as soon as the spars, booms, hencoops, and other buoyant articles, were cut loose "the prisoners were ordered to be let out of irons." One would imagine, indeed, that the officers on this dreadful emergency would not be witness to such inhumanity, without remonstrating effectually against keeping these unfortunate men confined a moment beyond the period when it became evident that the ship must sink. It will be seen, however, presently, from Mr. Heywood's own statement, that they were so kept, and that the brutal and unfeeling conduct which has been imputed to Captain Edwards is but too true. It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the Pandora sunk, the surgeon says, "the crew had just time to leap overboard, accompanying it with a most dreadful yell. The cries of the men drowning in the water was at first awful in the extreme; but as they sunk and became faint, they died away by degrees."

Next are some interesting particulars of the Otaheitans:—"With regard to their worship, Captain Cook does the Otaheitans but justice in saying, they reproach many who bear the name of Christians. You see no instances of an Otaheitan drawing near the Eatooa with carelessness and inattention; he is all devotion; he approaches the place of worship with reverential awe; uncovers when he treads on sacred ground; and prays with a fervour that would do honour to a better profession. He firmly credits the traditions of his ancestors. None dares dispute the existence of the Deity. Thieving may also be reckoned as one of their vices; this, however, is common to all uncivilized nations, and, it may be added, civilized too. But to judge them fairly in this respect, we should compare their situation with that of a more civilized people. A native of Otaheite goes on board a ship, and finds himself in the midst of iron bolts, nails, knives scattered about, and is tempted to carry off a few of them. If we could suppose a ship from El Dorada to arrive in the Thames, and that the custom-house officers, on boarding her, found themselves in the midst of bolts, hatchets, chisels, all of solid gold, scattered about the deck, one need scarcely say what would be likely to happen. If the former found the temptation irresistible to supply himself with what was essentially useful—the latter would be as little able to resist that which would contribute to the indulgence of his avarice or the gratification of his pleasures, or of both. Such was the state of this beautiful island and its interesting and fascinating natives at the time when Captain Wallace first discovered, and Lieutenant Cook shortly afterwards visited, it. What they now are, as described by Captain Beechy, it is lamentable to reflect. All their usual and innocent amusements have been denounced by the missionaries, and, in

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lieu of them, these poor people have been driven to seek for resources in habits of indolence and apathy: that simplicity of character, which atoned for many of their faults, has been converted into cunning and hypocrisy; and drunkenness, poverty and disease, have thinned the island of its former population to a frightful degree. By a survey of the first missionaries, and a census of the inhabitants, taken in 1797, the population was estimated at 16,050 souls; Captain Waldegrave, in 1830, states it, on the authority of a census also taken by the missionaries, to amount only to 5,000—and there is but too much reason to ascribe this diminution to praying, psalm-singing, and dram-drinking.

"The island of Otaheite is in shape two circles united by a low and narrow isthmus. The larger circle is named Otaheite Mooé, and is about thirty miles in diameter; the lesser, named Tiaraboo, about ten miles in diameter. A belt of low land, terminating in numerous valleys, ascending by gentle slopes to the central mountain, which is about seven thousand feet high, surrounds the larger circle, and the same is the case with the smaller circle, on a proportionate scale. Down these valleys flow streams and rivulets of clear water, and the most luxuriant and verdant foliage fills their sides and the hilly ridges that separate them, among which were once scattered the smiling cottages and little plantations of the natives. All these are now destroyed, and the remnant of the population has crept down to the flats and swampy ground on the seashore, completely subservient to the seven establishments of missionaries, who have taken from them what little trade they used to carry on, to possess themselves of it; who have their warehouses, act as agents, and monopolise all the cattle on the island—but, in return, they have given them a new religion and a *parliament*, (*risum teneatis?*) and reduced them to a state of complete pauperism; and all, as they say, and probably have so persuaded themselves, for the honour of God, and the salvation of their souls! How much is such a change brought about by such conduct to be deprecated! How lamentable it is to reflect, that an island on which Nature has lavished so many of her bounteous gifts, with which neither Cyprus nor Cythera, nor the fanciful island of Calypso, can compete in splendid and luxuriant beauties, should be doomed to such a fate,—in an enlightened age, and by a people that call themselves civilised!"

On the publication of the work we may be induced to make further extracts. The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* thinks "most of the particulars of the seizure of the Bounty are familiar to the public;" but the writer of a paper on Captain Beechey's Narrative of his Voyage to the Pacific and Bering's Straits, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 89, thinks otherwise, inasmuch as "Captain Beechey would have done well to have given a brief abstract of Bligh's interesting narrative; which, though familiar to professional men, is but little known in these days to the general reader." After this note we expected a Narrative of the Bounty from the same quarter, and we believe the identity of the Reviewer and the Bounty editor too intelligible to require further explanation. His recommendation (in the *Review*,) to Captain Beechey to append the abstract of Bligh's narrative to the next edition of his Voyage is, however, in the true spirit of liberality.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A PORTRAIT.

THE following extract is taken from Miss Jane Porter's novel of *Duke Christian of Luneburg*, p. 265, vol. ii.:—

"Luneburg followed his track round the bend of a low, irregular hillock, which excluded the late field from their sight; but as he drew nearer his companions, he observed a person of a singularly fine mien, and very simply attired, standing rather on the slope towards them, and who had probably been viewing the passing military scene from that elevated point. When the Prince of Wales rode so close to the base of the hill, as to be almost within a few yards of him, this person turned round, and taking off his unplumed cap, with an air of the profoundest respect, yet with the aspect of a prince himself, he stood uncovered, evidently with the intention of remaining so, until the royal personage should have passed from his sight.

"Christian checked his horse, struck with the whole appearance of this man; for his countenance was as distinguished as his figure; his unbonnetted head displaying a brow so expansive in mental dignity, with eyes of such bright yet mild intelligence, that both seemed ready to mirror every high expression of which the soul of man is capable. Those speaking eyes met the fixed gaze of the German prince, who immediately moving his horse on the side of

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Henry—'Who is that noble person?' inquired he, in a lowered voice, while with an answering look accompanying the bend of his own head, he observed a something even of effulgence pass over the stranger's face, in bowing to him: an act of respect that appeared in consequence of having met so fixed a regard from one he knew to be the Prince of Luneburg.

"'Who is he?' returned the Prince of Wales, recovering from an abstraction which had hardly noticed the obeisance he received—'only SHAKSPEARE our dramatist.'". DUNELM.

CHINESE SCRAPS.

A MILITARY Mandarin observed to a gentleman connected with Lord Amherst's embassy to China, that "in time of peace the food became scanty, and that wars were absolutely necessary to maintain the proportion between supply and demand."

IN a proclamation of the Emperor of China, called forth a few years since by the troublesome increase of appeals from the provinces, his celestial majesty enjoined "strict search to be made to discover all law-suit exciting blackguards, and when found to punish them severely."

IT is one of the popular errors of the ignorant population of China, that courage is in proportion to the quantity of gall in the bladder; and the common expression for saying a man is destitute of courage, is to say, he has no gall at all; and a swaggerer will excuse an act of cowardice by asking if you think he has got a gall-bladder as big as a firkin. They also imagine that they can increase the quantity of gall in their own system by eating the gall of another; the executioner steeps rice in the gall of the criminal, which he sells in grains.

AN Emperor of China proposed making a progress through part of his dominions; one of his counsellors opposed it, as at that time improper. The emperor, in heat, drew his sabre, and cried, "Pass the order for my journey this instant, or I will strike off your head." The officer, without the least motion, took off his Mandarin's cap and robe, and kneeling down with his neck extended, said, "Your majesty may strike, for I cannot comply with what I know to be contrary to the good of the empire." The emperor checked himself, and gave up his journey.

IN China there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius. The offerings brought to the shrine during the spring and autumn, gave rise to a consumption of 27,000 hogs, 2,800 sheep, 2,800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits, besides 27,000 pieces of silk. W. G. C.

ALDERMANIC WIT.

JAMES I. in one of his capricious moods, threatened to remove the seat of royalty, the archives of the crown, &c. from the capital; when an alderman said, "*Your Majesty will, at least, be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames.*" P. T. W.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who, when she liv'd did naught but scold;
Peace, wake her not, for now she's still,
She had, but now I have my will.

I. H.

LAWFUL EJECTMENT.

Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre were called to order by the celebrated Felix Mc Carthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said you shall hear from one of us our name is *Lawes*. "Lawes is it," quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name," and exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "Now by the powers you're both *Out-laws*."

COUNSELLOR Lamb, an old man, when Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was of timid manners and nervous disposition, usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect, and on one occasion, when opposed, in some cause, to Erskine, he happened to remark that, "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a *lamb* grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes."

A PERSON who was remarkable for his antipathy to the medical profession, observed that physicians were like hog-butchers. "I am glad," said a gentleman, "that you have so charitable an opinion of them, for hogbutchers always *cure* as many as they *kill*."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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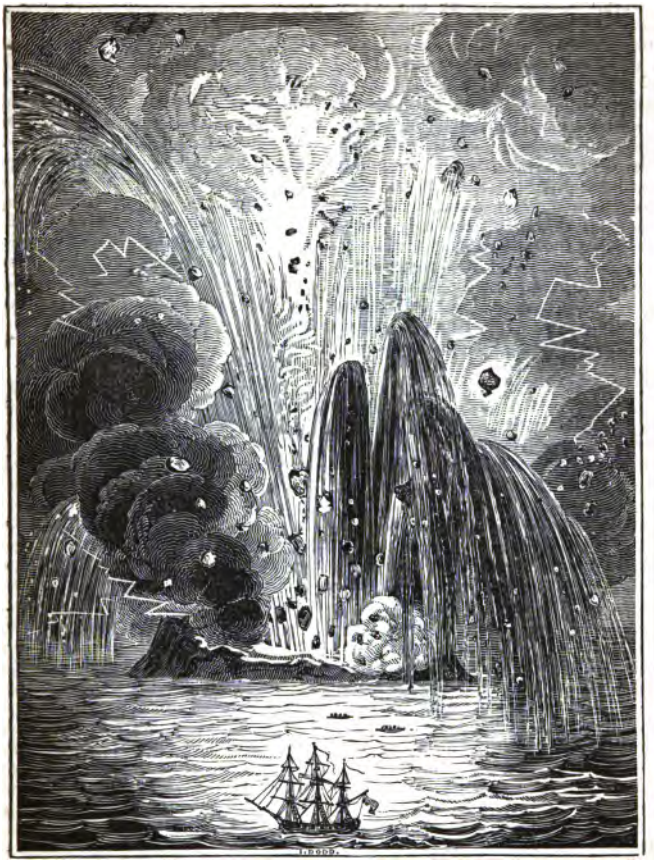

NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND,

WHICH HAS JUST APPEARED OFF SICILY.

A hand invisible was rearing,
A new creation in the secret deep.—Montgomery.

That islands rise from the ocean—sink—and are seen no more—is but one of the changeful characteristics of Nature; but one of the processes that are constantly going on in her grand laboratory. Yet, what an epitome is this of creation and decay—what a sublime lesson on the briefness of all existence. History, observation, and experience teach us that nations pass away; yet, in the study of such phenomena as the present, we see a little earth, as it were, burst into existence, and disappear within a few months. We know that in the animal kingdom certain creatures "live and have their being" but for a few hours; but the above phenomena are of more rare occurrence, and excite a proportional degree of interest.

Our surprise will diminish at the marvellous stories of the ancients when we consider how easily the narratives of these phenomena might be embellished by old writers, with mere fable. It will be, therefore, no great stretch of the imagination to associate the poetical

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story of the Island of Atlantis with one of such occurrences; and we may take an early opportunity of submitting more upon this subject than we can at present devote to its consideration.

Passing over the phenomena of the ancients, we proceed to those of our own times. Thus, Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla have had repeated eruptions; but no new Island has been formed in the European seas, nor in any neighbouring ocean with the exception of that off the coast of St. Michael's (one of the Azores,) when the temporary Island of Sabrina rose from the deep. It first showed itself above the sea on the 13th of June, 1811, and continued to increase for several days, when it attained a circumference of one mile, and a height of 300 feet. It had a beautiful crater with an opening 30 feet wide to the south-west from which hot water poured into the sea. In the month of October of the same year, the island began gradually to disappear, and, by the end of February, 1812, vapour only was occasionally seen rising from the spot where the island formerly stood. We quote these facts from Professor Jameson; and, on turning to Bakewell, we find that "a gentleman who visited the Azores in 1813," informed him that the island had disappeared and "there is now eighty fathoms water in the place."

Professor Jameson describes the present Island as "very much resembling Sabrina, being composed of vesicular lava, scoriæ, and volcanic ashes." Many accounts of this interesting phœnomenon have already been published, which, although imperfect, we proceed to quote:

The first notice of this new insular volcano was published in the following terms, in the *Messager des Chambres*:—"Towards 11 o'clock on the 10th of July, 1831, Captain John Corrao, commander of the bring Thérésine, going from Trapani to Girgenti, in Sicily, at the distance of about twenty miles from Cape St. Mark, perceived at the distance of a gun-shot a mass of water, which rose 60 feet above the level of the sea, and presented a circumference of nearly 400 fathoms; a smoke proceeded from it, exhaling an odour of sulphur. The preceding day, in the Gulf of *Trois Fontaines* (Three Fountains) he had seen a great quantity of dead fish and of black matter floating on the water, and he heard a noise like that of thunder, which the captain attributed to a volcanic eruption. He continued his voyage to Girgenti; and all the time that he was occupied in lading his ship, he saw a thick smoke rise incessantly from the same point, before which he arrived on the 16th, on his return from Girgenti. A new spectacle was then presented to him, namely, a tract of land, of the same circumference as that of the mass of water which he had observed on his first voyage. This island, which we shall call Corrao, from the name of him who saw it formed, is elevated twelve feet above the level of the sea; it has in the middle a kind of plain, and the crater of a volcano, whence a burning lava is seen to proceed during the night. The island is bordered by a girdle of smoke. The sounding all around the island gives a depth of 100 fathoms. The lat. 37 deg. 6 min. N., and long. 10 deg. 26 min. E. from the meridian of Paris."

Dr. Turnbull Christie, in a letter to Professor Jameson, dated Malta, July 23, 1831, says "it would appear that the volcano commenced on the 11th instant, when it was seen by the master of a small vessel sailing towards Terra Nova, who describes it as having had the appearance of a large rugged island, coming up and falling with force back into the sea, so that the sea flew up to a great height, and fell down in the form of foam. This was seen to be repeated at short intervals, for nearly two hours. The masters of two small vessels, one from Sardinia and the other from Palermo, state, 'On the 13th instant, about two o'clock, P.M. being between Sciacca and Pantellaria, 25 miles southward of Sciacca, we discovered three columns of smoke, apparently issuing from the sea. On approaching it we heard a great noise, like the rolling of the wheels of a steam-vessel.' Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham immediately sent off the tender of the flag-ship, commanded by one of the lieutenants, and afterwards sent the Philomel, commanded by Captain Smith, to examine and ascertain the exact position of the new volcano." In a postscript to this letter the island is stated to have been named *Hotham Island*, in honour of the Vice-Admiral. We subjoin

"Report of Commander C. H. Swinburne, of his Majesty's Ship Rapid, to Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B.

"His Majesty's Sloop Rapid, at Malta, "July 22, 1831.

"Sir,

"I HAVE the honour to inform you that, on the 18th of July, 1831, at 4, P.M., the town of Marsala bearing by compass E. half N., nine miles, I observed from on board his Majesty's sloop Rapid,

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under my command, a highly irregular column of very white smoke or steam, bearing S. by E. I steered for it, and continued to do so till 8 h. 15 m. P. M. when having gone about thirty miles by the reckoning, I saw flashes of brilliant light mingled with the smoke, which was still distinctly visible by the light of the moon.

"In a few minutes the whole column became black and larger; almost immediately afterwards several successive eruptions of lurid fire rose up amidst the smoke; they subsided, and the column then became gradually white again. As we seemed to near it fast, I shortened sail and hove-to till daylight, that I might ascertain its nature and exact position. During the night the changes from *white* to *black* with flashes, and the eruption of fire, continued at irregular intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour. At daylight I again steered towards it, and about 5 A.M., when the smoke had for a moment cleared away at the base, I saw a small hillock of a dark colour, a few feet above the sea. This was soon hidden again, and was only visible through the smoke at intervals between the more violent eruptions.

"The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, with vast volumes of steam. At 7 h. 30 m. the rushing noise of the eruptions was heard. At 9, being distant from it about two miles, and the water being much discoloured with dark objects at the surface in various places, I hove to, and went in a boat to sound round and examine it. I rowed towards it, keeping on the weather-side, and sounding, but got no bottom till within twenty yards of the western side, where I had eighteen fathoms, *soft bottom*; this was the only sounding obtained, except from the brig, one mile true north from the centre of the island, where the depth was 130 fathoms, *soft dark brown mud*. The crater (for it was now evident that such was its form) seemed to be composed of fine cinders and mud of a *dark brown colour*; within it was to be seen, in the intervals between the eruptions, a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running into the sea, over the edge of the crater, which I found on rowing round, to be broken down to the level of the sea, on the W.S.W. side, for the space of ten or twelve yards. Here I obtained a better view of the interior, which appeared to be filled with muddy water, violently agitated, from which showers of hot stones or cinders were constantly shooting up a few yards, and falling into it again; but the great quantity of steam that constantly rose from it, prevented my seeing the whole crater.

"A considerable stream of muddy water flowed outward through the opening, and mingling with that of the sea, caused the discolouration that had been observed before. I could not approach near enough to observe its temperature, but that of the sea, within ten or twelve yards of it, was only one degree higher than the average; and to leeward of the island, in the direction of the current (which ran to the eastward), no difference could be perceived, even where the water was most discoloured; however, as a 'mirage' played above it near its source, it was probably hot there. The dark objects on the surface of the sea proved to be patches of small floating cinders. The island or crater appeared to be seventy or eighty yards in its external diameter, and the lip as thin as it could be consistent with its height, which might be twenty feet above the sea in the highest, and six feet in the lowest part, leaving the rest for the diameter of the area within. These details could only be observed in the intervals between the great eruptions, some of which I witnessed from the boat. No words can describe their sublime grandeur. Their progress was generally as follows:—After the volcano had emitted for some time its usual quantities of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust, rushing upwards to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea on all sides with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. The steam was at first of a brown colour, having embodied a great deal of dust; as it rose it gradually recovered its pure white colour, depositing the dust in the shape of a shower of muddy rain. While this was being accomplished, renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee side, where they often made imperfect water-spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little

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of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty, sparkling, dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared more than half a foot in diameter, and most of them much smaller.

"From the time when the volcano was first seen till after I left it, the barometer did not fall or rise; the sympiesometer underwent frequent but not important changes: and the temperature of the sea did not bespeak any unusual influence.

"After sunset, on the 18th, soundings were tried for every hour, to the average depth of eighty fathoms; no bottom. The wind was N.W., the weather was serene.

"On the forenoon of the 19th, with the centre of the volcano bearing by the compass S. by W. ½ W. one mile distant, good sights, for the chronometer gave longitude 12 deg. 41 min. E.; and at noon on the same day, when it bore W. by N. ½ N. by compass, the meridian altitude of the sun gave the latitude 37 deg. 7 min. 30 sec. N.; an amplitude of the sun the same morning gave the variation of 1½ point westerly. *It is worthy of remark, that on the 28th of June last, at 9 h. 30 m. P.M. when passing near the same spot in company with the Britannia, several shocks of an earthquake were felt in both ships.* I have the honour to be, &c.

"C. H. SWINBURNE, Commander."

In our next Number, we intend to quote other statements. We conclude, therefore, for the present, with a note from the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London*, which states that the master of the brig, Adelaide, from London, distinguished *fire* on the 17th of July, at which period it is probable the land rose to the surface for the first time.

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(For the Mirror.)

LARK.

'Tis joy that prompts my early theme,
And guides me through yon heav'nly plain;
My summer hours no sorrows dim,
No notes of sadness mar my strain,
When summer skies are calm and fair,
And I can sing while soaring there.

NIGHTINGALE.

Mine are the soft the melting lays,
That stealing o'er the mourner's heart,
Awaken dreams of happier days,
Till tears in warm suffusion start.
Lone and unseen I sanctify
The silent groves with melody.

LARK.

Soon as the kindling day's begun,
You ether parts beneath my wing:
Ere man is ris'n to hail the sun,
Delighted from the world I spring;
And singing in the azure skies,
Behold him first in glory rise.

NIGHTINGALE.

When watchful shepherds close the fold,
And dews have fall'n, and stars are met;
When sportive fays their revels hold,
And glow worms in the grass are set;
In groves with night and silence blest,
I sing the list'ning world to rest.

LARK.

With wings of speed, and songs of joy
For him, that claimed their matin flow,
Through fields of light I soar on high,
When noontide's beauteous splendours glow;
Singing, while silence lulls the grove,
My lays of thankfulness, and love.

NIGHTINGALE.

In midnight hours, beneath the shine
Of winking stars, and moonbeams pale,
No lonely voice, no song but mine
Floats through the woods, or o'er the vale;
And hush'd, as 'twere with ecstacy,
All earth seems list'ning then to me.

LARK.

At eve, where streams of glory play
On clouds that round his setting throng,
I watch the parting sun away,
God of my love, theme of my song:
To him I breathe my closing strain,
Then seek the dim cold earth again.

NIGHTINGALE.

The dawn's pure star, may tremble long,
And lose its lustre in the ray
That tells of morning, ere my song
In nature's stillness dies away;
To night one lingering farewell more
I breathe, then all my songs are o'er.

SYLVA.

AN OLD SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

IN Number 510 of the *Mirror*, a correspondent states that a stanza which has recently appeared in several publications, was 130 years old.

Purcell, who flourished about 1680, set the following words as a two part song:—

"I saw fair Cloris all alone,
When feather'd snow came softly down
And Jove descending from his tow'r
To court her in a silver show'r;
The gentle snow flew in her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear,
Which falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem."

About the year 1723, George Hayden, organist of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, set the same lines, with a trifling alteration, as a *duet*, which is very popular to this day, and repeatedly sung in public, under the title of

"As I saw fair Clora."

P.

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THE CUCKOO NOTE.

(For the Mirror.)

The Cuckoo it is well known, when his annual visit is well nigh ended, quits his simple song of two notes only, and indulges in a strain of three and sometimes four notes; this is generally about the middle or latter end of June; but on the 18th of May, 1831, I heard a bold bird beginning his song of summer; I started, as it seemed to say, "*Spring is o'er;*" and chid it in these words:

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, why so soon
Would'st thou change thy vernal tune?
Cuckoo, 'tis not Summer yet,
Why thine early note forget?
Tell us not that Spring is gone,
But gentle Cuckoo, still sing on
The song that ope'd the cowslip flower
And bade the woodbine wreath my bower.
'Tis yet but May, 'tis yet but May,
Begin not then thy Summer lay,
Still sing us Spring's enchanting tune,
And keep thine other song 'till June.

COLBOURNE.

GERMAN HARVEST-SONG.

Written at the period of the Queen of Prussia's Death.

BY C. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

(For the Mirror.)

The golden corn waves light
O'er wreaths of flow'rs
The sickle's gleam is bright
Beneath the bow'rs.

Now let the verdant hills
Our song resound,
But deeper music thrills
The scene around.

Winds, as they kiss the rose,
Our loss deplore;
They break not her repose;
—She is no more!

Hid is her eyes' soft blue
Beneath the sod,
And our warm tears bedew
The gifts of God!

G. R. C.

Anecdote Gallery.

CHARACTERISTIC GLEANINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

How imperfect, how limited is our knowledge and perception. We come unconscious into the world; unconscious of the actual moment of dissolution, we leave it. We are ignorant of the moment we are born, and cannot penetrate one second beyond the last struggle of life. We learn to read the last few lines of the page of our existence, but never know the first word of the next leaf. Life ebbs like the river which comes, God knows whence, and rolls away into a wide and fathomless ocean.

A Cockney, I mean the real un-travelled, unsophisticated cockney, is a singular being; happy, contented, well-fed, and sometimes ill-behaved. He travels to his parish church on Sunday, journeys round to a neighbour's house in the adjoining street, perhaps refreshes his eyes with a sight of the Temple Gardens, takes a hearty dinner, and a hearty nap, wakes to the melodious singing of a tea kettle, scalds his throat with hot tea, spells over the police reports and London accidents, reads of Madras, Madrid, Paris or Pekin with the same interest, till supper is brought in by a shrivelled, pale, anatomy of a servant; then comes the brandy and water, then the night cap, and he wakes to his weekly avocations. As for myself, I have wandered over regions far and far away. I have seen the sun bathe the Andes in a flood of light. I have listened to the wild African beating his monotonous tom-tom. I have smoked the long tubed pipe with the majestic Turk, and drunk skeedam with the rich burgomaster; but the cockney has never seen the green fields. I left him in his shop, and he has never seen a turnpike. Like a huge cabbage, he vegetates on his own peculiar spot, independent and unheeded. I envy a cockney, except when I am not travelling. Put me in a mail coach, the guard's horn calling out fresh horses at the post-house; dead of night; windows up and all snug till the morning; good heavens then I pity the cockney.

A few years since a labouring man at Rendlesham, in Suffolk, dug up a crown of gold, supposed to have belonged to Redwald the king of the East Angles. Afraid of the lord of the manor claiming this discovered treasure, he melted it, and deprived the antiquarian world of an interesting specimen of early workmanship.

Blicking Hall, near Aylsham, in Norfolk, is the birthplace of Anne Boleyn. Her statue stands on one side of the staircase, and Elizabeth's on the other. On the pedestal, supporting the statue of the former, is this inscription:—

"Anne Boleyne
"Hic Natæ."

Anne Boleyn's copy of Tyndal's translation of "the Newe Testament, imprinted at Antwerp, by Marten Emperowr, Anno M.D.XXXIIIJ," is preserved

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in the British Museum; (Cracherode coll.) it is upon vellum, illuminated. Upon the gilding of the leaves, in a red letter, are the words "Anna Regina Angliæ." The unfortunate Queen imagined that her life would have been spared. She was executed on the 19th of May, 1536; and a letter is extant in the Harleian col. 283 fol. 134, from the governor of the Tower, wherein he writes of his fair prisoner on the day before her execution—"Thys day at dyner the Quene sayd that she shuld go to Anvures, (Anvers, Antwerp) and ys in hope of life." Henry VIII. married her before day break in a garret at the western end of the palace of Whitehall.

It is a singular fact that foreigners are our best references for the public transactions of the earlier ages. Froissart, Philip de Comines, and Monstrelet, are the best chroniclers for information concerning the political events and revolutions of Great Britain.

Philip de Comines, alluding to the circumstance of Charles VII. of France, being refused credit for a pair of boots, gravely observes: — "I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people, for they know not at what hour they may want them."

Cant is the gilding that a rogue puts on his own base metal without the fear of Jack Ketch before his eyes, and with the certainty of enriching himself by the credulity of others.

"Hypocrisy may serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution or promotion
Do equally advance devotion;
So round white stones will serve, some say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay."
Butler's Genuine Remains.

Law seems to be like a vast snow ball, which gathers and increases as it rolls along. "Vires acquirit eundo." It is a sponge of unconquerable growth, steeped in the obstinate follies and crimes of society. In the reign of James I., the following salaries were paid to the three chief courts of law:—

	£.	s.	d.
Sir Edward Coke, King's Bench	224	10	6
Sir H. Hubbard, Common Pleas	161	13	1
Lord Chief Baron, Exchequer	154	19	8
Besides an extra allowance to each on their Circuits	33	6	8

The first instance of a subject's quartering arms, is in the middle of the fourteenth century, in the case of John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, after the example of Edward III.

Christian names are very frequently endearing to us; a fancy pervades a name; who would imagine a snuffy, shrivelled, old woman, with grey hair, and a couple of black teeth, answering to the name of Laura; or a hump-back, squinting, bandy-legged, little monster of a man, bearing the name of Adolphus. The insipid query of "what is there in a name?" must have emanated from some base born feeling worthy of a Tom or a Dick of the lowest grade. Many a girl glides into a romantic attachment owing to some delightful christian name; and many a swain loves his maiden because the name slips smoothly over the tongue, bewitching the ear without distorting the mouth.

The present custom of having many names attached to the patronymic, has only been introduced within the last century, and is perfectly useless; perhaps it is derived from our southern neighbours, especially if we bear in mind the proud Spaniard, who carries a coat of heraldry in his baptismal certificate, as Don Antonio Joze Emmanuel Roderigo Alphonso de Pinto, of Andalusia, which sounds infinitely better, and is more pleasing to the eye, than Mr. William Robert Henry Francis Augustus Sneggs, of Norton Falgate.

Giants are supposed to have existed on this planet. The little child in the nursery, firmly believes in them. The ancient Greeks did the same; and Dr. Tytler, (vide Calcutta Mirror, March 23, 1820), states that in the bed of a river near Russun, he found the fossil remains of the first joint of a human finger, twice the size of the joint of an ordinary man, whence the doctor introduces an *ergo*, that the subject must have been twelve feet high.

Baptism is not peculiar to christianity. It was used by the Anglo-Saxons anterior to the arrival of the early fathers. Olden says, (Northern Antiquities, vol. i. 335. ii. 221.) "If I will that a man neither fall in battle nor perish by the sword, I sprinkle him over with water at the instant of his birth." The Highlander uses a different ceremony: he swings the young born child over a fire kindled on the ground, and says, "Fire and trouble consume thee now or never."

James Silvester

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Retrospective Gleanings.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CLARENDON.

(For the Mirror.)

"THE Constitution of Clarendon" formed a charter, or code of laws, established by the parliament at Clarendon, in Wiltshire, A. D. 1164;—sixteen articles of which related particularly to ecclesiastical matters, and were designed by King Henry II., to check the power of the Pope and his clergy, and to limit the total exemption which they claimed from the secular jurisdiction. The substance of them is as follows:—

1.—All pleas between clergymen and laymen shall be tried in the king's courts.

2.—Churches in the king's gift shall not be filled without his consent.

3.—All clergymen, when accused of any crime, shall be tried in the king's courts; and when convicted, shall not be protected from punishment by the church.

4.—Clergymen shall not go out of the kingdom without the king's leave.

5 and 6.—Regulate the manner of proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts.

7.—None of the king's ministers or vassals shall be excommunicated without his knowledge.

8.—Appeals from the archbishop to be made to the king.

9.—Pleas between a clerk and a layman, whether an estate was in fee-alms or a lay-fee, to be tried in the king's court by a jury.

10.—One of the king's tenants might be interdicted, but not excommunicated, without the consent of the civil judge of the place.

11.—All prelates who hold baronies of the king, shall perform the same services with other barons.

12.—The revenues of vacant sees and abbeys to the king. The election of prelates shall be with the king's consent; and they shall swear fealty, and do homage to the king, before their consecration.

13, 14, and 15, direct the manner of proceeding in case any of the king's barons shall disseise any of the clergy of the lay-fees which they held under them.

16.—The sons of villains shall not be ordained without the leave of their masters.

Britton, in his *Wiltshire*, says—"Of all the prelates present, Archbishop Becket alone openly and boldly refused to give them the sanction of his authority; but finding the king inflexibly bent on the attainment of his object, the proud prelate was at length induced to comply; and accordingly, at a second meeting of the council, put his signature to the deed. No sooner, however, was the primate advised of the pope's determination to support the pretensions of the church, than he obtained absolution for this act, and renewed that arrogant opposition to the king's measures which only ended with his life, and was the indirect cause of his barbarous, though merited murder."

In the time of Henry III. Clarendon seems to have attained the zenith of its glory. Edward summoned a parliament to meet there in 1317; but the dissensions which then prevailed between the king and his barons prevented its assembling. Its palace is now completely in ruins.

P. T. W.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF HANNO'S VOYAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

HANNO was a Carthaginian commander, celebrated for his voyage of discovery, undertaken by order of the state. He circumnavigated the coast of Africa, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the extremity of Arabia.

"The relation of Hanno's voyage," says Montesquieu, in *The Spirit of Laws*, "is a fine fragment of antiquity. It was written by the very man that performed it; and his recital is not mingled with ostentation. Great commanders write their actions with simplicity, because they receive more glory from facts than from words. The style is agreeable to the subject: he deals not in the marvellous. All he says of the climate, of the soil, the behaviour, the manners of the inhabitants, correspond with what is every day seen on the coast of Africa. One would imagine it the journal of a modern sailor.

"He observed from his fleet, that in the day-time there was a prodigious silence on the continent; that in the night he heard the sound of various musical instruments, and that fires might then be everywhere seen, some larger than others. Our relations are conformable to this. It has been discovered, that in the day the savages retire into the forests, to avoid the heat of the sun—that they light up great fires in the night, to disperse the beasts of prey—and that they are passionately fond of music and dancing."

The same writer describes a volcano, with all the phenomena of Vesuvius; and relates, that he took two hairy women, who chose to die rather than follow the Carthaginians, and whose skins he carried to Carthage. This has been found not void of probability.

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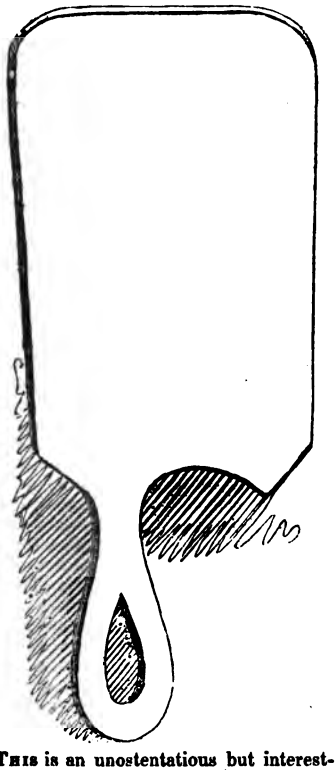
This narrative is so much the more valuable, as it is a monument of Punic antiquity; and from hence alone it has been regarded as fabulous. Some moderns have imbibed these prejudices. See Mr. Dodwell's dissertation on Hanno's Periplus, wherein the authenticity of this work has been questioned.

P. T. W.

Fine Arts.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PALETTE.



This is an unostentatious but interesting relic of the illustrious painter, "Sir Joshua," as he was somewhat too technically called by the artists of the last century.

The palette is now in a collection of memorials of genius, in the possession of Mr. W. Cribb, of King-street, Covent Garden; to whom it descended from his father, who received it from Sir Joshua's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. It is of plain mahogany, and measures 11 inches by 7 inches.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his pleasant Life of Reynolds, in the *Family Library*, tells us that "his sitters' chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he *held his palettes by a handle*, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long." The biographer also quotes the following memorandum respecting the painter's art, dated 1755:—"For painting the flesh, black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow-ochre, ultramarine, and varnish. To lay the palette:—first lay, carmine and white in different degrees; second lay, orpiment and white ditto; third lay, blue-black and white ditto. The first sitting, for expedition, make a mixture as like the sitter's complexion as you can."

By the way, on looking over the above *Life*, we find the following remark by Mr. Cunningham, on the occasion of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, visiting the native place of the great painter, in Devonshire: "The applause of a man's native place is generally the last which he receives; for those who knew him in youth will not readily allow that in capacity he is superior to themselves, and are apt to regard the coming of his fame among them as an intrusion to be resented." How does Mr. Cunningham reconcile this doctrine with his enthusiastic reception at *his* native-place, a short time since. We think there is much truth in his remark; though, in this instance, the author's own fortune is happily an untoward illustration of his opinion.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE SCOTTISH PEASANTRY.

(Concluded from page 241.*)*

Again, at meal times, and in all their hours of relaxation, there are now no restraints on them as formerly. Consequently, their jokes are coarser, and one profligate servant may sometimes materially affect the probity and virtuous feelings not of one family of servants, but of many of which he is an annual member. Formerly a master and his servants rarely parted; now there is a constant circulation from one family to another throughout the whole country. The greater number of the married shepherds are, however, an exception to this. Every one of these having a share of the stock of which he has the charge, feels as much interested as his master, and is mostly a permanent possessor These shepherds form a very intelligent and superior class of the community. But the truth is, that, for the most part, farm-servants still sustain

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a good name for sobriety and probity. They feel that they must do so, and that the existence of themselves and families depends on it. It is from the families of a sort of half independent class, such as fenars, that the moral quiet of the country is disturbed.

Further, if poaching may be admitted as a country pastime, there is an overwhelming increase of that of late years. When I was young, there assuredly were no game laws, or, if there were, I never heard of them. Every man who liked to take a shot did so, provided the farmers and shepherds would allow him. But there was a hard obstacle to be got over, for they would not let a man set a foot on their premises, so that in those days there were no regular or systematic poachers. There were always a few who shot a hare by moonlight, or even ventured to trace her in a snow when the farmer's stock of sheep were gathered from the hill, and that was the extent of poaching over all this country. Indeed, there were no black-cocks then. I was upwards of twenty years a shepherd ere ever I saw one in the south of Scotland, so that the temptations for poaching were not then so great. But now the poachers go forth in bands of from three to eight, with their faces blackened, their pointers and percussion-guns, and they range over the whole country from day to day, and from month to month, without once being challenged. The farmers and shepherds tried at first to stop them; but they found it both vain and dangerous. They could not seize them without a warrant, and they could not discover who they were so as to procure warrants. There is certainly something strangely deficient in the law here. I should conceive that the man who goes out among a farmer's stock, with a dog and a gun, and a blackened face, might be seized by any person concerned, and severely punished. Such a scoundrel is not tied to the killing of game alone; for it is very well known, that, in their long predatory excursions, when sometimes out for weeks at a time on the well-stocked moors, these fellows frequently pop up a lamb for their nightly fare.

As for the gamekeepers, they are the most vexatious, insolent, and insignificant persons in the whole world. If a gentleman chance to transgress by going over his bounds; or, if a farmer's friend or servant is found in a transgression; in short, wherever there is a chance of some money and eclat, in their employer's estimation, without any chance of a broken head or much trouble,—they are amazingly active and efficient indeed, and the humbled culprit is soused with the utmost rigour of law, while the regular professed poacher is as free to the game as the first proprietor of the country. But this great annoyance is fast working its own cure. The game that a few years ago were nearly as plentiful as the sheep, and, though not a profitable stock, were certainly a beautiful one, are exhausted, and on the very eve of being totally rooted out; so that the noblemen and gentlemen have been preserving their game solely for the pleasure and benefit of the very outcasts and ragamuffins of society.

But how different were the simple amusements of this country all the time from the close of the persecution up to the revolutionary war with France! This family union, or compact, as we may call it, between masters and servants, kept all things uniform, cheerful, and right,—for in all the sports the farmer or his family joined. The itinerant fiddlers were a great source of amusement, and a blithesome sight to many a young eye; but every farmer acknowledged one only as his family musician, and the reception of interlopers was rather equivocal. The family musician, however, knew well when to make his appearances. These were at the sheep-shearing, when he got his choice fleece; at the end of harvest, to the kirn supper; at the end of the year, for his cakes and cheese; and at the end of seed time, for his lippie of oats. On all these occasions the neighbours were summoned, and the night spent in dancing and singing; and then, besides the farmer's bounty, it was customary for every man to give the musician sixpence, the maidens being free of every expense all over the country. But then, be it remembered, that at that period every farmer had only one farm, and his family were his principal servants; now, for the most part, every farmer has three, four, or ten of these farms, which makes the distance between master and servant wider and wider.

I have myself seen two farmers' wives, whose houses were within call of each other, meet every fine summer evening, and with their children and servants (for each of them had only a lad and lass) play a game at Blind Harry in the ewe-bught; and though I can hardly describe wherein the great sport of the game consisted, I know there was one continued yell of laughter from beginning to end of it. These moments of relaxation, during the days of the family union, had a zest in them which the menial is no more destined to enjoy.

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In short, though the manly sports of the country, such as wrestling, leaping, racing on foot, putting the stone, archery, and numberless others, may, in some few places, be on the increase, still the young men have these violent exercises to themselves; and since the extermination of the penny-weddings, kirns, and family-dances, the peasantry have not an amusement in which the sexes join; and this sort of abstraction is the first thing that tends to demoralize society, and to stamp the character of man with a more rude and repulsive tint. Youth and manhood combined require some principle of excitation, and when that of female beauty is withheld from them, they must descend to a worse, the glass and boisterous mirth.

But I am far from complaining of our peasantry in this respect. A shepherd or farm-servant is rarely if ever, in this part of the world at least, found in the public-house, excepting once or twice a-year, at the great fairs, when they "tak a rouse wi' ane anither, an' wi' the lasses." But the road-workers, young tradesmen, &c., are often loose and dissipated characters, and the public money is ill expended among them. The lasses and women folk in general would still be blithe and cheery, for their natures are constituted for it; but they have no opportunities of exercising those lively and amiable propensities, nor would they know at present how to do so if they had.

I can, therefore, only ascribe the late decided change in the character of our peasantry, *First*, to the disuse of song, arising in a great degree from the laying open to the uninitiated, our treasured and highly-valued lore of ancient minstrelsy, which lost all its interest and romance as soon as it ceased to be chanted in its native and animated lilts.

Secondly, To something radically deficient in the game laws, or in the mode of enforcing them, which I do not take it on me fully to explain or expatiate on. But I really see no other effectual way of putting an end to this galling nuisance, except either by shooting all the game or all the poachers. It is a pity that a few regiments of them are not dispatched to Poland as sharpshooters. They would *wing* the Russians to some purpose, and certainly no class of the community could be better spared.

Thirdly, To the gradual advancement of the *aristocracy* of farming, if I may be allowed the expression, district after district being thrown into large farms, which has placed such a distance between servants and masters, that in fact they have no communication whatever, and very little interest in common. The master's eye is never upon them, and of course they have no opportunities of ingratiating themselves with him or with his family; but are subjected to all the caprices of a menial like themselves. The ancient state of vassalage was a delightful bond compared to this. It is a state of absolute slavery, with only one amelioration, namely, the liberty, at each term, of selling themselves to the highest bidder. This last, with its concomitant evils, already stated, I consider as the principal cause of the radical change which you have observed, and of which you were pleased to make the inquiries at me."

Now, sir, I must confess that my friend did not entirely acquiesce in all these eloquent dogmas of mine, and neither perhaps will you,—but I remained obstinate as usual, and refused to retract one sentence, and so he closed the conversation by the good-natured remark, "that there surely must be some truth in them."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

WHO MURDERED BEGBIE?*

A stage-coach Romance.

* * * * While meditating in this mood upon various matters, the driver descended from his dicky and opened the door, for the purpose of admitting a couple of passengers into the coach. One of them was a short, stout, dapper, middle-aged man, habited in a green surtout, buckskin small-clothes, and topped boots. By his dialect I perceived he was an Englishman; and from several circumstances in his appearance and conversation, was led to believe him a traveller for some commercial house in London. It is difficult to mistake a bagman—there is always something about him than indicates his profession. I have generally found them—at least, those of the Cockney school—good-humoured, bustling, talkative fellows; fond of smoking, snuffing, and gossip; abounding in tavern anecdotes, and as communicative concerning themselves as they are inquisitive about others. This was pre-

* Begbie was porter to one of the banks in Edinburgh; being sent out with a parcel, containing five thousand pounds, he was stabbed in the High-street, and robbed of the money. Many years have now elapsed, and up to the present moment no trace has been found of the murderer.

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clearly the character of the gentleman in question. Before he had been two minutes in my company, we were as familiar as if we had been acquainted all our lives; and by his lively, miscellaneous conversation, I soon forgot what had just given me so much annoyance.

The other passenger was a tall and remarkably thin man, apparently about fifty years of age: he was, I think, the most meagre figure I ever saw. The Englishman was struck with his appearance, as well as myself; for he asked him if he was in good health, and, with much kindness, proposed to close the window next him, to screen him from the wind, besides offering him the use of his cloak for the journey, and tendering various other civilities. The other appreciated these attentions as they deserved, but assured the worthy bagman that he was in perfect health; and, although delicate to look at, he had in reality nothing to complain of, but ate, drank, slept, and enjoyed himself as much as his neighbours. Nor did his behaviour during the journey appear at variance with this declaration. He was at once lively, good-humoured, and energetic; spoke a great deal; and seemed much struck with the beauty of the surrounding country. Altogether, he was so agreeable and well-informed, that I felt deep regret when he left us, which he did at the Broom-house Toll, about five miles from Glasgow. I must mention, however, that, for some minutes before his departure, a deep cloud seemed to fall upon the face of the bagman. He lost, all at once, his talkativeness and good humour, and sat in the corner of the coach, having his eyes fixed upon our fellow-traveller with an expression of mingled curiosity, resentment, and alarm. So much did his agitation prevail, that when the emaciated stranger left the coach, he refused to shake his hand, although it was held out to him for the purpose; and when he was fairly gone, he gave vent to his feeling in a deeply-muttered imprecation. I was confounded, and asked him the meaning of this wonderful change.

"Sir," said he, "you know not in whose company you have been travelling. I have just recognised in that there man an old friend, or, rather, an old enemy—I *smoked* him shortly after we left Uddingstone. There is a mystery about him, sir, which the devil himself cannot see through. Blow me! if he did not hocuss me at the Bugle Inn. My friends, Parchment, and Bolus, and Heavystern, can bear witness to some of his doings—that of which I speak was a most wonderful adventure: till this very day it has never been fathomed, and, I believe, never will. Perhaps you would like to hear it. Yes, sir, you shall hear, and hearing it you shall wonder, and wondering you shall tremble. In the mean time I may mention, that that stranger—that living anatomy—that vivified skeleton—half death, half life, half man, half devil—is the *murderer of Begbie!*"

"The murderer of Begbie!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"Yes, sir, to be sure: that there man hocussed your humble servant, and murdered Begbie."

"Good Heavens! are you positive that what you state concerning Begbie is correct?"

"As positive, my dear sir, as I am of my own existence. I have the most decisive proof of what I state; and if you will only listen for half an hour, I shall put you in possession of every fact, and unfold a scene, in all respects so extraordinary, that I am certain you have never heard or read of any thing to equal it."

So saying, he took a pinch of snuff, hemmed two or three times to clear his throat, and pulling up the coach windows, to keep out the night air, and deaden the noise of the wheels, proceeded as follows:

"I was travelling in my machine—an open gig—when a dreadful shower of rain compelled me to take refuge at the Bugle Inn, a small but comfortable place of entertainment, half-way between Oxford and Moulsey Hurst. On entering the parlour, I found it occupied by a pleasant little party, consisting of Mr. Parchment the village lawyer, Dr. Bolus the village surgeon, and the Rev. Mr. Heavystern parson of the parish. To these gentlemen I was familiarly known, as it was my custom to put up at the Bugle when in that quarter; and they were all in the habit of occasionally frequenting it during the winter nights, when time—for they were bachelors—hung heavily on their hands. On the present occasion they had met there by agreement, to smoke a few cigars and discuss some knotty point of village politics, over a can of the landlord's best Burton; and to tell the truth there could have been no time or place better adapted for such a purpose, for the evening was cold and rainy, precluding all hopes of enjoyment out of doors, and rendering the 'chimney nook' the most suitable quarter in the world to while away the time. The lawyer was a tall, thin figure, with an expres-

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sion of countenance strongly satirical; but, withal, shrewd and intelligent. His hair was remarkably plentiful, and as black as jet; while his complexion was sallow, his eyes deeply set in the head, his nose and chin peaked, and his cheeks lank, and strongly marked with a variety of deep wrinkles. He was about fifty years of age, and a confirmed Whig—a regular croaker, who found fault with every thing but himself; and vowed, wherever he went, that there was nothing but rottenness and corruption 'in the state of Denmark.'

"The doctor was in every respect the reverse. In stature he did not exceed five feet, was remarkably corpulent, of a ruddy complexion, and perfectly bald. He wore glasses, for he was somewhat short-sighted, and could be hardly said to possess the capability of seeing as far through a millstone as the man that made it. His intellectual vision, moreover, was, according to Mr. Parchment, as bad as that of his eyes; for he was a Tory, and, consequently, blind to the thousand-and-one things which came under the more penetrating glance of the republican lawyer. Whigs, it is well known, see not only farther than Tories, but much more distinctly; and the doctor, though a capital professional man, and scholar to boot, must be allowed to have been a much obtuser personage, in all respects, than the Whiggish limb of the law.

"As for the parson, he occupied, so far as personal appearance went, a middle station between the two others, being neither so tall nor so thin as the lawyer, nor so short and thick as the doctor. He was, in fact, a plain, decent, humdrum son of the church—a prodigious smoker—excessively absent, and guilty on no occasion of saying any thing in the least degree approaching to wit. He despised smartness of all kinds—thought well before he spoke—and when he did condescend to embody an idea in language, it was done in such a solemn, pompous, dogmatic style, that, however absurd, it carried instantaneous conviction to the hearer. On this account, his pulpit prelections were deemed infallible—no human being thought of calling them in question. Indeed, so satisfied were the parishioners of his unimpeachable orthodoxy, that they found it perfectly unnecessary to take the trouble of scrutinizing his sermons, but fell quietly asleep as soon as he opened his mouth, convinced that all he said was in strict accordance with the thirty-nine articles, and consistent with the doctrines of the Church of England.

"Such were the trio who, in company with myself, were seated around the parlour fire of the Bugle Inn, each with a cigar in his mouth, and a can of Burton in his hand.

"The night, I have said, was tempestuous; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled out of doors as if the spirit of discord had got among the elements, and set them all by the ears. It was also remarkably cold, for it was one of the bitterest days of the bitter month of November, and was unusually sharp even for that season of the year. This, however, had no influence upon our little party. The fire, composed of sea-coal, which crackled up the chimney, and threw out long tongues of flame, rendering all other kinds of light unnecessary, set the cold at defiance; diffusing both warmth and radiance around the apartment, and bathing the old-fashioned furniture, oaken panels, and quaint pictures that adorned the walls, in a flood of dazzling lustre. The winds roared without, but we paid no regard to their roaring: our attention was taken up by a nobler theme—the sounds of our own voices and the fume of our cigars, which streamed out of our mouths in spiral volumes as from the craters of so many volcanoes, and enveloped one and all in clouds of tobacco smoke, more delicious to our nostrils than all the odours of Circassia itself. We were happy, perfectly happy; the rugged lines of the lawyer's Whiggery were smoothed down, and he left 'the state of Denmark' to itself; the doctor forgot his Toryism with his potions; and the parson puffed away in theological ease, mindful no longer of Mother Church and her thirty-nine infallibilities.

"Such was the state of parties when the parlour door opened, and the landlord made his appearance to ask if the gentlemen would have any objections to the company of a stranger. 'The poor fellow,' said he, 'has just arrived on the top of the coach from Oxford; he is miserably cold, and this is the only place in the house with a fire, except the kitchen, into which he is not very fond of going."

"'O surely, send him in by all means,' said the doctor, taking a full draught of ale, and looking at each of us by turns for our assent. The lawyer expressed acquiescence with something of a grin, and the parson gave his concurrence by a nod of the head and the emission of a majestic cloud of tobacco smoke. As for myself, I at once agreed to let the poor devil have a share of our apartment.

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"The instant the stranger entered the room, every eye was fixed upon him. He was about six feet high, and thin—miserably, inconceivably thin; language, in fact, would sink under the attempt to depict his incredible emaciation. It would be an insult to the fraternity of ghosts to say that he belonged to it—no spectre was ever so utterly unsubstantial—no mummy so totally divested of flesh and blood. His appearance, in short, riveted the attention of us all. Parchment lay back in his chair, and gazed at him with mute astonishment; Heavystern ceased to smoke; and Bolus took off his spectacles, and wiped them to see that he was not labouring under an optical delusion. For my own part, I was not less lost in surprise than the others. Our wonder was complete, our scrutiny intense, our confusion excessive.

"Meanwhile, the stranger, apparently unmindful of this reception, drew near to the fire, placed himself upon an empty seat between the doctor and parson, and in a harsh, hollow, sepulchral voice, desired the landlord to bring him a cigar and a tumbler of brandy toddy. His wishes were instantly complied with, and he began to smoke and tipple by turns, without taking any notice of the company he was among. But his movements did not for an instant pass unnoticed. We all still gazed upon him with wonder, and ultimately with feelings of indignation—for we were not less incensed at his imperturbability and *nonchalance*, than surprised at the meagreness of his corporation. At last the doctor broke silence.

"'Cold weather, sir; ye must have felt it intolerable on the top of the coach.' The stranger made him no verbal reply, but merely nodded in token of assent, while he emitted from his mouth an enormous volume of smoke, which glided away in the direction of the lawyer, who sat opposite, and enveloped his head in its cloudy and fragrant tabernacle. The smoke was evidently levelled at Mr. Parchment; it went as directly to him as if it had been discharged from a musket, and settled like a glory around the sable tresses of his upper man.

"Incensed as we all were at such intolerable freedom on the part of this shrivelled anatomy, it was impossible not to admire the style of his smoking. It was graceful in the highest degree. The fumes issued from his mouth in streams not thicker than a crow-quill, and gradually expanding like a balloon as they receded from him, filled the whole chamber with one magnificent cloud. From admiring the smoke, we came to admire the smoker, and, scarecrow as he was, we all, not excepting Mr. Parchment, looked upon him with feelings of considerable respect. At last the anatomy broke silence.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, withdrawing the cigar from his mouth, 'I daresay you are all anxious to know who I am, and what I am—my birth, parentage, education, profession, character, and so forth; in short, gentlemen, I suppose ———.' Here he resumed his cigar, and instead of finishing the sentence, favoured us with a huge puff of tobacco smoke. We were terribly annoyed at this, and our growing respect for him was just on the point of being succeeded by fresh indignation, when we perceived, gleaming amid the dusky vapours which shrouded him, *a tear* stealing from his right eye, and struggling down one of the narrow and tortuous furrows of his emaciated cheek. Poor devil! it was impossible to cherish resentment against him. Anatomy as he was, he had a soul to be saved; he had a tear to shed—perhaps it was the only one which his dried corporation could furnish, and he shed it willingly. What could a hero or a patriot do more with his blood? When I saw this tear oozing out—when I gazed at it through the tobacco smoke, as upon the evening star through a cloud—I respected him—upon my honour I did—more than Wallace, Tell, or Kosciusko, names equally mighty and renowned in song. Alas! that the murderer of poor Begbie should have excited in my bosom such exalted emotions.

* * * *

"'I hocuss no man, sir,' said the stranger.

* * * *

"'I'll tell ye what it is, sir,' said Mr. Parchment. * * *

* * * *

"'Pooh, pooh! mere fudge.'

* * * *

"Then down came Bolus, Parchment, and Heavystern—as for myself, I * * * *

* * * It was then I could see the horrid sepulchral eyes of the anatomy. * * *

* * * I am hocussed.

* * * *

"'Poor Begbie then gave a groan.'"

* * * *

— *Fraser's Magazine.*

LIVE-LONG POVERTY.

THE very poor are always the worst economists, and therefore, must continue very poor.—*Gilbert White.*

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The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

FRANCE.

In the Twenty-third volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Mr. E. E. Crowe has completed his *History of France*, which we have duly noticed in its progress. From the present portion (vol. iii.) we extract three or four of the most original pages, which exhibit Mr. Crowe's qualifications for an historian in an advantageous light. The subject is a splendid one—on which inquiry will never be exhausted, or with which the student of mankind will be fatigued—we mean the

Character of Napoleon.

We have traced the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte to the highest pinnacle of greatness; let us pause to take a view of his character, since in that character was now concentrated the force which influenced the fate, not only of France, but of Europe. It is no longer the distinctions of party, the play of public opinion or of political intrigue, that we have to narrate. The crowded stage of the revolution has been swept clean; and, in lieu of its stirring scenes, its rant, its blood, its interest and depth, we behold the silent statue of a conqueror enthroned.

Bonaparte seems to have been gifted by nature with all the general and efficient qualities of greatness, but with none of those peculiarities which sometimes mar, sometimes adorn it: his powers differed from those of the mass, not in kind but in degree. Great good sense, quickness, energy indefatigable, an eye and judgment that never erred or slumbered whilst their objects were unreached: these were his attributes; circumstances afforded them the opportunities of success. He was a child of fortune, but not a spoiled child: he never turned his back upon her favours in caprice or neglect, never lost an opportunity without taking the utmost advantage of it; whilst, likewise, he never anticipated the course of circumstances, nor ventured forward till every accessory was prepared, and all ripe for consummation. He was not one of those born to struggle against events: he never could have been either a Cæsar or a Catiline; for in adversity he was out of his element, and pined like a southern exotic under a northern sky unless when the sun shone full upon him. He was a wretched conspirator: the 18th Brumaire was effected, despite of his blunders and his faintness, by his brother Lucien; and fortune came there to his aid, as she did at Marengo.

Napoleon was endowed, in fact, with great intellect, but not with great passions: he loved neither women nor freedom; his very ambition was an afterthought, begotten of events. A little before Vendémiaire we find him meditating the purchase of a country house and farm, "but not of confiscated property,"—so unstable did he esteem the revolution. But he had the restless spirit, the craving for activity, which is the germ of ambition. He was not without enthusiasm, but he had never more than he could well control,—one reason why he could never be eloquent; for the enthusiasm that the pen may affect and exaggerate, must be felt with the warmth of inspiration, ere it acts upon the tongue. Now the absence of all passion and all enthusiasm is selfishness in the highest degree; and such became the all-absorbing malady, the distinguishing trait, of Napoleon. He was incapable even of friendship. Himself, his greatness, that of France because his, became for him a passion, or rather the substitute for one. It is thus we judge him from history; thus madame de Staël, the most penetrating observer of human character, read that of Bonaparte.

From this principle, this nullity of feeling and power of intellect, flowed the virtues and the vices of the man. He was not imposed on by the cant of the revolution, nor carried away by its fanaticism. Being indebted for his advance to the rise of the democracy, he adopted that side which threw command open to his talents: he sided with the revolution, and rendered it triumphant; but he never adopted its prejudices against either aristocrat or churchman, both of which classes he spared. He had a respect for even royalty, and kept the king of Sardinia on his throne despite the directory. He was not by nature cruel; but supreme command, especially of armies, inspired him with a contempt for human life, and a disregard for destroying it. He had no immoral tendencies; but, as education gave him no principle of religion or morals, or rather, as the revolution took away all he might have originally imbibed, he was left free to adopt the maxims of expediency, which are sufficient to render the prudent moral whilst they are surrounded by their equals. Bonaparte lost this salutary check, as he rose above his fellows to power. On his first as-

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cent he seemed to think all permitted to him: he had reverence for neither justice nor truth; and did not shrink from even murder, until the outcry of Europe taught him that even sovereigns find a tribunal in the public voice which it is dangerous to brave.

In European society, civilization has restrained the conduct of men by a double chain; by that of morality and religion first, by that of honour after. The many, who shake off the first, are enabled to cling by the last; and the result, so far as their neighbours are concerned, is much the same. But the French revolution had destroyed both these ties; one was bigotry in its eyes, the other a relic of aristocracy; and Bonaparte was completely without either,—the fault of his position more than of his character. Indeed, one of his greatest misfortunes was his want of gentle habits and feelings on reaching a throne: stern morality would no doubt have sufficed; but stoicism is rare and difficult, especially in such a situation: whereas the gentlemanly spirit is common, is strong, is ineradicable; of tenderer and nicer conscience than the moral, which it supplants. It would have preserved Bonaparte from that habitual rudeness, which soon left no servants round him but servile instruments, unable to delay a guilty order, or hasten a generous one. It would have prevented him from condescending to turn scribe in the *Moniteur*, and putting himself in personal collision with the powers and sovereigns of Europe, all of whom he individually insulted, besides working up his own wretched vanity to a pitch unworthy of his station. It would have kept him from public altercation with ambassadors at his court, or base traps laid for them at neighbouring ones. It would have inspired him with a respect for truth, nor allowed an emperor's bulletin to have become a word synonymous with a lie. In fine, it would have preserved him from the foul stain of having murdered a defenceless prince. The faults of Bonaparte form a striking proof of how vulgarity may lead to crime; and, perhaps, the best plea for the aristocratic organization of society is, that honour, the essence of that system, is the best substitute for moral principle, the seed of which is perishable, and difficult to rear.

We must repeat the assertion, that Bonaparte was not made to sway events, however fit to sway mankind. War he always found made to his hand; if his system, his incorrigible system, his oblique and selfish views of justice, and his recklessness of others' right justly provoked it, this did not enter into his calculation. He really imagined that Austria, or England, or any European power, had no right nor claim to interfere with his aggrandisement; and considered their mistrust as a kind of wilful impertinence. Wars then came of his arbitrariness. But he never entered upon them avowing merely the aim of conquest. The only two cases in which he did do this, in which he did take the initiative of fortune, viz. in the Egyptian and Russian expeditions, failure and defeat were the consequences. But if thus unable to rule over events, he was eminently calculated to rule over mankind; above all, over masses of men. His elevation and his feats were alone, indeed, enough to excite the highest admiration; but this was fostered by a thousand acts which were almost natural to him. No monarch ever acted idol so well as he. All may sit to be worshipped; but he could reflect grandeur in return. Then he had no weakness, no luxurious or royal enjoyments. He was all absolute in his rule; in conquering and administering imperious. He was not so successful in attaching those who came in contact with him. The marshals, indeed, could not but bow to him, who was the leading star of the profession and of the land. But personal friends Bonaparte had none. He was incapable of friendship or affection, and could only be served at length by men, frivolous and martinet, like Berthier; cold and rigid, like Duroc;* or blindly devoted, from an innate and mental feeling of servility, like Savary. Thus his power, in extending widely over the land and over men, spread its roots, like certain splendid trees,—the ash for instance,—horizontally and superficially through the soil. They did not strike downwards, perpendicularly and profoundly, like the oak, which, of more tardy growth, still rises to superior majesty, and braves with far more unconquerable resistance the fury of adverse elements.

* If Bonaparte could have considered any one in the light of friend, it was Duroc. A circumstantial account has been given, and much quoted, of the sorrow displayed by Bonaparte on the occasion of his death. He is represented as sitting apart from his suite, as absorbed in affliction, &c. We can contradict this flatly, from the testimony of one of his suite then present. Napoleon did not betray any such sensibility.

Gipsies.—It is possible that amidst their cant and corrupted dialect, many mutilated remains of their native language might still be discovered. Sir Joseph Banks gave a male gipsy a guinea for two or three such words.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MOTION.

"How many kinds of motion are there," said a Glaswegian professor of physics to one of his *very* bright pupils. "Three, Sir," was the reply. "Three! name them."—"The Retrograde, the Progressive, and the *Stand-still motion*.

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.

THE usual place of resort for Dublin duellists is called the *Fifteen Acres*. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, thought, most likely, he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place called Fifteen Acres, *be the same more or less*."

THE celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue, was once asked by a lady, whether or not she did wrong in frequenting dramatic entertainments. "'Tis yourself, madam," said the divine, "that can best answer the question."

LEGAL ADULTERATION.

SEVERAL publicans being assembled at Malton in Yorkshire, in order to renew their licenses to retail beer, the worthy magistrate addressed one of them (an old woman) and said, he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor; to which she immediately exclaimed, "I'll assure your worship, there's naught parnicious put into our barrels that I knaw of but t' exciseman's stick."

LONDON.

THE word London is of Sclavonic origin and signifies a town upon water. *Lon*, is the Sclavonic for water, and *Don*, city: thus comes our word London. INTERPRES.

THE LATE MR. A.

A LOQUACIOUS lady, ill of a disease of forty years standing, applied to Mr. A. for advice, and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was twenty minutes, he asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavour to finish by the time he returned. M. A. R.

ABSTINENCE.

THE monks of the Convent of St. Catherine, supposed to be built over the site of Moses' burning bush, not only abstain from animal food, but likewise from the less sinful indulgences of butter, milk, and eggs. With an inconsistency, however, from which even the Pythagoreans of Hindostan are not always free, they eat shell-fish, crabs, and lobsters as often as they can get them. This reminds us of the *Quarterly Review* taunting a Pythagorean philosopher of our times with abstaining from animal food, but indulging in gravy over his potatoes. The proverb may well say "there's reason in roasting eggs," and we may add little in some rules of abstinence.

GENERAL RAPP.

RAPP and Savary were aides-de-camp to Desaix, adopted by Bonaparte in the field of Marengo. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness; the former was a blunt Alsacian, and became neither duke nor marshal. He once ushered a dark-looking Corsican to the presence of Bonaparte, and took care to hold the door open whilst the interview lasted. When questioned by Bonaparte why he did this, "Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans." The blunt remark caused much amusement.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXIII.*.

A GENTLEMAN whom Sir Joshua Reynolds and Johnson visited, indulged Johnson with new honey and clouted cream, of which he swallowed so liberally that his entertainer grew alarmed. To the prudent and discreet Reynolds, the same person presented a large jar of very old nut oil—a professional prize which the painter carried home in his own coach, regarding it as worthy of his personal attention.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in his best days, started a superb carriage, with wheels carved and gilt, and bearing on its panels the four seasons of the year. His sister complained that it was too showy—"What!" said the painter, "would you have one like an apothecary's carriage."

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The Mirror

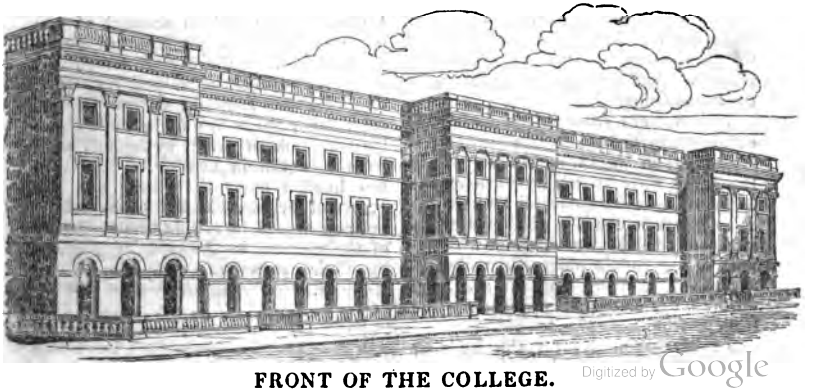
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 513.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1831. [Price 2d.

KING'S COLLEGE.

ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE FROM THE STRAND.



FRONT OF THE COLLEGE.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE annexed page represents the Front Elevation of King's College, and the entrance to the same from the Strand: both of singular beauty. The building is intended to preserve a general uniformity with Somerset House, and to occupy the site left by the non-completion of the eastern wing. The whole is from the designs of Mr. Smirke.

The distribution of the interior is thus:

A spacious chapel occupies the centre on the first floor, calculated to provide sittings for upwards of 800 students its length being seventy-two feet, and breadth fifty-two.

Under it is a public hall of similar dimensions for examinations and other public occasions.

The lecture-rooms are of different forms and sizes, so as to afford accommodation in the best manner that can be foreseen for the purposes to which they will be applied, and for the different classes which may occupy them. The number of pupils of the higher department which these lecture-rooms are calculated to contain, is about 2,000.

The rooms intended for the lower department occupy the northern portion of the building on a lower story, and they are of sufficient extent to receive, conveniently, at least 400 pupils.

Rooms for refreshments, under proper regulations, are attached to each department.

An extensive suite of rooms, on the first floor, will be appropriated to the library of the College, and to the museums, collections of natural history and science, connected with the various departments which will form the course of studies.

In the part of the new structure next the River, will be provided the residence for the principal of the College, and several apartments for the professors; there will also be a suite of apartments for professors, extending along the whole western front of the building, on the second story.

The western front of the College is exhibited in the annexed elevation; it is 304 feet in length, and is designed in the same style of architecture as the other buildings of Somerset House.

The area before it is of a quadrangular form, on the west side of which is part of the public offices, to which all access will be closed from this area, and on the north side is the approach to the College from the Strand.

The arrangements for the building were finally completed, and the specification for its construction drawn up, in July 1829, when measures were immediately taken for procuring tenders from respectable builders for the execution of the works, and a tender was accepted by the provisional committee on the 25th of August, for erecting the carcass, or shell, of the entire building, for the sum of 63,947*l.* The works were commenced on the 10th of September, 1829. The Council entered into contracts for the completion of the interior finishings, progressively, as it may be found convenient. The Council completed in the first instance, those portions of the structure, which will be indispensably necessary for commencing the business of the College.

EVENING.

(For the Mirror.)

Hour of Evening, holy hour,
Thine is the gentle soothing pow'r.
That sheds o'er lonely hearts a calm
And pours to misery's breast a balm
When the red sun sinks down to rest,
And golden glory decks the west,
Thy bland and blessed influence mild,
Brings healing to misfortune's child.
E'en sorrow's self will yield its sway,
At the ruddy tints of closing day.

Hour of love, of poesy,
Earth's rude ungentle passions flee
At thy approach.—Thy rosy beams
Lulls us in mem'ry's dearest dreams;
And thoughts come back of other days,
While on the golden sky we gaze:
The perished hopes of other times,
Of brighter hours, of brighter climes,
The happy home our childhood knew
The scenes youth's fairy pencil drew.

COLBOURNE.

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

(To the Editor.)

I BEG leave to add an account of one more superstition, perhaps not generally known, to those enumerated by your industrious correspondent, *W.* Opposite the southern wall of Greenwich Park, there are to be seen some long mounds of earth, or *tumuli*, perhaps a dozen in number. Tradition has handed down that those are the graves of Druids, who fled to the neighbouring woods to escape the massacre of their order, in the Isle of Thanet, by their merciless conquerors, the Romans.

AN INHABITANT OF BLACKHEATH.

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ON PLAGIARISM.

(For the Mirror.)

"There seems a sort of sacrilege in adopting as our own the thoughts and conceptions of others: it is taking jewels from those caskets in which they have been deposited by their owners, and wearing them ourselves."—ANON.

How rarely do we meet with true originality. The best of our writers have not scrupled to draw largely from the resources of each other, as well as to pilfer by wholesale from the writings of the ancients. If we even look into those who stand first on the list of fame, how often is the adopted idea or the transfered image to be traced under all the disguises that mutilation or improvement have been able to cast around them. In some cases the original sentiment is concealed under the form of a different expression; and, occasionally, where the mode of expression is in itself elegant or well turned, we find a totally different idea drest up in these borrowed plumes.

Amongst many works, not in great demand for public perusal, and which are inexhaustible mines for petty larceny of this sort, may be instanced the writings of De Foe, and "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;" this latter production, not only Dr. Johnson, but Sterne and Lord Byron made their constant study, and indeed their works give ample evidence that they did not glance over it negligently. To fix the censure of imitation on them is not, however, to bestow the praise of originality on Burton; for, by his own confession his book is nothing more than a cento, and a collection, though an ingenious one, of most excellent and valuable quotations. In the same manner many of those beautiful images in Collins are to be traced to Pope; and again, very many of Pope's to ages of high antiquity.

Dryden, as well as Pope, and our other voluminous writers, have contrived to swell their pages principally by imitations from the classics; and, indeed, these two have been content to receive applause literally at second hand, by modernizing the poems of Donne and of Chaucer. Shakspeare, great as he is, is supposed to have done the same; some of his finest passages are to be matched by parallels from the Greek tragedians; and though it has been asserted he had no pretensions as a scholar, yet he must have made use of translations, for the passages alluded to approach each other in a most singular manner.

In the following specimens of plagiarism, I shall bring forward more than one instance of Lord Byron's plagiarism, not merely because he is so popular a writer, but because he is looked upon as one of the most original geniuses of the present century. The manner of working up those beautiful stanzas in Don Juan (commencing with the lines here quoted) seems to have been borrowed from a passage in Joanna Baillie:—

"*'Tis sweet to hear,*
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The *song* and oar of Adrian's gondolier
By distance mellowed o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to hear the night-winds as they creep
From leaf to leaf—
* * * * * * *
But sweeter still than this, than these, than all," &c.
Don Juan.

"*'Tis sweet* and sad the *latest notes to hear*
Of *distant music* dying on the ear;
'Tis sweet to hear expiring summer's *sigh*
Thro' *forests* ting'd with russet, *wail and die:*
* * * * * * *
But far more sweet than this," &c.
Joanna Baillie.

For that splendid simile of the dying eagle in the English Bards, Lord Byron is clearly indebted to Waller:—

"So the stretched *eagle* quivering on the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to *soar* again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the *shaft* that quivered in his heart,"
English Bards.

"The *eagle's* fate and mine are one,
Which on the *shaft* that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to *soar* so high."
Waller's Poems.

If the following little bit of metaphysics was not suggested by Satan's speech in Paradise Lost, it at any rate looks very like it:—

"The mind, which is immortal, *makes itself*
Requital for its *good* or *evil* thought;
Is its own origin of ill, and end,
And *its own place and time.*" *Manfred.*

"A mind, not to be changed *by place or time*
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."
P. L.

So much for Byron. Let us now look at one or two of those choice morsels of literature, that have survived their authors. Gray's Elegy is a production that will be admired as long as the language exists; but it is nevertheless full of imitations as well as common-places. The two following images are from Thomson:—

"Now *fades the glimm'ring landscape* o'er the sight." *Gray.*

"But chief when evening shades decay,
And *the faint landscape swims away.*"
Thomson.

"Full many a *flower* is born to *blush unseen,*
And waste *its sweetness on the desert air*"
Gray.

"A *myrtle* rises, far from human eye,
And breathes *its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;*
So flourished *blooming and unseen* by all
The *sweet* Lavinia." *Thomson.*

Kirke White seems to have made

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Gray his model, as much as Gray studied and imitated Thomson. From the Elegy itself he has taken more than one idea :—

" All *dissolv'd*
Beneath the *ancient* elm's *fantastic* shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat;
While, *rippling* o'er its deep-worn pebble bed
The rapid *rivulet* rushes at my feet."
Poetical Fragments.

And again in one of his juvenile poems :—

" *Here did he love to sit*, with upturn'd eye,
And *listen to the stream that murmur'd by.*"
Clifton Grove.

" Down at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its *old fantastic* roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the *brook that babbles by.*"
Gray's Elegy.

In his " Ode to Contemplation," we find another passage from the same Elegy :—

" Then, as o'er the fields I pass,
Brushing with hasty steps the grass,
I will meet thee on the *hill.*
Where with printless footsteps still
The *morning*, in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way."
Kirke White.

" Oft have we seen him *at the break of dawn*
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."
Gray.

Dryden had his eye on " Hamlet," when he wrote this couplet in his Awrenz-Zebe :—

" *Death in itself is nothing;—but we fear*
To be we know not what, to go we know not where."
Dryden.

" The *dread of something after death,*
That *undiscovered country*, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will.
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others *that we know not of.*"
Shakspeare.

Or perhaps he called to mind Claudio's speech :—

" *Ah! but to die!—and go we know not where,*" &c.
Measure for Measure.

I shall conclude with one quotation from Moore. It is singular that the most melodious of our poets should have thought it worth while to borrow from the roughest of them all :—

" Oh, *tell me where the maid is found*
Whose heart can love *without deceit;*
And I *will search the whole world round*
To sigh one moment at her feet." *Moore.*

" *No where*
Lives a woman true and fair;
When thou find'st one, *let me know,*
Such a *pilgrimage* were sweet," &c. *Donne.*

These are but a few of the numerous instances that might be adduced of literary theft. No doubt closer and more parallel cases may be produced; but such flagrant transfers are merely from the writings of men of talent to the effusions of poetasters. The object in view is to show, that not merely men who live by their wits, but men of the first order of genius, have been content, like all other classes of men, to lean on one another for mutual support.—F.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND.

We quote the documents promised in our last: (*See page* 244.)

On the 22nd it was again reported on by Commander Smith, of the Philomel, another of his Majesty's ships, who says, " the N. W. part is the highest, being about 80 feet above the level of the sea, and becoming lower towards the southern extremity; the S. E. side is broken down even with the water, which keeps rushing into the crater with great noise; whence rises in turn an immense volume of white vapour, curling and spreading to an extraordinary height, intermixed, in rapid succession, with magnificent eruptions of cinders and lava thrown to the height of from four and five hundred to a thousand feet, forking and branching out as they ascend, and then pouring down with a noise like thunder, making the water a sheet of foam for a considerable distance around it. During the night the eruptions were not remarkable for a very great quantity of fire, though a constant shooting of small columns was visible, with occasional flashes of sheet lightning; when near to it to leeward, the sulphur was near suffocating the crews of the boats.

" The Volcano appears to be composed almost entirely of cinders with a sprinkling of lava, of an oblong shape, about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and from the soundings has as yet a very small base."

Captain Senhouse of the St. Vincent, Sir Henry Hotham's flag-ship, is our last informant, who, having been detached in the Hind cutter to ascertain the exact position of the island, effected a landing on it on the 3rd of August, hoisted the British ensign, and called it Graham Island. His description of the eruptions differs little from those already quoted :—his account of landing, with estimate of height and other dimensions, we subjoin nearly in his own words :—

" Seizing a favourable moment, we gave way with our oars. Our distance was rather greater than we could have wished, but we proceeded as quickly as the sea would allow. As we approached, some occasional jets were thrown up, but of little consequence; and a current

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was discovered running to the westward, and setting us further to the right than we desired. Within twenty yards of the shore, the water appeared shoal, and the sea broke; but as there was no appearance of surf on the beach, we kept steadily on till the boat struck the ground. The Union Jack was then planted, such observations were made as the pressure of circumstances, and the imminent danger of a fresh eruption every moment, would admit of; a bucket-full of the materials of which the island seemed chiefly composed was collected; and we re-embarked.

"The form of the crater is nearly a perfect circle, and complete along its whole circumference, excepting about two hundred and fifty yards on the S.E. side, which are broken and low, not apparently above three feet high. The height of the highest part, I supposed by the eye to be about one hundred and sixty feet; a rough computation afterwards made it one hundred and eighty. The outer diameter is, I think, almost six hundred and forty yards, and the inner about four hundred. The whole circuit of the island I conceive to be from a mile and a quarter to a mile and one-third.

"The fragments brought away are compact and heavy, and the whole surface of the island is dense, and perfectly hard under the feet. No variety of stones were procured, nor any lava; neither did I see any jets or streams of lava while on the island. All the fragments were very hot when collected; and I thought the temperature of the sea close to the shore somewhat higher than farther out, although of this I was not very certain. The latitude of the island is 37 deg. 11 min. N. Longitude 12 deg. 44 min. East of Greenwich."—*Journal Geographical Society.*

It is remarkable that as far back as the 28th of June, Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, on his return home, and passing nearly over the present position of this volcano, experienced several severe shocks, which were attributed to earthquake. And two other facts are still more worthy of notice. A tradition exists at Malta, that a volcano existed in the same spot about the commencement of the last century; and one of the officers of the St. Vincent has an old chart of the Mediterranean, published by G. Faden, which lays down a shoal with only four fathoms on it, and called Larmour's Breakers, within a mile of the same latitude and longitude.

Malta, August 4.—Our reports respecting the volcano, since the foregoing, are very unsatisfactory. There can be little doubt, however, that the island continues to increase in size. A boat, with five or six officers, returned yesterday afternoon, and they assert that the island is at least three miles in circumference, and from 200 to 300 feet high. They landed upon it, and, for ostentation's sake, I suppose, hoisted the Union flag. The other stories, as to the increasing dimensions of the place, are too vague to speak on.

We learn from the coast of Sicily, that the town of Sciacca has been entirely abandoned by its inhabitants, the reported shocks, and trembling of the earth, leading to a belief that it will sink into the sea.—*Jameson's Journal.*

Mr. Osborne, surgeon of his Majesty's ship *Ganges*, gives the following additional particulars:—

"The island (says Mr. Osborne) is about a mile in circumference, nearly round, or perhaps an imperfect spheroid, indented at the ends, where the great crater was at different periods connected with the sea. It is about 150 or 160 feet high. The substance of which the island is composed is chiefly ashes, the pulverized remains of coal deprived of its bitumen, iron scoria, and a kind of ferruginous clay or oxided earth. The scoria occurs in irregular masses; some compact, dense, and sonorous, others light, friable, and amorphous, with metallic lustre, slightly magnetic, barely moving the load-stone. I only procured one native stone, a piece of limestone, about two pounds weight, thrown up with the incumbent earth, having no marks of combustion. There was no trace whatever of lava, no terra puzzolana, no pumice-stone, no shells or other marine remains, usually found at Ætna and Vesuvius. Around the island, where Neptune makes his advances, the sides fall down in abrupt precipices: and we could discern every stratum ejected by each separate eruption; the water evaporating, left an incrustation of salt, which now appears a white, firm layer, plainly marking the regular progress and formation of the island. The surface of the island is likewise covered with a similar incrustation, in some places so thick as to be visibly white some distance at sea. From the nature of this island, there being no bond of coherence in its heterogeneous particles, and from the precipitous falling down of its sides by the action of the sea, I am inclined to think that there is not the stability of permanence in its composition. The insatiable ocean will encroach upon its base; the winds of heaven will scatter

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the dusty surface to the four cardinal points of the compass; the rain will dissolve the saline bond of union, and the crumbling ruin will gradually sink and extend its base, to a bank barely above the level of the sea. Its loss will not be deplored; for the screaming sea bird, instinctively wheels and directs his flight to a distant part of the ocean, to avoid the dark and desolate spot; and even the inhabitants of the deep seem to avoid the unhallowed shore."

Fine Arts.

THE PAINTED WINDOW IN ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

(To the Editor.)

As public attention has recently been directed to Westminster Abbey and its immediate vicinity, I trust that the following article will be acceptable.

This very magnificent window was designed for Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It was made by order of the magistrates of Dort, in Holland, and intended by them as a present to Henry VII., but that king dying before its completion, it was placed in Waltham Abbey, where it remained till the dissolution of that monastery, when it was removed to New Hall, in Essex. At a subsequent period, Oliver Cromwell bestowed this mansion on General Monk, who preserved the window during the civil wars. Some years ago, John Olmius, Esq. being possessed of New Hall, sold the window to Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, who resold it to the inhabitants of St. Margaret's parish, in 1758, for the sum of four hundred guineas. Thus has it arrived *near* to the place for which it was originally intended—though it is never likely to reach it.

The subject is that of our Saviour's crucifixion; but there are several subordinate figures introduced; those at the bottom of the two side panels represent Henry VII. with his queen, and were done from the original pictures sent to Dort for that purpose. Over the king, is the figure of St. George, and above that a white rose and a red one. Above the figure of the queen stands that of St. Catherine of Alexandria; and in another panel appears a pomegranate, Vert, in a field of Or, the arms of the kingdom of Grenada.

The brilliancy of the colours in this superb window cannot be equalled, as it is unquestionably the finest performance of the kind in Great Britain.

G. W. N.

Anecdote Gallery.

BURLEIGH—THE COUNTESS OF EXETER.

(To the Editor.)

In your description of Burleigh House, which appeared in Number 397 of *The Mirror*, is an interesting and romantic circumstance adverted to, concerning the family to whom that noble pile belongs, which may prove interesting to many of your readers to be made more fully acquainted with. I have transcribed it from "*Mawman's Excursion to the Highlands*," a forgotten book, which I had by chance at hand, and where the circumstances alluded to are more fully detailed than in any other account that I have elsewhere met with.

N.

"There are some circumstances in the life of the late noble possessor of Burleigh which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr. Cecil (his uncle being then Earl of Exeter), he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict—the loss of his property by gaming, and his wife by divorce—he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired, under the name of Jones, to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging; but soon built a small cottage, and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends; while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character he assumed (viz. that of a servant, who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman) not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account which he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secresy, to disclose his real history.

"Amongst the farmers whom he occasionally visited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter, about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable, that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She re-

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ferred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect. The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information; but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion, so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent; for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

"Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas, with a wife and two children.

"Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil (now Earl of Exeter) repeatedly asked his fair companion, how she liked the grounds and the situation of the mansion. He then proposed that they should 'see the house;' and while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the Countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

"The remark, however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst those scenes of splendour Lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual solicitude to acquire those accomplishments which she thought requisite for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life, at the age of 24, in January, 1797, leaving two sons and a daughter—the present Marquess, Lord Thomas, and Lady Sophia Cecil."

A MODERN TIMON.

THERE is at present an extraordinary character existing in the French capital, who divides the public attention with Louis Philippe, the Poles and the heroes of July. He is named Chodruc-Duclos, and his description and history are as follow:—He is a modern *Timon*. His dress consists of a few miserable rags; and his beard, which has not been trimmed for many years, reaches to his middle. Every evening he walks round the galleries of the Palais Royal, offering, in the meanness of his attire, a strange contrast to the magnificence and splendour of that celebrated place. Yet this specimen of wretchedness was, in former times, a leader of fashion — a man celebrated for his multifarious accomplishments, remarkable for his beauty, and no less renowned as a first-rate exquisite! The history of Chodruc-Duclos offers, even in this age of wonders and strange events, one of the most striking examples of the caprices of fortune. He is a man of family, and was the heir to a handsome fortune. In his early life he was *recherché* to a proverb in his exquisitism. He was a good musician and dancer, and an adept in the use of arms. He made himself famous at Bourdeaux by an adventure at the theatre. A lady having been insulted in his presence, he lifted the offender in his arms, and threw him from the first tier of boxes into the pit. He fought many duels, and killed one of his antagonists. He was the intimate friend of the ex-minister Peyronnet, to whom, on more than one occasion, he proved of essential service. In early life they were inseparable companions, and made sundry vows of eternal friendship. During the supremacy of Bonaparte, Duclos proved himself one of the most strenuous partisans of the exiled family. In the advancement of their cause he exposed himself to the greatest peril, besides expending upon it every franc of his large fortune. On the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France, he, with many others, presented himself to receive the reward of his services and fidelity to the royal cause. His claims, however, were disregarded, or the offers made were such as he considered totally inadequate to his merit. Disappointed and indignant, he withdrew from court. The accession of Peyronnet to power revived his hopes. He waited on his former friend, but his mission was one of those with which men in power are very willing to dispense. Peyronnet received the bosom friend of his youth in a most statesman-like manner, and, on receiving a hint from his visiter that his wants were most pressing, magnanimously presented him with 200 francs (8*l*.) From that moment his life has been an enigma.

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No one can tell who provides for his subsistence, since, so far from ever asking alms, he is never known to speak a word. His sole occupation appears to be to perambulate the splendid galleries of the Palais Royal. He has twice been taken before the tribunals, on a charge of outraging public decency by his insufficient attire; but he was not subjected to any punishment, and he still continues to parade his rags and misfortunes. He expends two francs per day; and his landlady, the owner of a miserable tenth-rate inn, declared, on his trial, that he is so punctual that he will not allow a day to pass without paying the said sum. Trifling as the pittance is, it afforded matter for speculation how Duclos could procure it since it is notorious that every sous of his property had been spent. It is surmised by some that a small pension is allowed him by the lady whom he protected at the theatre of Bordeaux.—*Morning Herald.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CUMBERLAND HIRINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

The hirings of Men Servants in Cumberland are very differently conducted from other counties. On the market days you will see a number of men walking about one particular part of the market, assigned for that purpose, with straws in their hats, a signal that they are without a master. Immediately on an engagement taking place, the straw is removed from the hat, and a bunch of riband waves in its stead; and should the servant's former employer be at the market, the new master on receiving a satisfactory character, closes the bargain with a few shillings; after which the delighted rustic hastens to the ale house where the successful applicants always resort and spend the remainder of the day in boisterous festivity.

W. H. H.

SUPERSTITION.

(To the Editor.)

In the *North Devon Journal* of the 8th of September, 1831, it is stated that a chimney-sweep being about to cleanse a chimney in a house in Bartholomew Street, in that place, lately occupied by a Mrs. Eyres, for an incoming tenant, found an obstruction. Upon inspection it was ascertained to be a sheep's heart, suspended, and stuck all over with pins. I suppose this to be a witchcrafty emblem; perhaps some correspondent will furnish you with particulars relative to it. W. A. R.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE NATIVES ON THE GOLD COAST OF AFRICA.

(By Major Ricketts.)

In every town of consequence, pynins (a kind of magistrate) are chosen by the inhabitants—generally from among the elder males—for the purpose of hearing and determining upon all complaints. The pynins are also the council of the caboceer, or chief of the place; with whom they sit in court or council on any important question of public interest. They wear, when employed in their official duty, a peculiarly constructed hat of straw, round the crown of which is tied a vine, emblematic of wisdom. Some of the natives possess great eloquence, and show much animation and cleverness when pleading a cause in which they feel interested.

The fetishmen, so called from being supposed to possess supernatural powers, are exceedingly artful and full of deceit; they infuse into the minds of the people the seeds of superstition, with the view of being consulted on every occasion of trouble. An individual who has been robbed, or has experienced some other calamity, immediately consults a fetishman to discover the thief, or cause of the evil; who, after making use of some pretended magic art, and having obtained answers to questions put by him to the applicant, unhesitatingly denounces some unfortunate being as the robber or witch; and nothing can exonerate the accused, if he be poor, from the charge thus imputed to him, although circumstances might tend to prove him innocent of the crime. The fetishmen, or priests, are without difficulty bribed, which they accept under the cloak of having first consulted the deity, who had agreed to receive a certain sum. They will also afterwards demand more money in the name of the fetish, whom they will state as not being satisfied. So great is the dread of the natives to offend the fetish, that they even pawn their own children to raise the means of appeasing his wrath; as if implicit obedience should not be paid, horrid expedients are resorted to; and should forgiveness be implored, the avenging fetish expects a handsome present before he is reconciled.

When a person is afflicted with any alarming disease, application for relief is made to the fetishman, who, perhaps, will order an egg near hatching, or a chicken, to be laid on a certain spot in

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some highway, in order to transfer the complaint to the person who might unthinkingly tread upon it. Passengers noticing any of these charms lying in their way, avoid them with the greatest caution, and no one will dare to remove them out of the path.

At Cape Coast, the women, who are generally employed on this great occasion, called the yam custom, (celebration of the yam harvest,) make public offerings in a body to the great fetish; which is a large rock lying close to the walls of the castle. It breaks the great waves of the sea that incessantly dash against it, and thus preserves the fortification from injury by the surge. The waves come with such fury at times, that the spray is sent completely over the ramparts. Another great fetish which they have is a salt-pond, about a mile from, and to the westward of, the castle; in which, at certain periods of the year, large and delicious mullets are taken. Previous to the offering, consisting generally of yams, eggs, palm-oil, and the blood of some animal, being made, the women, with their faces and limbs chalked, parade the town in a body, each carrying her own portion in a calabash, or an earthen vessel. They then visit the rock, on which they deposit their oblations; and no sooner do they depart, than the turkey-buzzards, apparently aware of what is going on, approach and devour the offerings. These birds are so very tame that they will hardly get out of a person's way; and it is considered a great offence to the fetish to destroy any of them. Every family of consequence have also their own private fetish, which they keep concealed in their houses, but denote its presence there by signs hung outside on the doors. This has a great effect in deterring thieves from the premises.

They bury the dead in their houses. The death of a member of a family is promulgated by discharges of musketry; and the females with their friends publicly lament the event. On the day appointed for interring the deceased, the different branches of the family, with their bodies, faces, and limbs chalked, and dressed out in all their finery, parade the streets separately, following a chest containing bottles filled with ardent spirits, with a piece of cloth laid on the top of the chest, which is carried by a young female. In this manner each branch of the family, singing as they proceed, arrive at the place of burial. If any of the relations refuse to contribute to the expenses of the funeral, they are for ever after scouted—hence this parade of spirits and cloth. The scene which takes place, from the profuse use of the former both by men and women, and their lamentations, added to the stunning noise of the drums—the discharges of musketry, generally overloaded—and the piercing voices of the singing-men, who come at times from great distances to partake of the libations, and for hire—can better be imagined than described. These scenes of revelry, if the deceased was of consequence, last frequently for a week; and repetition of it commonly takes place every seven years after, which, if possible, is still more expensive; and families, on such occasions, have been obliged to pawn some part of themselves in order to bear the expense. Cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are purchased, and with the assistance afforded by friends, the scene of riot is kept up for many days.

The birth of a child is announced by discharges of musketry. The women are not confined after the event, but proceed in their occupations, as if nothing had taken place. When a young female becomes marriageable, she is dressed out in the gayest manner her friends can afford, with a profusion of gold ornaments; and a number of small silver keys, hung on a silver ring, is suspended by a string round her waist, and hang down low in front of her. She is then paraded round the town, to give notice that she is marriageable. The young lady pays visits to all her friends and acquaintances, who congratulate her on the happy event, and make her presents.

At a certain period when a female is pregnant with her first child, she is taken to the sea-side, or to some other place where the water is dedicated to the fetish, and ducked. On her way she is pelted by her friends with dirt and filth, which she calmly bears, conceiving it an honour done her. The ceremony being ended, she is clothed in new drapery, and returns home amidst shouts of congratulation.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Naturalist.

LADY VIPER.

THE following description of the lady viper, is given in La Cépède's Natural History of serpents:—"This is one of the gentlest and most beautiful of serpents. Its proportions are more elegant and delicate than most others; its motions are nimble, though moderate, and augment the pleasure which is pro-

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duced by the beautiful mixture of its fine colours. These, however, are only two—a fine black, and pure white; but they are so agreeably intermixed and contrasted, and so bright, from the high polish of the scales, that they please the eye more by their simple elegance, than those more rich and brilliant colours of other species, which are often too splendid and dazzling. The general colour of the whole body is white, with rings of black on the whole upper surface, which reach to the ends of the white belly-plates, but grow narrower as their ends recede from the back; and most of them unite with a longitudinal blackish line, which runs along the middle of the belly. This line and the transverse rings are singular, and somewhat festooned, which adds much to the variety and elegance of the ornament. The top of its small head is beautifully variegated with black and white, the black predominating. The eyes are very small, and surrounded with black, which augments their lustre. According to Linnæus this species has a hundred and eighteen large plates, and sixty pairs of small plates. The species is very familiar. It never attempts to escape from mankind, nor does it even show any fear when approached. It seems remarkably sensible to the degree of cold which sometimes prevails in the hot climates which it inhabits, on which account it seeks for warm situations; and, as the smallness of its size, its weakness, the beauty of its colours, the gentleness of its movements, and innocence of its disposition, inspire a fondness for it in the Indians, even the females, far from having the least fear of it, take it in their hands, caress and cherish it. The ladies in Malabar, where it is very common, and many other parts of India, are careful to warm this delicate little serpent, when it appears languid during the cold weather of the rainy season. They place it in their bosoms without any dread, nay, even with apparent pleasure, and it seems perfectly sensible of their kindness. On the other hand, during the hot season, these ladies are equally fond of this viper, which they fondle for the purpose, in their turn, of being refreshed by the contact of its skin, which is so smooth as always to feel cool. When, in our temperate regions, the ladies incline to communicate warmth to their delicate limbs, they have recourse to animals of greater sensibility, which are even more faithful, and more fitted for expressing their attachment; but when European ladies desire to moderate unpleasant heat, instead of having recourse to cold-blooded animals, like the Indians, they employ insensible substances, such as pieces of polished marble, glass, or metal. Our ladies cannot see without terror, the gentle and inoffensive serpent of our regions; while in India, where there are multitudes of serpents that are terrible, either by their size and strength, or by their deadly venom, the dread which these so properly produce is never transferred to weak and innocent serpents, such as the lady viper."

W. G. C.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LINES

Written in a blank leaf of La Perouse's Voyages.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Loved Voyager! whose pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wond'ring breast,
When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I track'd his wand'rings o'er the watery way,
Roam'd round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
Or pluck'd the *fleur-de-lys* by Jesse's streams—
Or gladly leap'd on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe cross'd the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy desarts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touch'd romantic springs of thought,
That all my after-life—his fate and fame,
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name.

Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was th' emprize of La Perouse,—
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain,
Pursued no rapine, strew'd no wreck with slain;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes pluck'd no wreath from human woe.
'Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man—
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific—midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles.
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulph of Ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led Discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.
He came not back—Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year—in no propitious gale,
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed—no wreck told where or when
The chief went down, with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perish'd, or by wilder men of blood—
The shudd'ring Fancy only guess'd his doom,
And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.

An age elapsed when men were dead or grey,
Whose hearts had mourn'd him in their youthful day;
Fame trac'd on Mannicolo's shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islesmen told of some surviving men;
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band—
To sleep, wreck'd, shroudless, on a savage strand.

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Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn:
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth—foretasting fame, that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse—that meed he won
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, Fate ordain'd his resting-place;
But bade his fame, like the Ocean rolling o'er
His relics—visit every earthly shore.
Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe,
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints—(what fairer wreath could Glory twine),
His watery course—a world-encircling line.

The Metropolitan.

BLACK WORK.

A CERTAIN Colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric, and fervent,
Had advertised for a man-servant,
And was employ'd in writing, when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who scorn'd to be a boot and shoe-man,
And therefore ask'd, as he drew near,
"Pray, sir, who does the black work here?"—
"That, sir, I do myself," the Colonel said,
And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head.

New Monthly Magazine.

PETER'S NET.

By the author of "Elia."

No. II.—*On the total Defect of the faculty of Imagination, observable in the works of modern British Artists.*

DAN. STUART once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerset House in his life. He might occasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way, that were going in; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stood then just where it does now—we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years—with its gilt-globe-topt front facing that emporium of our artists' grand Annual Exposure. We sometimes wish, that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of Editors. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S, was frank, plain, and English all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges; to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river;

With holy reverence to approach the rocks,
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.

Fired with a perusal of the Abyssinian Pilgrim's exploratory ramblings after the cradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday (a "whole day's leave" we called it at Christ's Hospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River—Middletonian stream!—to its scaturient source, as we had read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest—for it was essential to the dignity of a DISCOVERY, that no eye of schoolboy, save our own, should beam on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes, skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless, hopeless meanders, as it seemed, or as if the jealous waters had *dodged* us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sate down somewhere by Bowes Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labours only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brucian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

Not more refreshing to the thirsty curiosity of the traveller is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperienced essays, the first callow flights in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat which preluded to the Æneid, to the Duck

Which Samuel Johnson trod on.

We ourself—PETER—in whose inevitable NET already Managers, and R. A's., lie caught and floundering—and more peradventure shall flounder—were, in the humble times to which we have been recurring, small Fishermen indeed, essaying upon minnows; angling for quirks, not *men*.

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan. Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of *flesh*, or rather *pink*-coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." O the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences; from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to

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the flaunting costume of the lady that has her sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the collateral topic of ancles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper;" while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where "both seem either;" a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the Play, still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at the time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astræa—*ultima Cælestûm terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACK OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favoured us. The ancles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

Somèbody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder exaction. "Man goeth forth to his work until the evening"—from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the City; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with any thing rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up, and awake in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half past five, in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed—(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark ofttimes in her risings—we liked a parting cup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us—we were not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, and therefore incapable of Bacchus, cold, washy, bloodless. We were none of your Basilian water-sponges, nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague—we were right toping Capulets, jolly companions, we and they)—but to have to get up, as we said before, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was "time to rise;" and whose chappy knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber door, to be a terror to all such unseasonable rest-breakers in future——

"Facil" and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the "descending" of the overnight, balmy the first sinking of the heavy head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say,

revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras,

and to get up moreover to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the "labour," there the "work."

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny, which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sundays too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings came up; but mostly, instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature, upon which no smile could play; some

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fliat, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There they lay; there your appointed tale of brick-making was set before you, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—*the Public*—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel, and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him, "taking pitch, and fat, and hair, and seething them together, and making lumps thereof."

Englishman's Magazine.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

Ye, two lovely, graceful things,
Like young angels without wings,
Rich in beauty, ye were sent
For joy, and yet how different;
Like the rose and lily's growth!—
God in Heaven made you both!

Lilien Byrne, that laughing child,
Sports within the forest wild;
Dances by the valley-spring,
She's a happy, elfin thing!
Like the eagle's, her dark eye
Flashes as she passes by;
Like a breeze, her curling hair
Flutters o'er her shoulders bare;
Like the fawn, she frolics bold,
Bounding o'er the mountains old;
Like the lark's, her joyful tone:—
Hath she sin and sorrow known?—
Like the lark's, her carol high
Ringeth to the clear, blue sky.

Graceful Lady Adeline!
Glorious is her beauty's sheen:
Large, and deeply blue her eyes,
As the summer noon-day's skies;
Golden is her braided hair;
Fair is she, sweet maiden, fair!
Sculptors, from her form, have thrown
Grace upon the marble stone;
And great painters, from her face,
Caught the mind's ethereal grace.

Lilien Byrne is born to toil;
She's a daughter of the soil;
Reads no books the learned read,—
Meets not beauty's flattering meed;
Born for hardship and for care,
Much to do and much to bear,—
Born to share the peasant's lot,
Yet for this she murmurs not;
Does the work her parents tell,
Tends the sheep upon the fell,
And draws the water from the well.

Noble Lady Adeline!
She among the proud is seen,
And the King his hand has laid
On her beautiful, young head.
She is deck'd with gold and pearl,
Daughter to an English Earl,
And her gentle foot ne'er trod
Aught rougher than the garden sod—
And her gentle fingers fall
On the light keys musical.
She may sit with studious look,
Reading many a glorious book,
For, all poetry hath penned
Her sweet soul can comprehend—
And all science hath revealed
Is to her a fount unsealed.

Happy Lilien! who can see
A young, lovely thing like thee,
Nor thank God, that he has sent
Beauty to thee with content,
And a simple pride of heart,
To keep thee spotless as thou art?
And, sweet Lady Adeline,
Such as thou are rarely seen!
And seen but to raise the mind
To spiritual beauty high and kind;
That darkened yet ethereal grace—
God's image in the human race! M. H.

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE, OR THE PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

PART XI.—*Curious Customs.*

Christening.

Why is baptism supposed to have had its origin from the Deluge?

Because it might commemorate the world having been purged by water. Such is the opinion of Grotius. The Jews practised this ceremony on their proselytes after circumcision, long before the coming of Christ. In the primitive times, the ceremony was performed by immersion, as it is to this day in the Oriental churches, agreeably to the original signification of the word, which means dipping or plunging.

Why was clinic, or death-bed baptism, formerly common?

Because it was the doctrine of many of the fathers, that baptism washed away all previous sins, and that there was no atonement for sins committed after baptism. On this account many deferred that sacrament till they were arrived at the last stage of life, and were pretty safe from the danger of sinning any more.

Why, in Scotland were newly-baptized children passed through a flame?

Because their parents believed they might thus be preserved from the power of evil spirits. The invocation on this occasion was—"Let the flame consume thee now or never." An old Greek custom was for gossips to run round the fire with the infant in their arms.

Why did the ancient Irish, at baptizing their children, only dip their right arms in the water?

Because it was thought the child would then give a deeper and incurable blow. Mr. Brand considers this as a proof that the whole body of the child was anciently commonly immersed in the baptismal font.

We read likewise, that the above people were so given to war, that the mother put the first meat into her male infant's mouth upon the point of her husband's sword, wishing that it might die "no otherwise than in war or by the sword:" and Mr. Pennant informs us, that, in the Highlands, midwives give newly born babes a small spoonful of earth and of whiskey, as their first food.

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Grose tells us of a superstition, that a child who does not cry when sprinkled in baptism, will not live; and that children prematurely wise are not long-lived, that is, rarely reach maturity; a notion which we find quoted by Shakspeare, and put into the mouth of Richard III. (*see Act III. sc. I.*) Herrick in his *Hesperides*, has the following charms for children:

Bring the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain charm, to keep
Hags away when children sleep.
Let the superstitious wife
Near the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up, and haft be down;
(While she gossips in the towne)
This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harmes.

Why were children, in Northumberland, when first carried by the nurse to visit a neighbour, presented with an egg, salt, and fine bread?.

Because an egg was a sacred emblem, and a gift well adapted to infancy; and cakes and salt were used in religious rites by the ancients.

Bryant says, "an egg containing in it the element of life, was thought no improper emblem of the ark, in which were preserved the rudiments of the future world: hence, in the Dionusiaca, and other mysteries, one part of the nocturnal ceremony consisted in the consecration of an egg; by which was signified the world. This seems to have been a favourite symbol among many nations; and the Persians said that one of their deities formed mankind and enclosed them in an egg. In Chelsea churchyard, we remember the tomb of Sir Hans Sloane, surmounted with the mystic symbols of an egg and serpent, as emblems of his knowledge and skill. The Jews probably adopted the use of cakes and salt in religious rites from the Egyptians: "And if thou bring an oblation of a meat-offering, baken in the oven, it shall be unleavened cakes of fine flour," &c. *Levit.* ii. 4.—"With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."

Why are stunted and idiotical children called changelings?

Because it was popularly believed that all the fairy children were a little backward of their tongue, and seemingly idiots; and that such children had been changed by the fairies. Mr Pennant, speaking of the "Fairy Oak" at Whiteford, relates, that a poor cottager, who lived near the oak, had a child who grew uncommonly peevish; the parents attributed this to the fairies, and imagined that it was a changeling. They took the child, put it in a cradle, and left it all night beneath the tree, in hopes that the *tylwydd tag*, or Fairy family, or the Fairy Folk, would restore their own before morning. When morning came, they found the child perfectly quiet, and so went away with it, quite confirmed in their belief.

Why is a piece of coral, with bells, &c., given to infants to assist them in cutting their teeth?

Because an ancient superstition considered coral an amulet, or defensative against fascination; for this we have the authority of Pliny. It was thought too to preserve and fasten the teeth in men. In a Latin work, date 1536, we read of coral: "Wytches tell, that this stone withstondeth lyghtenynge. It putteth of lyghtenynge, whirlewynde, tempeste, and stormes, fro shyppes and houses that it is in." Steevens, in his notes to Shakspeare, says, "there appears to have been an old superstition that coral would change its colour and look pale, when the wearer of it was sick." Plat., in his *Jewel House of Nature and Art*, says, "Coral is good to be hanged about children's necks, as well to rub their gums, as to preserve them from the falling sickness - it hath also some special sympathy with nature, for the best coral, being worn about the neck, will turn pale and wan, if the party that wears it be sick, and comes to its former colour again, as they recover health." In a very rare old work, date 1621, in a dialogue relative to the dress of a child, we read, the "Corall with the small golden chayne."

Why were plum-cakes given to young children called God's-Kichells?

Because whenever godfathers and godmothers were asked a blessing by their children, they gave them one of these cakes: it is still proverbial in some countries, "Ask me a blessing, and I will give you a plum-cake." We may here notice a remarkable Latin superstition, that if a child's slice of bread and butter be let fall with the buttered side downwards, it is an unlucky omen; if with the other side, lucky.

Marriage.

Why is bride-cake used at weddings?

Because of its origin in *confarreation*, or a token of the most firm conjunction between man and wife, with a cake of wheat or barley, from *far*, (Latin) bread or corn. Dr. Moffat tells us, that "the English, when the bride comes from church, are wont to cast wheat upon her head." Herrick says, speaking to the bride:

While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat.

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In Yorkshire, the bride-cake is cut into little square pieces, thrown over the bride and bridegroom's head, and then put through the ring nine times, and afterwards the cake is laid under pillows, at night, to cause young persons to dream of their lovers. Mr. Douce says this custom is not peculiar to the North of England, but prevails generally.

Why did the common people break the piece of gold or silver in token of a verbal contract of marriage and promises of love?

Because one half might be kept with the woman, while the other part remained with the man. Gay, in his "What d'ye call it," alludes to this practice.

Yet, Justices, permit us, ere we part,
To break this Ninepence, as you've broke our heart.
Filbert: (breaking the Ninepence) As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.
Kitty: (Joining the pieces) And, as this meets, thus may we meet again.

Why were certain ideas of good fortune attached to crooked money?

Because, in the preceding custom, the piece broken between the contracted lovers must have been a crooked one. Thus, in *Hudibras:*

Like Commendation Ninepence crook't,
With to and from my love is look't.

a circumstance confirmed also in the *Connoiseur*, No. 56, with an additional custom, of giving locks of hair woven in a true lover's knot. If, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair woven in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolate fidelity. This "bent token" has not been overlooked by Gay:

A Ninepence bent
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent.

Why was a joint ring a common token among betrothed lovers?

Because it denoted their mutual constancy. Dryden, in his play of Don Sebastian, date 1690, has the following beautiful passage on this custom:—

A curious artist wrought 'em
With joynts so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet they are both each other's counterpart.
Her part had Juan inscribed, and his had Zayda,
(You know these names were theirs) and, in the midst
A heart, divided in two halves, was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
But if they join, you must for ever part.

A STAGE TRICK.

An event new in theatrical history has occurred at Milan; the audience have been expelled from the grand opera house, La Scala, by a couple of regiments of Austrian soldiers, who, when the curtain rose, appeared on the stage with muskets pointed at the company in the pit. This curious politico-theatrical event is described and accounted for in the following manner, by the correspondent of a French journal. Of course the picture is rather highly coloured, but the main features are, I have good reason to believe, accurately portrayed. How wonderful that such an affair should have made so little noise beyond the Alps! — Will the Italians continue to bear this? — Cicero was of opinion that the moral state of a people might be learnt from the character of their music. Judge the Italians by this test;—judge them by their hatred of Mozart; their utter ignorance of Handel and Beethoven, and very slight knowledge of Haydn; also by their admiration of Mercadante, Pacini, &c., and it will follow that a spirit to resist tyranny is either dormant or extinct in their breasts.

About two o'clock, on the *Corso*, crowds of pedestrians gravely said to each other: "We shall meet again to-night at *La Scala*." An Austrian officer reflected thereupon as much as an Austrian can reflect; he drew forth his pencil, for the danger appeared serious, and made memoranda.

From eight o'clock the promenaders of the *Corso*, punctual to their *rendezvous*, resorted to the vestibule of the theatre. All the doors of the immense playhouse were thrown open: they enter! The lustre sparkles; the boxes exude perfumes; the pit exhibits a thousand heads; the orchestra preludes; the spectators clap with impatience: they pause.

Already the iced sherbet circulates in the boxes; the tale of love is suspended; admirers yield their seats to husbands; the ladies eat; the pit yawns; but the curtain trembles.—"Ah, mamma," exclaimed a young Milanese, with black eyes, and fine hair, "what am I going to see—an opera or a ballet?"—"Both, my dear."—"I should like a serious one best."—"Silence in the boxes!"

The orchestra plays the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*.—Bravo! bravo!—The pit applaud with the feet,—the ladies with their voices and fans. It resembles a concert. Happy Milanese! At length the curtain rises. Where are the decorations? Wait!—behold the performers!—Two Regiments of Hungarian Grenadiers! they take aim at the immense crowd. The soldiers' eyes

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and fusils are turned towards the bosoms of men, and women, and children! Pit, boxes, orchestra, all fly — they scream, they shout, they are breathless —they knock down each other to escape being felled by the soldiers! "Is any one killed?"—"God be thanked!"—But in the passages, at all the outlets, the Germans have mounted guard, threatening every one. The pit rise; swords are immediately at their breasts: the ladies faint—they are overwhelmed. All the assembly are made prisoners in a body. "To the Spitzberg prison with them! — To the fortress of Muncaez with all this canaille!"—*Harmonicon.*

MUSICAL TEST OF THE FEMALE VOICE.

THE influence of the temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a peculiar quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind. For an instant compare the vulgarity of a ballad-singer, her repulsive tone of voice and hideous graces, to the manner of an equally uncultivated singer in good society; or watch the treatment of a pretty melody from the concert-room, at the west end of London, until it reaches the ears from under the parlour window, and observe how it gains something new of vulgarity with every fresh degradation.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FLATTERERS OF NAPOLEON.

AFTER Napoleon's return from Austerlitz, Denon presented him with silver medals illustrative of his victories. The first represented a French eagle tearing an English leopard. "What's this?" asked the emperor. Denon explained. "Thou rascally flatterer, you say that the French eagle crushes the English leopard; yet I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea that is not taken: I tell you it is the leopard that strangles the eagle. Melt down the medal, and never bring me such another." He found similar fault with the medal of Austerlitz. "Put Battle of Austerlitz on one side, with the date; the French, Russian, and Austrian eagles, on the other, without distinction. Posterity will distinguish the vanquished."—*Cabinet Cyclopædia Vol. XXIII.*

SCOTTISH PEERAGE.

THE present number of Scottish Peers are 89; viz. 9 Dukes, 3 Marquesses, 45 Earls, 6 Viscounts, and 26 Barons. There are likewise four peerages vested in the persons of females, peeresses in their own right. W. G. C.

SIR NICHOLAS BACON LOST HIS LIFE THROUGH CIVILITY.

"HE was under the hands (says Mallet) of his barber, and the weather being sultry, had ordered a window before him to be thrown open. As he was become very corpulent, he presently fell asleep in the current of fresh air that was blowing in upon him, and awaked after some time distempered all over. 'Why,' said he to the servant; 'did you suffer me to sleep thus exposed?' The fellow replied that, 'he durst not presume to disturb him.' '*Then* (said the Lord Keeper) *by your civility I lose my life*;' and so removed into his bed-chamber, where he died a few days after." P. T. W.

EPIGRAM.

WALKING thro' Smithfield on a market day,
"By Jove" cries Tom, "we've come a beastly way!"

In Barnet Church Yard.

In hopes of a joyful Resurrection
at the last Day, Here lies the Body
of George Goldwire who died July 6, 1753,
and what manner of man he was,
that Day will certainly discover.

LIMBIRD'S Edition of the
SPEECH of the Rt. Hon. LORD BROUGHAM,
Lord High Chancellor of England,
On the Second Reading of the REFORM BILL,
delivered in the House of Lords on Friday, the 7th of October, 1831; printed verbatim from the *Times' Report*, on fine paper, with a PORTRAIT of his Lordship, price Fourpence.
In another form, for distribution, without the Portrait, price Twopence.

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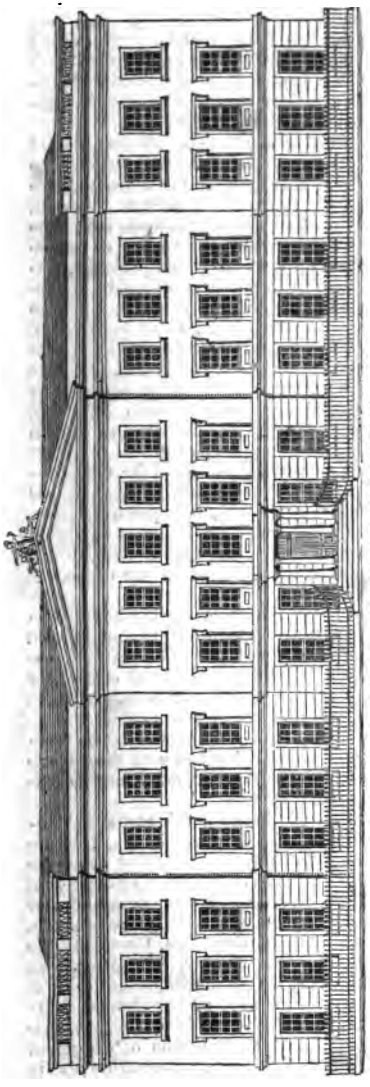
The Mirror

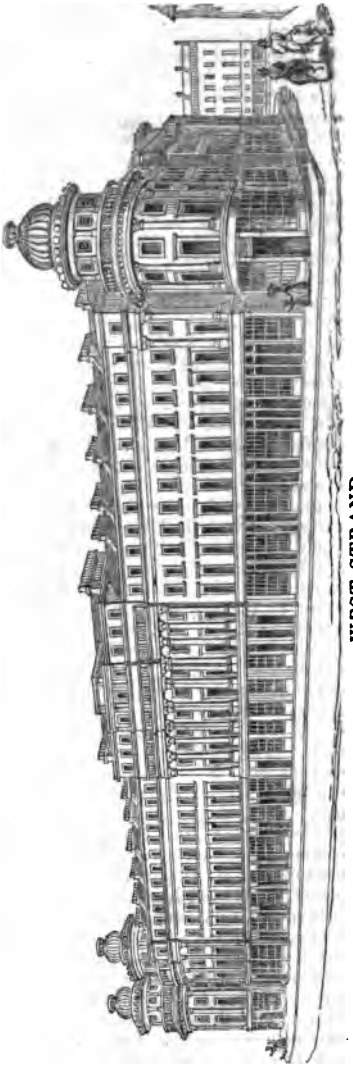
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 514.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831. [Price 2*d*.



CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.



WEST STRAND.

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THE annexed Engravings are gratifying Illustrations of the architectural embellishment of one of the most important quarters of the metropolis, being contiguous to the spot which Dr. Johnson designated "the full tide of human affairs." They are also proud testimonials of the active benevolence and commercial enterprise of this vast city.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

THE first stone of this building was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with Masonic ceremonies, on the 15th of September last. The Façade represented in the Engraving, will extend about 180 feet towards Agar-street, but a portion only will be appropriated at first for the purposes of the Charity. The return elevations towards Chandos and William streets, will be each 72 feet in length. The architecture is chaste and simple Grecian. The principal façade will present a centre and two wings, with a range of 17 windows towards Agar-street, with a rusticated ground story, continued throughout the building. The centre will be surmounted by a pediment to be crowned with a sculptural group, emblematical of the objects of the Institution. The wings will be furnished with balustrades; the principal entrance for the patients will be in the centre of the front. The South front is designed with more embellishment to correspond with the handsome buildings lately erected in the Strand, to which it will be more contiguous. A bow decorated with four Corinthian columns elevated on the rusticated story, will give variety to this façade, whilst a circular termination of the plan will accord with the form of the site. The entrance for the Governors, &c. will be in William-street, under a recessed or loggia portico of two Grecian Doric columns and antæ. The whole will be from the design of Mr. Decimus Burton, one of the most successful architects of the day.

The Charing Cross Hospital owes its commencement to the meritorious exertions of Dr. B. Golding, who contemplated by its establishment the hitherto untried but very useful combination of a Dispensary for supplying attendance and medicine to the sick poor at their own homes, with an Hospital for receiving and providing with clean domestic comforts the more dangerous cases —as indoor patients. Its first patrons were their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the late Dukes of York and Kent, those brothers in benevolence. A brief notice of the origin of the fund with which the proposed building has been commenced, will be found in vol. xi. of *the Mirror*, page 64; and for the subsequent outline of the Charity, we are indebted to a benevolent gentleman.

Although this Charity has now been in active operation 12 or 14 years in the vicinity of Charing Cross, the unsettled state of that neighbourhood, and the alterations which have so long been going on have, until recently, almost entirely confined its exertions to those of a Dispensary by preventing the Governors from obtaining an eligible situation for the intended building.

During the time which has elapsed from the origin of the institution to the recent conclusion of the treaty with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for the present advantageous site, there have been admitted for relief as out patients upwards of 30,000 poor sick persons, and the governors have by an economical reservation of surplus income on their own part, aided by a liberal subscription towards the building on the part of the public, obtained the required sum for commencing the proposed very suitable edifice; yet much additional assistance will be necessary to confirm its permanent prosperity.

The peculiar feature of the Charity—the two-fold object of a Dispensary and an Hospital—will, it is presumed, render a large and burthensome establishment less necessary than if its exertions were solely confined to the objects of the latter.

In the formation of this hospital an opportunity is afforded to any affluent and benevolent person of founding, endowing, and naming a ward or bed, or any limited number of beds, to which he may feel inclined — so that the liberality of their founder will be perpetuated and identified with the objects upon which that liberality may be exercised.

This will form the 8th casualty Hospital for this large metropolis, the population of which has doubled since the last one was instituted. The present existing establishments designed for similar purposes, are St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's, St. George's, the London, Westminster, and Middlesex Hospitals, and as the important district in which it is to stand is, although midway, upwards of a mile from any similar Charity, and as by reason of the great traffic and thronged thoroughfares in that quarter, accidents are of daily occurrence, an institution of this nature has long been greatly wanted there.

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WEST STRAND,

REPRESENTED in the second Engraving is in a more ornate style than the Hospital, and, as its name implies, occupies the western termination of the Strand. It consists of a handsome centre; the first and second stories of which are ornamented with columns with rich capitals, while the attic story is raised above that of the wings by balustrades. The ends have two columns only. The somewhat overloaded style of the circular terminations, however, compensates for this plainness; but we suspect their ornamental character will fright the propriety of architectural critics. Indeed, there is a discordant appearance in a cupola topped, balustraded, and columned building upon a shop basement, much as we are disinclined to disparage so honourable an appropriation: the contrast of luxury and labour is too great, although it is relieved by the recollection that means may be provided in the lower story for the support of the upper: nevertheless, the palace style of these buildings is not quite in character with their intended appropriation.

Nearly in the centre of the façade, or in the right wing of its centre, are three doorways to a handsome arcade, which we shall introduce more specially to our readers. The height of this arcade is nearly equal to the second floor in the façade, but the harmony of the whole building is preserved by this part of the façade being a sort of screen front to the arcade.

THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.

THE Habeas Corpus Act is the famous statute, 31 Charles II. cap. 2.

"The oppression of an obscure individual, (says Judge Blackstone,) gave rise to the famous Habeas Corpus Act."

"The individual here alluded to, was one Francis Jenks, who (says De Lolme) having made a motion at Guildhall, in the year 1676, to petition the king for a new parliament, was examined before the privy council, and afterwards committed to the Gate-house, where he was kept about two months, through the delays made by the several judges to whom he applied, in granting him a Habeas Corpus."—See *State Trials*, vol. vii. anno 1676.

Mr. Fox, in his *Life of James II.*, p. 35, has characterized this act as "the most important barrier against tyranny, and best framed protection for the liberty of individuals that has ever existed in any ancient or modern commonwealth." P. T. W.

THE STANDARD-BEARER TO HIS EAGLE, IN THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

(For the Mirror.)

"Fame's favourite minion!
The theme of her story!
How quail'd is thy pinion—
How sullied its glory!"

BERNARD BARTON.

[IT is related by Le Beaume, in his narrative, that on the disastrous desertion of the army by Napoleon, at Smorghoni, the retreat became doubly overwhelming and disorderly. So extensive were the captures made by the Russians, and so closely did they press the brave but subdued remnant of the French army, that the eagle-bearers, rather than that their standards should be taken by the enemy, *buried them*, in many instances, in the dead-strewn wilderness. The following verses are founded on this incident. *En passant*, it may be observed, that in perusing Le Beaume's work, considerable allowance should be made for his prejudices against Napoleon. The *date* of his book is somewhat ominous of his hostility to the "foremost man of all this world." At the period of its being published, the emperor was an exile in Elba, and the restored Bourbon sat on the throne of France.]

STANDARD of a glorious leader;
Hotly swells the battle's strife:
Ere the coward Cossack seize thee,
I will sell thee with my life!

Though I faint for nature's succour,
Weakly languishing for bread,
Though with stiff'ning limbs the soldier
Climbs the mountain of the dead:—

Yet before the Russ shall clutch thee,
Earth shall hide thee in her womb—
I have strength of hands and sinew
Yet to scoop thy honour'd tomb.

Thou didst soar o'er Moscow's burning,
Where our flags no more unfurl—
Where the conqueror's cannon peal'd;
When the wrathful fire was rising
O'er the desert's battle-field.

Gems and jewels sparkle 'round me,
Hoards of gold, and heaps of silver;
Cups encased in orient pearl.

But the splendour of thy plumage
With these dazzling spoils may vie;
Brighter than the fretted chalice,
Eagle, flames thy dauntless eye.

Like another Phœnix, springing
From thy sanguine solitude,
Promptly shall thy drooping pinions
Be again in blood imbued!

Ah,—I feel my breath is failing;
Flush'd with blood, my eye-balls start:
Death's cold hand I know is grasping
Firmly at my freezing heart.

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Comrade, take my cherish'd medal—
On it drops a soldier's tear;—
Unto Beauharnois convey it—
Whisper that my grave was here.

On this sward so burnt and blacken'd,
By the chateau's stayless fire,
(Though I hope thy resurrection,)
Eagle, is thy fun'ral pyre.

* * H.

The Novelist.

ALINE.

A Legendary Tale.

(For the Mirror.)

"My parents," said the fair Aline to her unknown lover, with whom she was holding, at midnight, a clandestine conference, at the little gate of the northern turret, "my parents will assuredly miss me, therefore, dear Florestan, ask me not to meet you at that hour, for positively I cannot."

"Rather say," replied the knight, "that you dare not."

"I confess it, and wherefore should I dare the displeasure of my father and mother? Why should I court that discovery of our affection, and accustomed interviews, which for the present you are so particularly anxious to avoid? and why, above all, when I can and do, see you so frequently in peace and safety here, should I tempt the danger of that horrid wood, haunted as people say it is, by a cruel forest fiend?"

"The knight laughed aloud; and his laugh, cold, bitter, and contemptuous, grated upon the soul, as well as the ears, of Aline. "Ay," replied he, "said I not well, that you dare not meet me there? and is it not becoming, lady, in you, to show me that the source of your secret repugnance lies, not in the fear of offending your parents, not in the dread of their discovering an intercourse, the publication of which is risked by every interview like this; but in the influence, undue, which a senseless superstition has obtained over your mind, to the detriment of reason, and your vaunted affection?"

"Good heavens! Florestan! how truly cruel is this suggestion! Have I not ever done all that you can rationally require, to oblige, and prove my attachment to you? Why then, should you torment me, by pretending to have doubts of that, the stability of which you cannot seriously question."

"But by Satan's self," returned the knight, "I do begin to suspect."

"Oblige me, Florestan, by abjuring such course asseverations; to swear by one's God, when occasion warrants not an oath, is extremely sinful; but to swear, as you too frequently do, by the evil angels, is to me a thing inconceivably strange and horrible."

"By Beelzebub!" ejaculated the knight, "but you are too particular, Aline, touching modes of expression, which in truth mean nothing, and are in vogue, or not, according to the dictates of fashion; yet, will I endeavour to oblige you in this matter, provided you give me the promise I require."

"Well, then, Florestan, I suppose I must, since you seem so greatly to desire it, though I cannot conceive why your 'particular communication' might not have as well been made here, as in the wood."

The lovers shortly afterwards parted, and Aline, as she heard the gusty wind sigh mournfully down the narrow stairs, up which she cautiously crept to her apartment in the turret, felt at her heart a faintness and chill of indefinable sorrow and dread. She lived in an age of superstition, and the vivid recollection which now flashed athwart her mind of what had been predicted by an astrologer at her birth, tended by no means to restore that cheerfulness which it was so singular, so delightful a thing to most female hearts, as an interview with a lover, had totally banished. "Alas!" cried the doubting girl, "what have I foolishly done?" and seating herself near the lamp which burned in her chamber, she took from a small case of red velvet, a parchment scroll, and soliloquized thus, as she attentively perused it: — "Am I not just twenty-one? And have I not ever been immured like a nun, in order to preserve, possibly, my very existence, from the danger wherewith I am, at about this time, menaced, from strange hands? Have I ever been permitted to appear in the society of strangers alone? or ever to quit the castle unattended? Alas! no! but how could I help myself in this assignation? Did he not doubt my love, which was unendurable? and laugh at my superstitious fears, which was insulting? And then what injury should accrue to me, from a sun-set walk with Sir Florestan in the forest? 'Tis true, I know naught respecting him, but his lineage, education, and whole history, am I not now in a few brief hours to hear? And, gentle as he is, though ardent, would he not sooner protect me from injury than inflict it? Also, morally speaking, shall I, in thus humoring the whim of my

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Florestan, commit,—an impropriety it may be, but,—a sin? Oh, no, no," And having thus compromised the matter between prudence and propriety, inclination and immorality, the maiden restored to its case the prophetic scroll, extinguished her lamp, and soon fell into a calm and refreshing slumber.

Next evening, true to her appointment, she entered, towards sunset, with no slight degree of trepidation, the green forest walk, which had been named by Sir Florestan as the place of tryste; although dark, sullen masses of heavy clouds seemed about to descend and rest their ponderous bodies, weary with ceaseless wandering, upon the bosom of earth, whilst the close, sultry atmosphere, and the supernatural stillness of all nature, portended a terrible tempest. The knight, who had arrived at the rendezvous before Aline, advanced to meet her; and soon, very soon, the delighted pair engaged in conversation, suited no doubt to the occasion, and state of their feelings, were immersed in the thickest shades and gloomiest recesses of the great, wild wood. However, in the midst of that "particular communication," which Sir Florestan had drawn his Aline thither to receive, they encountered a venerable hermit, who gazed by turns at each, with a pitying and wrathful expression of countenance.

"Lady," cried he, "unhappy one! knowest thou upon whose arm thou art now leaning for support? Whose envenomed breath thou art now inhaling? and whose insidious words, more poisonous still, thou dost, as they proceed from his accursed lips, hearken unto with such strange and blushing delight?"

Aline, terrified by this address, endeavoured to withdraw her arm from that of Florestan, who whispering, "My dear Aline, the old dotard is mad; heed not his idle words," held it yet more firmly to his side.

"Avaunt, demon!" cried the recluse, his mild eyes darting a thousand daggers, "I am neither mad nor doting! And oh, thou fair young creature, for whom my heart bleeds at its very core, unless thou consentest to place thyself immediately under my protection, dearly shalt thou rue the hour in which with his enchantments and hypocrisy, thou didst permit the forest fiend to beguile thine eyes, ears, and understanding."

"Old man," cried the knight, with inflamed visage, "driveller, liar, thou art thyself, as thou well knowest, the wood demon, who under such saintly guise, Satan transformed into an angel of light, dost seek to lure my own Aline to her ruin! But loved and loving one, trust not the hoary hypocrite, or rather say—"

"In the name of God!" cried the anchorite in great agony, "I entreat thee, ere it be too late, to leave him, and suffer my weak arm to support you to your home!"

"Aline, Aline," cried Sir Florestan, in heart-rending accents, "O, forsake not me, thy betrothed husband, and thy long-tried friend."

The alarmed girl stood irresolute which of these strangely confronted beings to credit, and unto which to fly for succour and security: there was a fearful pause, relieved but by the low, ominous mutter of distant thunder, and at length, she softly besought Sir Florestan to continue her protector, and bear her from the forest and its insiduous fiend.

Then did the aged hermit utter a piteous exclamation, and fixing his sorrowful eyes stedfastly upon Aline, exclaimed, "Poor deluded one! wretched girl! now is it indeed beyond my power to save thee, since thou hast in the very face of warning, deliberately resigned thyself into the hands of that accursed being! Receive then the recompense of thy blind obstinacy and disobedient folly, and may the Lord have compassion upon your soul!" Then turning to the false knight, who now clutched the fainting, terrified Aline, with a grasp which fearfully assured her in whose power she was, "Demon," cried he, "Devil incarnate! quit, in the holy name of God, that false, delusive figure, and appear in the shape of natural deformity peculiarly thine own, and emblematic of thy yet more monstrous mind, and so, let this hapless maiden see and believe into whose hands she has blindly resigned herself."

Scarcely had the holy man pronounced these words, than the pretended knight stood forth a most hideous demon; a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous thunder-clap, and the impregnation of the air with a strong sulphureous odour succeeded, and scarcely had the unfortunate Aline expressed by one long, heart-rending shriek, her sense of the horrible metamorphose which had come over the unknown, when the diabolical forest fiend, raising her in his arms, ascended with her, higher even than the highest trees, and casting her down with vengeful force, howled forth a devilish jubilate over her remains, shattered, bleeding, and yet

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quivering with the convulsive throes of that fearful death-shock; the burden of this terrible song seemed to the horrified solitary who stood aghast at this dreadful catastrophe, to be an exultation over the miserable maiden, who preferred the advice, society, and protection of the gay, dissipated, and unknown of the other sex, to the counsels, company, and steady, respectable guardianship of the elderly and holy! M. L. B.

Notes of a Reader.

A LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE stamp upon a newspaper, *minus* the discount, is about 3½*d.*, to which adding 1½*d.* for paper, makes the price of it before a single type is set (for the stamp duty is invariably paid per advance), just fourpence-halfpenny. It is sold to the newsmen for sixpence—this, in fact, being the price for which the publisher accounts to the proprietor. The profit, therefore, on a single paper, which pays so heavy a tax, and is conducted at so much risk—the unavoidable hazard of damages in civil action, fine, and imprisonment, is precisely *three halfpennies!* For this paltry profit is the whole world ransacked for news—a sentinel, in the shape of a foreign correspondent, stationed in every capital city of Europe and America—an agent in every seaport and market-town—a spy in every court and camp—an eavesdropper in every public office—a reporter at the elbow of every member of parliament—a reporter at every public feast and funeral—at every meeting of the saints—at every gathering of the common council and the prize-ring—at every *fête champêtre* and public execution—at every public whipping and charity-sermon—at the first appearance of every thief in the police court, who is watched till he waves his stolen handkerchief as he steps on board the hulks—at every market where women, or oats, or horses, or straw, or coals are sold—at every trial for treason or petty larceny—at the inquest held upon every strumpet who drowns herself, or patriot who cuts his throat—at every commission of lunacy, and at every royal coronation. For a poor penny-half-penny on each paper is all this done—all these persons employed; and all that passes in the world is wafted on a broad sheet from pole to pole, in spite of plague, *cordon sanitaire*, or civil war. It must therefore be obvious, that upon the number of papers sold almost entirely depends their success. The number sold must be prodigious to yield a profit adequate to the expenditure necessarily incurred by so many agents, and the difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining foreign intelligence by the rapacity and unwarrantable interposition of the clerks in the foreign department of the post-office. But the numbers sold by any newspaper in London are not equal to the sale of some of the Paris journals.* This is caused by the high price of the article in England. Sevenpence, the price which the consumer pays, is enormous, and naturally restricts the circulation. The trade is consequently in few hands; for how few persons are there who can afford to purchase even a single paper per day, this amounting to 4*s.* 1*d.* per week, or 10*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* per annum†.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

* We doubt this. ED. M.

† There are, of course, only six daily papers; the Sunday's paper being on quite a different scale. ED. M.

POOR AND PRODIGAL AUTHORS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AT the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the one word—Poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar amongst footmen out of place,—to translate ten hours a-day for the wages of a ditcher,—to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub street to St. George's fields, and from St. George's fields to the alleys behind St.

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Martin's church,—to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December,—to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in the Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the high Allies; who, if he had lived, in our time, would have received from the booksellers several hundred pounds a-year.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy these luxuries, with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe lane.—*Edinburgh Review.*

PECULIAR HABITS OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him.—*Harmonicon.*

Paisiello composed in bed. It was between sheets that he planned *Il Barbiere di Siviglia, La Molinara,* and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness.—*Ibid.*

Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.—*Ibid.*

Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.—*Ibid.*

Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in the course of a single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.—*Ibid.*

PATRONAGE OF AUTHORS.

In the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement,—by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid,—at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronized literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his Hippolytus and Phœdra failed, would have been consoled with 300*l.* a-year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only poet-laureate, but land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-mercer, became a secretary of legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles II., and to the City and Country Mouse that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Ox-

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ford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a commissioner of stamps and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a commissioner of the customs, and auditor of the imprest. Tickell was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was secretary of state.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, who alone of all the noble versifiers in the court of Charles the Second, possessed talents for composition which would have made him eminent without the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated through the whole course of his life the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders—Harley and Bolingbroke in particular—vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the throne of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering for Parliamentary support much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to divert any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons, or Richardson's Pamela. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen, had been mere encumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely patronized a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the minister to make room for men less able and equally unscrupulous. The opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St. James's would give nothing —Leicester house had nothing to give.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Old Poets.

ENVY.

Foul Envy, thou the partial judge of right,
Son of Deceit, born of that harlot Hate,
Nursed in Hell, a vile and ugly sprite,
Feeding on Slander, cherish'd with debate,
Never contented with thine own estate;
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whose words be gall, whose actions end in blood.

DRAYTON.

PATIENCE.

Man in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch ever ruling there,
Wherever then his body do remain,
He is a king that in himself doth reign,
And never feareth fortune's hot'st alarms
That bears against her patience for his arms.

IDEM.

Patience doth bear a never pierced shield,
Whose brightness hath enforc'd more monsters yield,
Than that of ugly Gorgon's head was made.

SYLVESTER.

VALOUR AND ART.

Valour and Art are both the sons of Jove,
Both brethren by the father not the mother;
Both peers without compare, both live in love,
But Art doth seem to be the elder brother,
Because he first gave life unto the other.
Who afterward gave life to him again,
Thus each by other doth his life retain.

FITZ JEFFERY.

ART.

Art is nobility's true register,
Nobility Art's champion still is said:
Learning is Fortitude's right calendar,
And Fortitude is Learning's saint and aid,
Thus if the balance between both be weigh'd,
Honour shields Learning from all injury,
And Learning, Honour from black infamy.

IDEM.

REVENGE.

The soul is like a boist'rous working sea,
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,
Proves great with child of indignations,
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,
Disburden'd of the pain thereto belongs.
Her bowers are turn'd to bright-fac'd sunshine braves,
And fair content plays gently on her waves.

MARKHAM.

Next within the entry of the gate,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

SACKVILL.

LOVE.

Sight is his root, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, 'prenticeship attention:
His youth delight, his age the soul's oppression
Doubt is his sleep, he waketh in invention.
Fancy his food, his clothing carefulness,
Beauty his book, his play lover's dissension.
His eyes are curious search, but veil'd with warefulness,
His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation:
Largess his hands, could never still of sparefulness.

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But how he doth by might or by persuasion,
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratify,
Experience doubts, and schools had disputation.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

VIRTUE.

The path that leads to Virtue's Court is narrow,
Thorny, and up a hill, a bitter journey:
But being gone through, you find all heavenly sweets,
The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end
Two towers of pearls and crystals you ascend.
DEKKAR.

IGNORANCE.

At last with creeping, crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble limbs did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro.
For his eyesight him failed long ago,
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unused, rust did overrow.
But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face
Unlike to men who ever as they trace
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead,
His name Ignaro, did his nature right aread.
SPENSER.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DR. JOHNSON.

THERE is a fine, graphic paper, on *Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 107—just published. It is the running commentary of a masterly hand, upon the Life of Johnson, and, in some respects, a merited castigation of the excrescences which Mr. Croker has heaped upon, and stuffed into, a work previously crammed—to satisfy the most voracious maw. We do not care to use milder words about the matter; but quote the Reviewer's vivid sketch of Johnson's career.

Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Every thing about him — his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the Negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life, during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, and about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsman.*

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of Mæcenases had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-

* The Rev. Dr. Shaw, who died a few weeks since at Chesley, Somersetshire, at the age of 83, is said to have been the last surviving friend of Dr. Johnson.—*Morning Herald*, October 7, 1831.

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eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four-and-fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth, to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters, with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets, for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character, which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. All had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age,—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities, appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours,—the slovenliness of his person,—his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness,—his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity,—his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find, that what we call his singularities of manner, were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine. But when he drank it, he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural, that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo immitior, quia toleraverat,"—that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind, he had no

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pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headach—with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which prudent people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of misery. Goldsmith crying because the Good-natured Man had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Even great pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might cry, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh.

A person who troubled himself so little about the smaller grievances of human life, was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence half-penny a-day.

The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell;—if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness, as the fisherman, in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world. A man who told him of a water-spout or a meteoric stone, generally had the lie direct given him for his pains. A man who told him of a prediction or a dream wonderfully accomplished, was sure of a courteous hearing. "Johnson," observed Hogarth, "like King David, says in his haste that all men are liars." "His incredulity," says Mrs. Thrale, "amounted almost to disease." She tells us how he browbeat a gentleman, who gave him an account of a hurricane in the West Indies, and a poor quaker, who related some strange circumstance about the red-hot balls fired at the siege of Gibraltar. "It is not so. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it." He once said, half jestingly we suppose,

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that for six months he refused to credit the fact of the earthquake at Lisbon, and that he still believed the extent of the calamity to be greatly exaggerated. Yet he related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave of St John's Gate saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock-lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. He rejects the Celtic genealogies and poems without the least hesitation; yet he declares himself willing to believe the stories of the second sight. If he had examined the claims of the Highland seers with half the severity with which he sifted the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal, he would, we suspect, have come away from Scotland with a mind fully made up. In his Lives of the Poets, we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies; but he tells us with great solemnity an absurd romance about some intelligence preternaturally impressed on the mind of that nobleman. He avows himself to be in great doubt about the truth of the story, and ends by warning his readers not wholly to slight such impressions.

Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum-porridge, mince-pies, and dancing bears, excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress, he replied, with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralpho; and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths altogether inconsistent with reason, or with Christian charity. He has gravely noted down in his diary, that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbours was somewhat singular. "Campbell," said he, "is a good man, —a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat,—this shows he has good principles." Spain and Sicily must surely contain many pious robbers and well-principled assassins. Johnson could easily see that a Roundhead, who named all his children after Solomon's singers, and talked in the House of Commons about seeking the Lord, might be an unprincipled villain, whose religious mummeries only aggravated his guilt. But a man who took off his hat when he passed a church episcopally consecrated, must be a good man, a pious man, a man of good principles. Johnson could easily see that those persons who looked on a dance or a laced waistcoat as sinful, deemed most ignobly of the attributes of God, and of the ends of revelation. But with what a storm of invective he would have overwhelmed any man who had blamed him for celebrating the close of Lent with sugarless tea and butterless buns.

(The remainder must stand over for our next Number.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

INSECT MISCELLANIES.

THIS volume (xii) completes the Entomological Series of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and with its two predecessors, Insect Architecture and Insect Transformations, forms a complete History of the Economy of the Insect World. These volumes it is true, are not according to *system*, else they would not properly belong to a Library of *Entertaining* Knowledge. They are therefore more attractive, and likely to lead the general reader to study Entomology as a science. They are reported to be from the observant pen of Mr. Rennie, Professor of Natural History in King's College, London. The present volume appears entitled to equal praise with those that have preceded it. We quote an interesting passage replete

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with that concise summing-up which is so essential to the completeness of a compilation, and which may be said to invest a compilation with advantages over an original work.

Luminosity of the Sea.

"It does not seem to be yet satisfactorily ascertained to what cause is to be ascribed the beautiful phenomenon of the sparkling light so frequently seen at night in the waters of the sea, though the most prevalent opinion is, that it arises from marine insects, or crustaceous or molluscous animalcules, among which the shining crab (*Cancer fulgens*, &c.) has been particularized, apparently more from conjecture than observation. It is very improbable indeed that any species of crab would be so abundant, particularly since they do not swim so well 'as to bestar with their phosphorescent splendour the vast surface of the ocean, and transform it into a sea of flame,'—a spectacle, continues Humboldt, 'which stamped upon my memory an ineffaceable impression, and always excited fresh astonishment, although it was renewed every night for months together. It may be seen in every zone; but those who have not witnessed it within the tropics, and above all upon the main ocean, can form but a very imperfect conception of the grandeur of the phenomenon, particularly if the spectator places himself in the shrouds of a ship of the line, during a fresh breeze, when she ploughs through the crests of the waves, and at every roll her side is raised out of the water enveloped in ruddy flames, which stream like lightning from the keel, and flash towards the surface of the sea. At other times, the dolphins, while sporting in the waters, trace out sparkling furrows in the midst of the waves.' *

"Leaving out of our consideration as inadmissible, the opinion of Le Gentil † and Forster‡ that the light in question arises from electricity excited by the friction of the water upon the sides of the advancing ship,—the ascertained facts appear to be the following:—There are several luminous molluscæ which have the faculty of emitting at pleasure a feeble phosphorescent light, generally of a bluish colour. Three of these have been particularized, *(Nereis noctiluca; Medusa pelagica, β;* § and *Monophora noctiluca,)* the latter discovered by M. Bory de St. Vincent in Baudin's expedition.‖ Besides these, a number of microscopic animalcules of species still undetermined, which Forster found swimming in innumerable multitudes in the sea near the Cape of Good Hope, have been confidently asserted to be the cause of the phenomenon. But though these may be partly or sometimes the cause, yet, in the greater number of instances, no animalcules whatever can be discovered in the luminous water, even by the aid of the best glasses. Such was the decision come to by Humboldt from numerous observations in the tropical seas, and his authority is one of the highest which can be adduced.¶ We had recently an opportunity of repeating these observations at Hâvre de Grace, and could not discover the slightest trace of animalcules, although the water which we examined was so strongly luminous, that it shone upon the skin of some night-bathers like scattered clouds of lambent flame, appearing more as a property of the water itself than anything extraneous diffused through it; but we particularly remarked that no light appeared in quiescent water, it being only seen when the surface was broken by the ripple of the tide, or when a wave dashed upon the pebbles on the beach.**

"Humboldt, however, is of opinion, that though the phenomenon is only at times caused by animated lamp-bearers, it may probably arise in general from the decomposed fibrillæ of dead mollusca which abound beyond all calculation in the bosom of the waters. He proved this by passing some of the luminous water through cloth, when some of the fibrillæ were separated, and appeared in the form of luminous points. We should, on the other hand, have been inclined to infer that these points were caused by the luminous water moistening the fibres of the cloth: and our author himself afterwards seems to abandon the notion of fibrillæ for that of gelatinous fluid produced by the decomposition of the dead bodies, and imparting to sea-water the nauseous taste, which is as much disliked by us as it is relished by the fishes. Water may thus be rendered luminous by throwing into it a quantity of herring brine, and hence it appears that salt is indispensable; for, as M. Bory de St. Vincent justly remarks, the waters of our lakes and

* Humboldt, Tableau de la Nature, vol. ii. p. 9, and Note.
† Voyage aux Indes, i. 685—98.
‡ Remarks made in a Voyage round the World, p 57.
§ Forskäl, Fauna Ægyptiaco-Arabica, p. 109.
‖ Voy. aux Iles d'Afrique, i. 104.
¶ Humboldt, Tableau de la Nature, ii. 90.
** J. R.

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marshes are never luminous, though these abound with polypi, both living and dead. There seems also to be certain states of the air favourable or unfavourable to the developement of the light, for one night it will appear with great brilliance, while on the following, though the circumstances seem all equal, it will be gone. It seems to be more frequent, as Humboldt remarked, 'when the sky was thick and cloudy, and upon the approach of a storm.' We have remarked it as frequently following as preceding a storm; but it seems to be independent of heat or cold; for on the banks of Newfoundland it is observed to shine with great brilliance during the most rigorous frosts."

Every one who remembers the popularity of Messrs. Kirby and Spence's work upon Entomology, in four octavo volumes, will anticipate the similar success of Mr. Rennie's work, which, for twelve shillings presents the reader with nearly as much matter as is to be found in Kirby's four volumes at four pounds.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

We quote these delightfully-drawn traits from Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile-Forget-Me-Not* for 1832; reserving our note of its further contents for another occasion. There is the right *living* interest throughout Mrs. Hall's present volume.

"I had once a favourite black hen—'a great beauty,' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, 'if I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again: it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively had kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visiter at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird. * * *

"One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observed how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus

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—'Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!' 'Sally, Poll wants her tea!' but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by 'How do you do, Mr. A.?' She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—'Get out, dogs!' with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener who had lost most of his hair, at work exclaimed, 'Bald-pate, I ride—I ride! 'Yes,' replied the old man, slowly raising himself; 'yes, yes, and you'll pay for it.' The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach-passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation — silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread. There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five, are there?' replied he; 'then I'll have three.' 'Nay,' exclaimed the other indignantly, 'I have run all the danger, and I'll have the three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero; 'but I'll promise you no more than two;' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

JUSTICE.

SOME merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them and bought them; he moreover gave the merchants a lack of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He

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replied, "Because you entrusted a lack of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

An Englishman, travelling through Germany, having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "I am," said he, "an elector of Middlesex." The Germans, who hold the dignity of elector as next in rank to that of a king, and knew little or nothing of the English titles and ranks, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out and did him military honours.

CURIOUS LOVE.

Purchase in his "*Pilgrims*" tells us—"That, if in Muscovy, the women are not beaten once a-week, they will not be good, and therefore they look for it weekly; and the women say, if their husbands did not beat them they should not love them." P. T. W.

SEVERITY AGAINST PUPPET-SHOWS.

"There is (says Butler) a remarkable account of Biroche, the famous Puppet player of Paris, who was taken up as a conjuror in one of the cantons of Switzerland, (they taking his *puppets* for so many little devils) and he had certainly been condemned as such by the magistrates, had not Monsieur Dumont, a colonel of a regiment of Swiss, interposed, who convinced them at last, that there was no *witchcraft* in the case. However they insisted upon Biroche's paying the charge of the prosecution; which he not complying with, they *fined* him severely by plundering his *puppets* and carrying off their fine clothes in triumph; and putting him to the expense of new dressing them before they could appear in Flanders."

In Holland they formerly taxed puppet-shows.

N. B. We tremble. Should the Chancellor of the Exchequer read this article he may tax our darlings—*Punch* and *Judy*. P. T. W.

POLITENESS.

The Marquess d'Harcourt walking arm in arm with Voltaire, a person took off his hat to the marquess, who returned the salute. "Why do you bow to that fellow," says Voltaire, "he's one of the greatest blackguards of the day!" "What of that," replied the marquess, "I would not allow a blackguard to outdo me as a gentleman!"

CURIOUS MULCT.

Bazilowitz the Great, Duke of Muscovy, sent to the city of Moscow, to provide for him a measure full of *live fleas*, for a medicine. They answered the thing was impossible, and if they could get them they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon them of seven thousand rubles. (See Purchase's Pilgrims.) P. T. W.

QUEER HERALDRY.

Sir Richard Steele in his comedy of the Funeral or Grief a la mode, introduces the servant of Mr. *Sable* the *Undertaker*, thus:

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the Heralds for a *Coat* for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow."

Sable. "Ah; take some of our *Cits*; their first thing after their death, is to take care of their birth. Let him bear a *pair of stockings*; for he is the first of his family that ever wore one.

P. T. W.

In Bunhill fields Burying ground.

Here lies
Dame Mary Page
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.
She departed this Life
March 4th 1728,
In the 56th year of her Age.

In 67 months she was tapped 66 times. Had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case, or ever fearing the operation.

On an antique sculptured shield in the front of the tower of St Edmund's Church, Salisbury is the following inscription:

THE
LORD DID
MARVEILOVSLY
PRESERVE A GREAT
CONGREGATION OF
HIS PEOPLE FROM THE
FALL OF THE TOWER IN
THIS PLACE VPON THE
SABBATH DAY BEING
JVNE 26
1653.
PRAISE HIM O YEE CHILDREN.
COLBOURNE.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic. G. G. BENNIS, 56, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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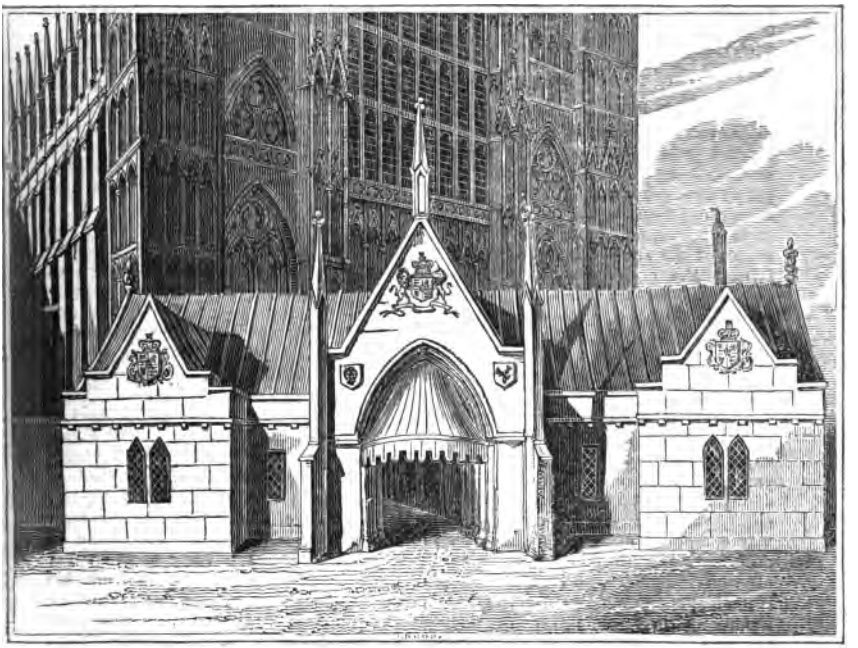
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 515.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



ROYAL ENTRANCE AT THE RECENT CORONATION.

In our *Coronation Number* we took occasion to compliment the good taste of the above appendage to the great western entrance to the Abbey; and we have thought it of sufficient interest to embellish our pages. Indeed, its transfer here will be one of the few records of its erection. It was suffered to remain till last Monday, probably from the admiration which it drew forth; but the entrance to the Abbey now presents its usual appearance.

The above building, as the reader may recollect, was appropriated as robing-rooms for their Majesties. It was a mere structure of wood and canvass; but the architectural propriety of its design and ornaments, and the excellence of the painting, demand it a more particular description.

The building was in the pointed style of Henry the Third's reign, and was hung with the emblazoned shields of Edward the Confessor, the royal arms of England at that period, and his present Majesty's arms, with all their bearings. On each spandrel were badges, composed of the rose, the shamrock, and thistle.

The central door-way led into a passage seventy feet long and nineteen feet wide, painted to imitate stone, with a high wainscoting of oak; the ceiling of oak, in Gothic panelling. High up, on the stone walls, were hung the emblazoned shields of England, Ireland, Scotland, Hanover, Brunswick, Lunenberg, and Saxony.

On the spandrels of the inner arch were angels bearing labels, with these mottos—on one side, "Dme. salvum fac regem;" and on the other, "Decus et tutamen."

The windows were of stained and imitative ground glass; and over the door-way was a striped canvass awning, which could be let down at pleasure.

It was aptly observed by the *Atlas*, that "the best praise that can be bestowed on this erection is, that it appeared a part of the Abbey."

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THE NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND.

(To the Editor.)

NOTICING in your No. 512 an account of the Volcano in the Mediterranean, with a postscript that further particulars would be given, I am induced to send you an extract from a letter received from Captain Friend, of the ship *Eveline*, bound to Alexandria.

FRED. FRIEND.

"On the 29th of August, at daylight in the morning, a great smoke was discovered to be issuing out from the sea, in a south-east direction. On approaching nearer, we found it to proceed from a volcano, forming an island of about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, at the south-west end of which (where the crater was forming), the smoke was continually, but irregularly, ascending in large volumes. We saw a brig lying-to near it, and we immediately bore down to speak her, and found her to be H. M. B. *Ferret;* they informed us the volcano was rapidly increasing. We lowered our boat down, and landed on it, accompanied by my daughter, and a lady and gentleman, passengers. The island appeared to be about fifty feet in height, and about eighty yards across; the ground, which was composed of burnt earth and cinders, had fallen from the top, and shelved off round the sides, so that it formed a sort of sloping landing-place, and from thence a level of fifteen or twenty yards to the edge of the water. On the south side the water was boiling up very high; and it appeared as if the island was increasing, as at some distance a reef of the same dark substance appeared, with the sea bubbling and breaking against it. In the centre of the island there was a large cavity, filled with boiling water.

"The island was of a dark-brown appearance, and very irregularly formed; there were some strata of white on some parts, which we imagined to be salt. The cinders were quite hot to our feet, and so loose that we sunk in above our shoes. The volcano emitted a strong, sulphureous, suffocating smell, and we heard a constant groaning noise in the interior. Previous to our approaching this island, the masts of the *Eveline* were covered with a sort of red sand.

"It lies about twenty-four miles from the coast of Sicily, and ninety-four miles from Malta; latitude, 37 deg. 8 min.; longitude, by chronometer, 12 deg. 44 min.; has 90 fathoms water close to it, and is steep. The ladies (the first I believe who have landed on this interesting spot) did not feel at all alarmed, but amused themselves by collecting specimens of the different kinds of cinder and earth; some of the former appear impregnated with iron ore."

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE heiress presumptive to the British crown is gradually becoming an object of great interest to all classes of her future subjects, and this interest is naturally heightened by the novelty of the throne being filled by a female sovereign, which has not been the case since the death of Queen Anne in 1702. The reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne were among the most glorious in our annals; and the five years of Mary were unhappily too remarkable ever to be forgotten. The future appears so eventful, that the successor of our present excellent King cannot fail to fill a distinguished place in history.

The Princess Alexandrina Victoria is the only child of the late Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., by Victoria Maria Louisa, Princess Dowager of Luningen, sister of Prince Leopold. The Duke of Kent was always, with the exception perhaps of the Duke of Sussex, the most popular of the royal family, and was conspicuous from his active benevolence, and protection of charitable institutions. She was born on the 24th of May, 1819, and within a few months afterwards lost her father, who died of an inflammation brought on by sitting too long in wet clothes. The Princess has consequently been under the sole care of her excellent mother from her infancy; and it is well known that no mother has more anxiously studied to inculcate on her daughter's mind a due sense of moral and religious duties, and the practice of kindness, gentleness, and forbearance to all those about her, than has the Duchess of Kent towards her precious charge. Her studies have been pursued with as unremitting attention as her health would bear: she is quick in acquiring languages, and speaks fluently English, French, and German; is well read in history; and has attained such perfection in music as to be able to take part in the private concerts frequently given by the Duchess of Kent, who is herself extremely fond of music. The Princess' governess (an appointment which is chiefly a matter of form in accordance with precedents) is the Duchess of Northumberland; her pre-

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ceptor, the Rev. Mr. Davies; her music master, Mr. Sale; and her instructor in the English law and constitution, Professor Amos of the London University, who attends regularly to give the Princess lessons in this important branch of knowledge.

The Princess has fine eyes, and a florid complexion, and strongly resembles the lamented Princess Charlotte, both in countenance and manner. She is inclined to be stout rather than tall. Many contradictory reports of the state of her health have been spread, arising possibly from the physician of the household paying her regular visits for form sake, and to satisfy the Duchess' natural anxiety. We know, however, from good authority, that the Princess' health is very satisfactory, and the exuberance of her spirits is a sufficient proof of there being no cause for alarm on this head. Her Royal Highness has certainly never been strong on her feet, but this arises, more than any thing else, from her feet and ancles being particularly small, and therefore not well calculated to bear her weight. Her disposition is spoken very favourably of, and her good humour never fails her, though she is not much in the habit of associating with young ladies of her own age, but leads, on the whole, a secluded life. From all that is known, therefore, of this interesting young personage during her yet short career, there is every reason to induce us to look with confidence to the day when she will be called on to wield the sceptre of the most powerful empire in the known world.

PLAN FOR A NEW DICTIONARY.

(To the Editor.)

"We are all sick, it must be confessed, and it is not for sick men to play the physician; but it is yet lawful for a man in a hospital to discourse of the distempers of the place."—SENECA.

WITHOUT detracting, or presuming to detract, one tittle of respect from that great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, it may still be consistent with the becoming humility of an unlettered soul, to offer a suggestion. I would suggest, then, that the plan adopted by him, and so many others since, in the compilation of dictionaries, might still be amended. On turning to the verb "To cut," we have the following definitions of it—"To carve, hew, shape, divide." Now the ways of cutting are not only many, but manifold: to wit—"Cutting a swell," "cutting a joke," "cutting an acquaintance," "cutting a joint," "cutting a connexion," "cutting a caper," "cutting the thread of one's existence," "cutting an engagement," "cutting your stick" (*i. e.* being off), and lastly, "being cut," that is to say, "in liquor."

To Keep.—"Keeping an account," "keeping a promise," "keeping quiet," "keeping up one's spirits," "keeping a term," and "keeping oneself."

To Draw—"Drawing a caricature," "drawing a tooth," "drawing a draft," "drawing a fowl," "drawing a carriage," and "drawing a cork."

To Shoot.—"The shooting of a plant," "the shooting of a star," "the shooting of a corn," "shooting a pheasant," "shooting a bridge," "shooting rubbish," and "shooting with the long-bow" (*i. e.* lying agreeably).

Besides these, there are numberless others; but perhaps these few specimens will suffice to show that our standard dictionaries are capable of necessary alteration, if not of decided improvement.

A CORRESPONDENT.

The Novelist.

THE ANNUALS.

The Amulet.

WE scarcely like the "bit-and-bit" plan of noticing the Annuals, by mere extract, and accordingly appropriate to them two sheets or Supplementary Numbers. The first of these will be ready on November the 5th. In the meantime we quote an entire story from *the Amulet:* it is a novelty, being a prose tale from the charming pen of L. E. L.

THE BETROTHED.

A tale of the Times of Maria Theresa.

THE empress and her daughter stood together: alike, singularly alike, as they were, in height, in the same high, finely-cut features, the same clear blue eyes, the same fair Saxon complexion, yet the likeness, which seemed so strong at the first look, became almost a contrast as that look was prolonged into observation. It was not the difference of age, for the mother's eye was as bright, and her cheek as rich in colour, as her daughter's; but the sweetness which was in Maria Theresa's smile only, was in every line of the archduchess's face. The azure depths of the eyes, in the one, mirrored every thought and every feeling; those of the other expressed but what they chose should appear. Each had the same fair broad forehead; but in the elder one a slight contraction of the brow had become habitual. Both stepped with the stately bearing of a

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noble race; but Maria Theresa moved as if over the neck of a prostrate world, while Josepha seemed as if she would have turned aside rather than crush the meanest worm on her path. Both were splendidly dressed—the young princess as a bride; the diamond tiara was surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers, the white velvet train embroidered with pearls, and a veil of silver tissue fell almost to her feet. The bright and gay appearance of the archduchess was little in unison with the rest of the scene. The huge and dark chamber was hung with crimson damask worked with gold; but the gold had been long tarnished, and the brilliancy had passed away from the crimson. Portraits in massive frames, the gilding as dim as the colours, covered the walls. Most of them were garbed in black velvet, according to the Spanish taste, and the heavy brow and thick lip all bespoke their Austrian descent. At the upper end of the room was a purple canopy which had been raised over a temporary altar; towards this the empress led her daughter, and the shadow of the canopy fell dark upon the young bride. A small group gathered round—staid, grave-looking men—who, whatever of fierce passion might be in the heart, had long banished all betrayal of it from the face. The face of the emperor, who, till summoned to give his father's hand, stood in the background, was the only one that had aught of the expression of humanity—and that expression was only of its weakness. But where was the bridegroom? Miles and miles away. The royal lover woos by an envoy and wins by a treaty. In his place, his ambassador stood forth—an aged nobleman, who, having spent a whole life in the observance of forms, held them to be the highest attributes of human nature.

The ceremony proceeded, and, at its close, the ambassador dropped on his knee and kissed the hand of the Duchess of Parma. Josepha turned, and would have knelt to her mother, but this the empress prevented, and folding her in her arms, pressed her lips to her brow, and wished her many years of happiness. Very ungracefully, but very affectionately, the emperor pressed forward; by this time he had forgotten all the advantages of the alliance, and every thing but that he was about to lose his favourite child. Maria Theresa evidently endured this display very impatiently;—her husband met her eye, and—with that species of experience which must be peculiarly adapted to fools, for it is they who are said to learn by it—read its meaning, and shrunk back into silence and himself. The Marquess di Placentia now gave a signal to an attendant, and a page stepped forward with a casket; its contents the ambassador again knelt to offer to his new sovereign. It was the portrait of the Duke of Parma, fastened to a chain of brilliants.—The empress herself took the picture, and placed it round her daughter's neck.

A collation was spread in the adjoining room, and thither the party adjourned. Many others of the court were now admitted to offer their congratulations, and it was late in the day before the Duchess of Parma could be permitted to retire. Weary with fatigue, and oppressed by heat, Josepha gladly withdrew to her own chamber. Summoning her attendants, she hastened to put off her cumbrous dress.

"I will put on my canoness' robe," said the duchess; a costume frequently worn both by herself and sisters.

"Nay," exclaimed Pauline, a favourite attendant, "not black upon your wedding-day; it is so very unlucky."

The princess persisted, and, after helping her on with the loose black silk robe, at her command Pauline withdrew.—Josepha seated herself by the open casement, and for the first time gazed on the miniature she wore. The duke's face was one of uncommon beauty and intelligence; the softness of the enamel and the skill of the painter might have added something to the beauty, but you felt the expression was copied, not given. The bride felt a sense of happiness and security steal over her as she watched the open and kindly meaning of the eyes, that seemed to answer to her own.—Perhaps, too, the outward influences of the lovely evening-time might give something of their own soothing sweetness. The air came through the window, with the odours of the garden below and the freshness of the dews above—for the heat was melting in a gentle rain. Suddenly a strain of music floated upon the air; it was from a band belonging to the palace, and they played a slow and beautiful Italian air.—There were words belonging to the song—Josepha knew them—they spoke of passionate and happy love; she blushed as she glanced at the portrait, and then leaned back, half to listen to the distant tones, and half to dream of the future, as the young dream when hope prophecies by the imagination. She was yet lost in fantasies so vivid that truth itself seemed not so actual, when the door of her apartment slowly opened and she

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started from her seat in wonder to see the empress.—Maria Theresa was cold and haughty in her general manner; one too who brooked not that her will should meet with question, much less opposition: little marvel was it, therefore, that her child rose with an attitude rather of deference than of affection. But her mother's manner was kind even to softness, and when Josepha drew forwards the large arm-chair she refused it, and, gently taking her daughter's hand, placed herself too in the window-seat.

"These books are Italian, and the music I hear in the distance is Italian. Ah, my child, even now you are striving to forget us! Alas! our station too much separates those gentler ties which, in lowlier life, bind so closely. How often must I, even to you, my own beloved girl, have seemed stern and severe; for I know a life of anxiety and struggle leaves its own hershness behind. But when, Josepha, in another country you think of your mother, remember with what difficulties that mother has had to contend."

Josepha's only answer was to catch the hand, now placed caressingly amid her beautiful hair, and to cover it with kisses ay, and also tears.

"A parting like ours," resumed the empress, "is like one beside the grave; let it be all in love and charity. Forgive me, my child, if aught of reproach you have against your mother."

The duchess flung herself at Maria Theresa's feet. "Nay, forgive me, my beloved and revered parent, if ever the petulance of my age has caused me to forget the love and duty I owed. Bless me, my mother."

"God bless you, my beloved Josepha," said the empress tenderly and solemnly.

The pause of feeling in both was broken by Maria Theresa looking at the miniature of the duke of Parma.

"I like the expression of this face—it agrees with what I have heard of his character; and yet, when I think of the distance which will be between us, I seem to dread thus trusting your happines beyond my control. As yet, you know so little the dangers and the difficulties of a position like yours."

"But, my mother," said the duchess, "surely I might be aided by your knowledge."

"The young submit not willingly to be guided by the old. Youth has but a half experience—it has seen but the bright side, and makes no allowance for the coming shadows. How often have I known the sage counsels which would have averted danger treated not only with indifference but even scorn."

"But not by me," exclaimed her hearer earnestly; "your words will be treasured in my heart like gold."

"My dearest Josepha, I doubt your will to obey as little as I do your love; but I fear the natural thoughtlessness of youth. I could almost now regret that an unwillingness to weigh down the bright brief period of your life has prevented me depressing your young spirits by ever communicating the weight on my own mind. I have been over prudent. I fear you are ill fitted to meet all the exigencies of your novel situation. Beautiful, and with a mind like yours (I have observed its powers, Josepha, more than you may deem,) your influence over your husband must be—will be—absolute.—Think not, dearest child, that I undervalue your desire to know and follow the right; but oh, that I could give you some of my experience."

"Can you not, dear mother and sovereign? You know not how reverentially I should hear, and how carefully I should follow, your advice."

This was the very point to which the empress wished to bring her daughter. First kissing the beautiful face which was bent towards her in the earnestness of entreaty, she began speaking. Her natural gifts of persuasion were great; her voice mingled sweetness and firmness; and her smile—it was that for whose sake the gallant chivalry of Hungary swore to die. At first her listener seemed to yield the most earnest and confiding attention; gradually the eloquent countenance of the duchess changed to surprise, wonder, doubt, and finally almost indignation.

"Say no more!" exclaimed Josepha, throwing herself at the empress's feet: "register every act, penetrate into every thought, of my husband's, to give prompt intelligence of them to the Court of Austria!—seek affection the better to betray it! Is this—can this—be my duty to my husband, or my love—"

"Nay," interrupted her mother, repressing the indignation already darkening in her eyes, "I was not prepared for this burst of romance."

"Madam," said the duchess, slowly rising from her knee, "the task of a spy is no task for your daughter."

Her figure was drawn to its utmost height; her brow was contracted; the likeness between herself and her mother was stronger than ever, and in that likeness Maria Theresa saw an end to

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her well-laid scheme of making the bride of the Duke of Parma a tool in her hands.

"Truly," said she, with a scornful smile, "this ducal coronet has turned your head. Wilful and disobedient. We speak on this subject no more."

"Not in anger, my mother," exclaimed Josepha, striving to detain her, "not in anger must you part from me."

Coldly the empress disengaged her hand: their eyes met—and the young princess staggered back, at the stern and deadly resentment in the pale face of Maria Theresa, and sank on the window-seat.

"It is broken!" said Josepha faintly, as the chain to which hung the portrait of the Duke of Parma fell in glittering fragments at her side. It had caught to the empress's dress, and was shattered. The young duchess leaned against the casement and wept.

To the young it is a very bitter pang to know that their best feelings have been excited merely to be worked upon; but sorrow and shame were soon merged in a vague and terrible fear. The evening came on, and deepened into night.—Still, amid the shadows, did Josepha fancy she could see the threatening brow of the empress, pale with anger. Solitude became insupportable, and she called her attendants. But human faces, and human voices, the cheerfulness of the lights, or even her favourite Pauline's bird-like song, were of no avail against the terror which every moment seemed to weigh more heavily on her spirits. With hurried and yet timid steps, starting, though she knew not why, at the least noise, Josepha began to pace the room. A low rap at the door interrupted her walk, and the confessor of the empress entered the apartment. Martini's features were chiselled with the perfection of sculpture, and his high brow bore the impress of mental power and thought far beyond his years, which were yet in their summer; his step was soft and humble—his voice low and sweet; yet fear was the sensation he always inspired. No one ever met his cold and cruel eye—so calm, so colourless—without saying, "That man delights in human misery."

He approached the duchess, and said, as he looked at her black dress, "I rejoice to see, my daughter, you have not waited for me to remind you of the pious duty to-night calls upon you to fulfil."

"What do you mean, father," said the princess faintly, "I changed my dress on account of the heat."

"I had hoped, my daughter, it was in voluntary humiliation; ill do the gay robes of the bride suit with the meek prayers to be offered in the presence of the dead."

"I pray you to speak your meaning at once!" and Josepha grew pale as marble.

"Your royal highness knows it is your turn to watch and pray by the tomb of the Archduchess Caroline."

Josepha sank fainting against the wainscot of the room.

"The empress will never permit it," cried Pauline, as she sprung to support her mistress; "why, we all know that the duchess died of the small-pox, and not a creature will enter the chapel."

"I have her grace's commands, who wills that so pious a duty be not neglected. I am sent by her even now to conduct the Duchess of Parma to pay the last duty to her illustrious house."

"Your father—appeal to him," whispered the girl, "but I know that will be of no avail. I conjure you, see your mother yourself."

"I have seen her," said the duchess, "we parted just now."

Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"I wait your highness's pleasure to conduct you to the chapel."

Josepha rose and prepared to follow.

"I will go with you. — At night and alone—it is too terrible!" said the affectionate girl.

"Her highness's vigil must be solitary; thus it has ever been!" replied the priest.

Josepha descended to the chapel; her attendants accompanied her to the door—as it opened it showed the thick hot atmosphere, through which the dim tapers seemed scarcely able to penetrate. The duchess turned round and embraced Pauline, and entered the chapel. They saw her kneel before the altar, and the doors were closed. Late in the night was it before the royal council broke up; then, not till then, did Pauline succeed in conveying the intelligence to the emperor that his favourite daughter had passed the night beside the infectious tomb of her cousin. He rushed himself to the chapel: and there was the duchess as they had left her—kneeling before the altar, and her face bowed in prayer. She had fallen a little forward, so that the steps supported her. They spoke—but she answered not; they raised her in their arms—but found she was dead.

[The substance of this story is true. The Archduchess Josepha died from a midnight vigil in a chapel where a rela-

tive was buried: a punishment, it was said, for some intractability she had shown towards the empress's counsels as to the management of her betrothed husband. Her next sister became Duchess of Parma.]

Retrospective Gleanings.

CURIOUS PETITION.

THE following extraordinary Petition was delivered in the month of June, 1769:—

To the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

The humble Petition of Ralph Griffith, deputy to Thomas Griffith, Esq., high sheriff of the county of Flint for the present year, 1769, concerning the execution of Edward Edwards, for burglary,

Sheweth,—That your petitioner was at great difficulty and expense, by himself, clerks, and other messengers and agents he employed, in journeys to Liverpool and Shrewsbury, to hire an executioner. The convict being a native of Wales, it was almost impossible to procure any of that country to undertake the execution.

	£.	s.
Travelling, and other expenses on that occasion.....	15	10
A man at Salop engaged to do this business; gave him in part of the agreement *5l. 5s.* Two men for conducting him, and for their search of him on his deserting from them on the road, and charges in inquiring for another executioner *4l. 10s.*	9	15
After much trouble and expense, John Babbington, a convict in the same prison with Edwards, was, by means of his wife, prevailed on to execute his fellow prisoner. Gave to the wife, *6l. 6s.*, and to Babbington, *6l. 6s.*.....	12	12
Paid for erecting a gallows, materials, and labour—a business very difficult to be done in that county—*4l. 12s.*; for the hire of a cart to convey the body, a coffin, and for the burial, *2l. 10s.*; and for other assistance, trouble, and petty expences on the occasion, at least *5l.*.....	12	2

Which humbly hope your Lordships will please to allow your petitioner, who, &c. &c. B. W.

ORIGIN OF THE PROVERB "THE BEAR WANTS A TAIL, AND CANNOT BE A LION."

(For the Mirror.)

FULLER, in his "Worthies of England," says—"Nature hath cut off the Tail of the *Bear* close at the rump, which is very *strong* and *long* in a *Lion*; for a great part of the *Lion's strength* consists in his Tail, wherewith (when angry) he used to *flap* and *beat* himself to raise his *rage* therewith to the height, so as to render himself more *fierce* and *furious*. If any ask why this *proverb* is placed in Warwickshire, let them take the ensuing story for their satisfaction;—

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, derived his pedigree from the ancient Earls of Warwick, on which title he gave their *crest*, the *Bear and Ragged Staffe*; and when he was *Governor* of the *Low Countries*, with the *high title* of his Excellency, disusing his own *coat* of the *Green Lion* with *Two Tails*, he signed all *instruments* with the *crest* of the *Bear* and *Ragged Staffe*. He was then suspected by many of his *jealous adversaries*, to hatch an ambitious design to make himself absolute *commander* (as the *Lion* is *King* of Beasts) over the *Low Countries*. Whereupon some (foes to his *faction*, and friends to the Dutch Freedom) wrote under his *crest*, set up in public places—

Ursa caret cauda, non queat esse Leo.

That is—

The Bear he never can prevail
To Lion it, for lack of tail.

Nor is *ursa* in the feminine merely placed to make the verse; but because *naturalists* observe, in *Bears*, that the female is always the strongest.

"This proverb is applied to such, who, not content with their condition, aspire to what is above their worth to deserve, or power to achieve."

P. T. W.

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF MEMORY AND CALCULATION.

(For the Mirror.)

JEDEDIAH BUXTON, the astonishing calculator, was born at Elmton, in Derbyshire, in 1704 or 1705. His education, notwithstanding the profession of his father (that of a schoolmaster) was so much neglected, that he was never taught to read or write. His whole attention seems to have been absorbed by the different denominations and relative proportions of numbers to such a degree, that he took hardly any notice of

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external objects, except with respect to their numbers.

It would be endless (says his biographer) to recite particular instances of his powers of computation, and of the methods he used for solving the most operose and intricate questions relating to numbers. By merely striding over a piece of land, he could tell the contents of it as accurately as if he had measured it by the chain. He has been known to multiply a sum of thirty-nine places of figures into itself, and has even conversed whilst performing it. His memory was so great that he could leave off, and resume the operation at the distant periods of a week, or even several months. He said that he was *drunk* once with reckoning by memory from the 17th of May until the 16th of June, and then recovered after sleeping soundly for seven hours. The question which occupied him so intensely was the reduction of a cube of upwards of 200 millions of miles into barley-corns, and then into hairs-breadths of an inch in lengths. He kept an account of all the beer he had drunk for forty years, which was equal to 5,116 pints. Of these, 2,130 were drunk at the Duke of Kingston's; at his own house, *ten*. In 1754 he visited London, and was introduced to the Royal Society, before whom he gave several satisfactory evidences of his peculiar powers.

At the playhouse he seemed to be altogether uninterested by the splendour of the scenery, &c.; and during the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps. After a piece of fine music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure; but he counted the words uttered by David Garrick in the whole course of the entertainment, and affirmed that in this he had perfectly succeeded.

He was married, and had several children. He subsisted by labour, and remained content in obscurity, and prolonged his life to about 70 years.

There is a painting of this extraordinary man at Rufford Abbey, Nottinghamshire. P. T. W.

The Cosmopolite.

COWS AND MILK.

(For the Mirror.)

"GET out, you MILK-*sop*!"—"Knock him down, sir—that's an insult!" And yet, *what* nonsense! for we are all and every one of us "Milk-sops" in a greater or less degree. Would a fellow quarrel with us if we called him a "Brandy-sop," a "Wine-sop," or a "Turtle-sop?" Certainly not; any sop, even a "Sop-in-the-pan," would be palatable, except a "Milk-sop." However, lest my scribbling should become too "*sop*"-orific, let us revert to the theme of milk, and, *skimming* over the subject, let us enjoy the *cream* thereof.

On a bright summer's morning, when London is waking, and footsteps are distinctly heard pattering along the pavement, before drays and wagons jar the nerves—to say nothing of a fever-breeding omnibus lumbering along, with its crab-like cargo, in the early quiet of the morning—I like to hear the cry of the milk-vender: it is "a good and godly token" of the approaching breakfast hour, gladdening the heart, and conjures up in its very sound the accompanying enjoyments of bacon rashers, broiled ham, and a thousand other agreeables. I like to see the bright pails, and the rosy face of a Welsh dairy-maid, who looks as prim and as neat as the daisy. There she trots, with her yoke on her shoulders—"*sub juga*," as the scholar would say—"*sub juga*"-TED, as the punster would rejoin: her pails swing at her side; "*Milk below*" is the cry; and up pop the housemaids at the area bars, all smiling and dirty, to bid the merry morning to the first traders of the day.

Some venders give a shrill, attenuated cry of "*Mee-elk!*"—others, however, use a more laconic method, and call "*Below!*" ("milk" *subauditum*);—while the more shameless confess, in open French, and in an unequivocal manner, the adulteration of their milk, by uttering a sound marvellously like "*Eau!*" but, whatever the signal note may be—"Milk below," or "Below," or "*Eau*"—it has a cheering sound. Whether it be early rising, "*surgere diliculo saluberrimum est*," or whether milk people are habitually merry, I know not, but there is always an appearance of mirth and good nature about a milk-maid,—something smiling,—a kind of merry greeting to their customers; and no wonder that a noble earl, of dandy celebrity, is said to have dangled after a pretty milk-maid, at or near unto a town written in ancient maps, Brighthelmstone.

Milk is an absolute essential, even to us "*grown babies*;" and where is the traveller who has not relished at some time or other, a delicious draught of rum and milk, while the horses are putting to and the coachee is looking

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over the way-bill? What a helpless being would even the great Mr. Ude himself become, or the notable Mrs. Glass, without "a cow with a crumply horn!"—they would be more helpless than a one-legged man deprived of his crutches; and a one-armed man might as well attempt to tie his shoe-strings into a bow as either of the above worthies to manufacture their dainties without the friendly aid of a long-tailed cow.

Not only is the milk of cows used by mankind, but of various other animals. The Tartars use mares' milk; some people prefer goats' milk; and invalids derive nutriment from asses' milk;—*apropos*—a stupid ninny once complaining to George Colman that he and his brother were ordered by the medical men to use asses' milk, "but, do you know, we could get none in the country, and what were we to do?"—"Suck each other!" replied the uncourteous wit. So much for animal milk; but who can imagine, even in the brightest vein of poesy, fairies nestling under the rose-bush, and milking that fragrant flower! Yet the fairies of our land (the lovely women) use *milk of roses*, as commonly as a washerwoman uses milk of cows.

It appears that the Londoners consume a considerable quantity of milk: a population of "Milk-sops," when the reader learns that no less than 15,937,500 gallons are used annually in the metropolis and its immediate suburbs. It appears that the entire number of cows kept by the London cow-keepers amounts to 8,500—viz., 7,200 in Middlesex, 681 in Kent, and 619 in Surrey. Each cow on the average yields nine quarts per diem, or 3,285 quarts per annum; but, deducting 285 quarts for suckling, casualties, &c., gives us a total of 6,375,000 gallons of *pure* milk, to supply the consumption of London and its vicinities. The retail vender adulterates it with water—at least, 150 per cent.—which gives the startling total of 15,937,500 gallons per annum. Each dairy-room is furnished with a pump, to which the retail dealers apply in rotation, and pump away "*ad libitum*." "A considerable cow-keeper in Surrey has a pump of this kind, which goes by the name of the *Black Cow*, from its being painted that colour, and is said to yield more than all the rest of his dairy-stock put together."—Vide *Middleton's View*, page 423.

The price at which milk is sold to the retail vender (who agrees with the cow-keeper for the produce of a certain number of cows, and takes upon himself the labour of milking them) varies from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* for eight quarts; which, taking it at the medium of 1*s.* 9*d.*, gives a total of 278,906*l.* 5*s.* for the wholesale price, and produces an annual expenditure, after the friendly assistance of the *Black Cow with a wooden tail*, of 697,265*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—a tolerable long *milk-score*.

Generally speaking, the cows used for the London milk-market are of a large size, with short horns, and are distinguished by the name of Holderness cattle—from a district so called in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

The population of London, including babies of every growth, amounts in round numbers to 1,500,000: so that each person, on the average, consumes annually ten gallons, three quarts, and nearly two pints of milk, which bears out my first position—"that we are all and every one of us *Milk-sops*, in a greater or less degree."

Discussions as to the nutritious properties of milk, or startling statements concerning the deleterious effects of its adulteration—how much magnesia it contains, or how many people were poisoned by its ill effect, I leave to the learned, or to Mr. Accum. Give me my usual quantum of milk, and never put your faith in that unworthy sinner who can take tea or coffee without it: he is a morose, peevish, suspicious person, rely upon it; and the monster who abhors milk, has none of the "*milk of human kindness*," like you, gentle reader, to excuse my faults.

JAMES SILVESTER.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DR. JOHNSON.

(Concluded from page 284.)

THE judgments which Johnson passed on books were, in his own time, regarded with superstitious veneration; and, in our time, are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt. They are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding. The mind of the critic was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions. Within his narrow limits, he displayed a vigour and an activity which ought to have enabled him to clear the barrier that confined him.

Johnson decided literary questions like a lawyer, not like a legislator. He never examined foundations where a

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point was already ruled. His whole code of criticism rested on pure assumption, for which he sometimes gave a precedent or an authority, but rarely troubled himself to give a reason drawn from the nature of things. He took it for granted, that the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry. In his biographical work, he has repeatedly laid it down as an undeniable proposition, that during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the earlier part of the eighteenth, English poetry had been in a constant progress of improvement. Waller, Denham, Dryden, and Pope, had been, according to him, the great reformers. He judged of all works of the imagination by the standard established among his own contemporaries. Though he allowed Homer to have been a greater man than Virgil, he seems to have thought the Æneid a greater poem than the Iliad. Indeed he well might have thought so; for he preferred Pope's Iliad to Homer's. He pronounced that, after Hoole's translation of Tasso, Fairfax's would hardly be reprinted. He could see no merit in our fine old English ballads, and always spoke with the most provoking contempt of Percy's fondness for them. Of all the great original works which appeared during his time, Richardson's novels alone excited his admiration. He could see little or no merit in Tom Jones, in Gulliver's Travels, or in Tristram Shandy. To Thomson's Castle of Indolence, he vouchsafed only a line of cold commendation—of commendation much colder than what he has bestowed on the Creation of that portentous bore, Sir Richard Blackmore. Gray was, in his dialect, a barren rascal. Churchill was a blockhead. The contempt which he felt for the trash of Macpherson was indeed just; but it was, we suspect, just by chance. He despised the Fingal, for the very reason which led many men of genius to admire it. He despised it, not because it was essentially commonplace, but because it had a superficial air of originality.

He was undoubtedly an excellent judge of composition fashioned on his own principles. But when a deeper philosophy was required,—when he undertook to pronounce judgment on the works of those great minds which 'yield homage only to eternal laws,'—his failure was ignominious. He criticised Pope's Epitaphs excellently. But his observations on Shakspeare's plays, and Milton's poems, seem to us as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, whom we take to have been the worst critic that ever lived.

Some of Johnson's whims on literary subjects can be compared only to that strange nervous feeling which made him uneasy if he had not touched every post between the Mitre tavern and his own lodgings. His preference of Latin epitaphs to English epitaphs is an instance. An English epitaph, he said, would disgrace Smollet. He declared that he would not pollute the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph on Goldsmith. What reason there can be for celebrating a British writer in Latin, which there was not for covering the Roman arches of triumph with Greek inscriptions, or for commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ in Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are utterly unable to imagine.

On men and manners—at least on the men and manners of a particular place and a particular age—Johnson had certainly looked with a most observant and discriminating eye. His remarks on the education of children, on marriage, on the economy of families, on the rules of society, are always striking, and generally sound. In his writings, indeed, the knowledge of life which he possessed in an eminent degree is very imperfectly exhibited. Like those unfortunate chiefs of the middle ages, who were suffocated by their own chain-mail and cloth of gold, his maxims perish under that load of words, which was designed for their ornament and their defence. But it is clear, from the remains of his conversation, that he had more of that homely wisdom which nothing but experience and observation can give, than any writer since the time of Swift. If he had been content to write as he talked, he might have left books on the practical art of living superior to the Directions to Servants.

Yet even his remarks on society, like his remarks on literature, indicate a mind at least as remarkable for narrowness as for strength. He was no master of the great science of human nature. He had studied, not the *genus* man, but the *species* Londoner. Nobody was ever so thoroughly conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character, which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames, and from Hyde-Park corner to Mile-end-green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike-gate. Of the rural life of England he knew no

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thing; and he took it for granted that everybody who lived in the country was either stupid or miserable. "Country gentlemen," said he, "must be unhappy; for they have not enough to keep their lives in motion;"—as if all those peculiar habits and associations, which made Fleet-street and Charing-cross the finest views in the world to himself, had been essential parts of human nature. Of remote countries and past times he talked with wild and ignorant presumption. "The Athenians of the age of Demosthenes," he said to Mrs. Thrale, "were a people of brutes, a barbarous people." In conversation with Sir Adam Ferguson, he used similar language. "The boasted Athenians," he said, "were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing." The fact was this. He saw that a Londoner who could not read was a very stupid and brutal fellow: he saw that great refinement of taste and activity of intellect were rarely found in a Londoner who had not read much; and because it was by means of books that people acquired almost all their knowledge in the society with which he was acquainted, he concluded, in defiance of the strongest and clearest evidence, that the human mind can be cultivated by means of books alone.

His friends have allowed that he carried to a ridiculous extreme his unjust contempt for foreigners. He pronounced the French to be a very silly people—much behind us—stupid, ignorant creatures. And this judgment he formed after having been at Paris about a month, during which he would not talk French, for fear of giving the natives an advantage over him in conversation. He pronounced them, also, to be an indelicate people, because a French footman touched the sugar with his fingers. That ingenious and amusing traveller, M. Simond, has defended his countrymen very successfully against Johnson's accusation, and has pointed out some English practices, which, to an impartial spectator, would seem at least as inconsistent with physical cleanliness and social decorum as those which Johnson so bitterly reprehended. To the sage, as Boswell loves to call him, it never occurred to doubt that there must be something eternally and immutably good in the usages to which he had been accustomed. In fact, Johnson's remarks on society beyond the bills of mortality, are generally of much the same kind with those of honest Tom Dawson, the English footman, in Dr. Moore's Zeluco. "Suppose the King of France has no sons, but only a daughter, then, when the king dies, this here daughter, according to that there law, cannot be made queen, but the next near relative, provided he is a man, is made king, and not the last king's daughter, which, to be sure, is very unjust. The French footguards are dressed in blue, and all the marching regiments in white, which has a very foolish appearance for soldiers; and as for blue regimentals, it is only fit for the blue horse or the artillery."

Johnson's visit to the Hebrides introduced him to a state of society completely new to him; and a salutary suspicion of his own deficiencies seems on that occasion to have crossed his mind for the first time. He confessed, in the last paragraph of his journey, that his thoughts on national manners were the thoughts of one who had seen but little, —of one who had passed his time almost wholly in cities. This feeling, however, soon passed away. It is remarkable, that to the last he entertained a fixed contempt for all those modes of life and those studies which lead to emancipate the mind from the prejudices of a particular age, or a particular nation. Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boisterous contempt of ignorance. "What does a man learn by travelling? Is Beauclerk the better for travelling? What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt?" History was, in his opinion, to use the fine expression of Lord Plunkett, an old almanack: historians could, as he conceived, claim no higher dignity than that of almanack-makers; and his favourite historians were those who, like Lord Hailes, aspired to no higher dignity. He always spoke with contempt of Robertson. Hume he would not even read. He affronted one of his friends for talking to him about Catiline's conspiracy, and declared that he never desired to hear of the Punic war again as long as he lived.

The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers, and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore,

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even when lawfully naturalised, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the king's English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite, —his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed, -- his big words wasted on little things, —his harsh inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety spirit, and sweetness to the expression of our great old writers,—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers, and parodied by his assailants, till the public has become sick of the subject.

Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." No man surely ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson. Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy-hunter, or an empty town fop, of a crazy virtuoso, or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. His speech, like Sir Piercy Shafton's Euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise. Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Imlac the poet, or Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. The gay Cornelia describes her reception at the country-house of her relations, in such terms as these:—"I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated." The gentle Tranquilla informs us, that she "had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph; but had danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy and the gratulations of applause,—had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love." Surely Sir John Falstaff himself did not wear his petticoats with a worse grace. The reader may well cry out, with honest Sir Hugh Evans, "I like not when a 'oman has got a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler."

As we close this book (Croker's Edition of Boswell) the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads, which live for ever on the canvass of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, sir!" and the "What then, sir?" and the "No, sir!" and the "You don't see your way through the question, sir!"

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion,—to receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity,—to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient, is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner, and that careless table-talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE MAN-KEEPER.

(For the Mirror.)

Sir Walter Scott, in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, has a note on one of the ballads, wherein the Man-keeper is mentioned; and he supposes it to be some terrible animal, which, like the dragon, no longer exists. For once, however, this dreadful creature seems to have escaped his researches, the man-keeper being still in existence, although not possessing everywhere the wonderful properties it had formerly: it is no other than the common brown

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lizard (*Lacerta vulgaris*), a well-known and harmless little reptile. In the Isle of Man it still preserves its ancient name, and is almost as much dreaded by the peasantry there at present as it was in days of yore on the borders. They suppose its bite to be very venomous; but they chiefly fear a propensity it has for walking down the throats of such luckless wights as fall asleep near its habitation; when, taking up its abode in the stomach, it is said to multiply there. The only way to get rid of lizards is to swallow a quantity of salt, and laying down by the side of a river, pretending at the time to be asleep, when the thirsty animals, perceiving the vicinity of water, walk out from their dark abode to quench their thirst, with the intention, however, of walking back again. The afflicted patient, on their absence, however, gladly avails himself of the opportunity of escaping.

Such is the actual belief of the peasantry concerning this slandered and beautiful little creature; they fly at its approach with terror, and do not even dare to destroy it. E. F——s.

HIRINGS.—"GOD'S PENNIES."

(To the Editor.)

CONNECTED with this subject, in your No. 513, it may be well to note, that in the North Riding of Yorkshire the hirings of men-servants are conducted in a manner similar to those of Cumberland. The men there, on being engaged, receive what is called a "God's Penny," which, if they are to receive a low salary, is 5*s*., and 2*s*. 6*d*. in other cases, with which they carouse the remainder of the day. Should the new employer, however, hear anything reflecting on the character of the servant subsequently, he has only to send word that he is to drink the "God's-spend," and the bargain is off.

I am indebted for this article to a Yorkshire gentleman, who considered it a proper appendage to my communication.

My informant being uncertain whether the money given on these occasions is denominated "God-spends" or "God's Pennies," perhaps some one more versed in antiquarian lore than myself will favour you with an explanation.

Perhaps its derivation may be connected in some way with "Peter's-pence," &c., and other contributions levied on the people of "olden tymes."

W. H. H.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

TALES OF THE LATE REVOLUTIONS.

THIS is a gracefully written volume from the pen of Mr. F. N. Bayley, author of "Four Years in the West Indies." It contains a dozen Stories and Sketches, glancing at, or embodying incidents of, the Revolutionary Movements of the last few months in Europe, and a few other popular topics. Thus, we have the Polish, French, and Belgic Revolutions; the Accession of our good King and Queen; Slave Emancipation; poor Polignac; and that unwelcome correspondent, Swing—a revolutionist upon a small scale. The narratives are worked up with considerable ingenuity, and their touches of grave and gay exhibit the fertile fancy of the author. The Tales extend too far for quotation; but a passage from one of them will convince the reader that they are well written. The extract relates to a Polish story—Potoski and Luwarrow:—

"Luwarrow was both a bold and bad man; in his early days he had mingled in the dissipations, and met with the scorn of, the world, and had not learnt to love it the better for its hollowness and deceit. It had been the misfortune of his disposition to look always on the dark side of things; and the misfortune of his circumstances, that he was never placed in a position to see the bright. He had made few friends, and had therefore little to call forth the sympathies and kindnesses of his heart; he had found many enemies, and had thus much to nurse his bad passions, and mar the influence of his better feelings. The women with whom he had associated were loose, frivolous, and vain; and he had judged of the many by his observations on the few: in a word, he was a bad subject, educated in a bad school; and the prime of life—for his had no summer—saw him a despiser of the other sex, and a hater of his own. Yet his life had not been without its lesson: he had acquired much in his vicissitudes;—he could smile, and delude man; he could flatter and betray woman; he could be a sinner in the habit of a saint; a wolf in the clothing of a lamb; and the masks of lover and of friend, of sycophant and soldier, of courtier and of patriot, had been alternately worn and cast off by Luwarrow, as occasion required.

"One of his artifices for obtaining

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the friendship, when he desired it, of those who were better and more generous than himself, was the levying of a tax upon their gratitude, by seizing some favourable opportunity for laying them under an obligation of weight and importance. In this object he had succeeded with his friend Potoski, whom he had once saved from drowning in the Vistula. That gallant and high-spirited young Pole had long mourned over the unhappy fate of his country, and long sighed for an opportunity to aid her in the recovery of her independence. A few of those who hated oppression and opposed despotism—a few of those who still clung with veneration to the memory of their ancient kings, and looked back with enthusiasm to the days of their fathers—a few of those who had loved Stanislaus, and followed Kosiusko—were at that period in the habit of meeting together, for the purpose of devising plans, which at first they had but faint hopes of executing, for the overthrow of the ruling dynasty, and the re-establishment of liberty in Poland. These secret associations were not, however, without their effect; the spark once lighted, kindled into a blaze, and the flame spread itself far and wide, until it reached the breasts of every true Pole, and burnt not less brightly for being concealed."

Another extract will show the author's humorous tact: it is from the Tale of Slave Emancipation—"Old Pobo, the Negro:"—

"The blacks have all, to a certain degree, a taste for music, and soon catch the tune of any song they have heard. The airs of Moore's and Bayly's melodies, are many of them familiar to the slaves; and they often substitute words of their own, which, if sung on an English stage, would create roars of laughter. Old Pobo had forged a whole posse of these parodies; and they were really many of them ludicrous in the extreme. Take, for instance, the following, to his wife:—

Me own black belle,
Me lazy black belle,
Me neber will roam where buckras dwell;
Me face you view,
Of your own dark hue,
Den, ho, neber dout dat my heart's so too.

"'No, no, sing dat oder song, daddy Pobo,' cries one of the listeners.

"'Bery well, bery well; me sing dat oder song;' and Pobo strikes up to the tune of the 'Soldier's Tear'—

Beside de door he turn
For take one last sly look,
At de sugar and de boiling house,
And de still beside de brook;
He see de mill go round,
He hear um—dum—tum—tum,
So he raise de bottle to he mout,
For take one drink of rum.

Beside de mule-house door,
One mule bin on her knees,
She kick de trash upon de ground,
It fly before de breeze;
De man da gib one curse,
De manager da come,
And den de fellow raise him hand,
For put away de rum.

He run for leave de spot,
Oh, do not tink him fool,
For when de buckra come wid whip,
Him temper seldom cool;
Go, watch among de canes,
You see him hiding—mum!—
Be sure he pull him bottle out,
For take one drink of rum.

"This song was always encored by the audience—ergo—Pobo never refused to sing it again; and on my last visit to M——'s estate—if I be not mistaken—the faithful negro had the honour of being called up to the great house, to sing it before a party of his master's guests; and having acquitted himself nobly, received a glass of rum for his trouble."

The policy and tendency of the Slave story are very questionable: otherwise, the politics of the volume are as welcome as can be wished in these liberal times. There are some taking lithographs in the volume.

Spirit of Discovery.

Manufacture of India Paper.

Engravers have for long been in the habit of making the first proofs of their plates upon China paper. It has been found that the silky nature of this paper is more pliant, and consequently receives a more faithful impression of the delicate lines drawn on copper; but whatever may be their reasons for giving it the preference, it is certain that this paper is much in request among engravers; and the advantage they derive from the use of it, causes them to procure it often at very high prices. The material employed by the Chinese in the manufacture, is the liber or interior bark of a sort of mulberry commonly called the *paper tree*, and known to botanists under the name of *Broussonetia papyrifera;* (and we may remark, that the interior bark of our common mulberries is equally suited to the purpose.) This tree, naturalized in France for nearly half a century, grows rapidly, and thrives in very inferior soils. Sown in a suitable soil, it attains in two years a metre in height, and may be cut the third year. It grows equally well from

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the slip, which is the manner pursued in Japan, where it is cultivated much like the willow. Kempfer has described the process pursued in China in the manufacture of this mulberry paper. In the month of December, the young shoots of a year old are cut, and the bark is separated by submitting it to the action of boiling water. By an ulterior operation, the epidermis and the greater part of the green cortical bed which is below, are separated. What remains is boiled in a ley of ashes till the filaments separate like those of lint, when gently rubbed between the fingers. This flax is then washed in soft water, and the operation is finished by cleaning away all those parts which might injure the beauty of the paper. Nothing then remains but to reduce it to a pulp; and it appears that this latter operation is sufficiently easy, as nothing more is necessary than to beat it upon a strong wooden table with wooden mallets. This pulp is not employed alone, but is mixed with the paste of rice, and with the viscous infusion of the root of the *Oreni*, a plant of the Malva family. The effect of this infusion is to facilitate the equal suspension in the water of the rice paste and the filaments of the flax, and thus prevent the sheets from sticking together; for it is not couched upon felts, as in our manufactories. If one would be convinced by experience of this facility, it will be allowed that a more suitable material could not be presented to paper manufacturers. The filaments of the interior bark of the mulberry are of the most perfect whiteness, and nothing more is necessary than a simple trituration to obtain these filaments pure. They are silky, easily combine themselves, and form a stuff always as strong as that obtained from flax. There can be no doubt that, with our advantages of bleaching and trituration, we might soon excel the Chinese in this manufacture. It is true that the expense of culture, and the labour necessary to bring this bark to the state fit for forming the paper, will make it a material a little more expensive than pulp usually employed in our manufactories; but the high price which the paper brings would more than indemnify the manufacturer. Besides, it ought to be considered, that the consumption of paper at present is so great, that our manufactories have difficulty in procuring the materials. It becomes then necessary to think of means for supplying this deficiency. These united motives have determined the Société d'Encouragement to propose a prize of 3,000 francs for the best paper manufactured from the mulberry bark, in a quantity equal to 5 *Rames de format grand-raisin*.

Annales d'Agriculture.

A New Hydrometer.

A new instrument to measure the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, has been recently invented by M. Baptiste Lendi, of St. Gall. In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal of about the size of a hazel-nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room; but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days, forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass, and it undergoes several changes till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and put in the same quantity of fresh.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE CASSOWARY.

An instance of the facility with which this class of birds swallow hard substances, took place a few days since in a fine adult bird, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Carpenters had been employed in erecting palings round a paddock intended for this bird, the tops of which had been sawn off, consisting of pieces from one to two inches in length, by an inch in thickness, most of them cut with extremely sharp angles. Thirty-one of these pieces with a piece of brick about the same size and a tenpenny nail were picked up by the bird, the whole of which number passed through the stomach at one time without any apparent inconvenience. J. WARWICK.

Qy.—May not this Cassowary with some propriety be called the *Carpenter Bird*?

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ROYAL OBLIGATION.

When the late king's carriage passed through a turnpike gate, on the road to Dublin, an honest fellow hastened to inquire whether the toll had been paid. On being answered in the negative, he paid the money himself, exclaiming with much indignation, "Sure it would be a pretty thing to have the king under an obligation to the likes of a turnpike man."

MEALY PUN.

A gentleman dining in company requested a friend to help him to a potato, which he did, saying, "I flatter myself you will find that a very good and *mealy* one." "I thank you," quoth the other, "it could not be *melior*."

PALEY.

Dr. Paley when presented to his first preferment in the church, was in very high spirits. Attending at a tavern dinner just after this event and finding the draught from a window to annoy him, he jocosely called out, "Waiter, shut down that window, at the back of my chair, and open another behind some curate."

NOBLE SPORT.

At the commencement of the sporting season in 1821, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat the Hermitage near Seven Oaks. "This is to give notice, that Lord Camden does not mean *to shoot himself or any of his tenants* till the 14th of September.

CHEAP EXECUTION.

A tradesman in Stafford tendered an account in which was the following curious item; and considering the job, his charge was certainly moderate: "To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, 5*s*. 6*d*."

Some persons have a peculiar talent in discovering resemblances where others can perceive none. A gentleman of this description having borrowed "Harris's Hermes," (a learned treatise on universal grammar) of a friend, on returning it to him, observed, "he liked it very well, but thought it was too much in the queer, rigmarole style of *Tristram Shandy*!"

A gentleman remonstrating with Mr. Kenney against his bringing out his comedy of *Matchbreaking*, said, allow me to make a few animadversions upon it. "Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Kenney, "I do not wish for *any mad versions* of my comedy."

HALF JUSTICE.

A culprit brought before a magistrate in Leicestershire charged with a misdemeanour, was thus addressed by his worship; "I see by the act of Parliament that the offence you have committed is punished with six months imprisonment, on conviction before two magistrates. Now you may think yourself a lucky fellow, for if my brother magistrate had been here you should have had the whole six months, but as I am alone, I can of course only send you to jail for half the time. Make out his mittimus for three months."

TRUE VALOUR.

When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XVI., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved very well, it is true, many of them were wounded, but my regiment behaved better, for we were *all killed*."

A COMMON CASE.

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning, she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that, many people continue so all their lives."

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembling only the "effigy of a man," says the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

ANNUALS FOR 1832.

With the next Number,
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET
OF THE
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The Mirror

OF

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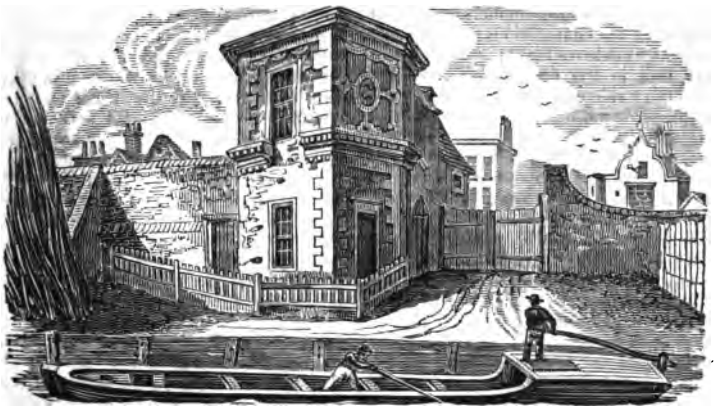
UXBRIDGE.



LODGE OF THE TREATY HOUSE.

THE GEORGE INN.

THE above cuts are associated with one of the most memorable periods of our history.

The town of Uxbridge is well known as the place where a long and unsuccessful effort was made by King Charles I. and his Parliament, to bring their differences and mutual grievances, to an amicable adjustment.

The 30th. of January 1645 was the time, and Uxbridge was the place appointed for this important and interesting discussion. Sixteen commissioners for the King, and sixteen for the Nation, including four from the Parliament of Scotland, were nominated, to take into consideration the grievances of which each party complained, and to propose those remedies that might be mutually agreeable. The principal heads of discussion were Religion,—the Militia,—and Ireland. It was agreed, that these articles should be discussed in conference. The Commissioners for the king with their attendants, amounted in all to one hundred and eight.

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The Lord Chancellor Clarendon* gives the following interesting particulars of this singular negotiation:—

"About the end of January, or the beginning of February, the Commissioners on both sides met at Uxbridge; which being within the Enemy's Quarters, the King's Commissioners were to have such accommodations, as the other thought fit to leave them; who had been very civil in the distribution, and left one entire side of the town to the King's Commissioners, one house only excepted, which was given to the Earl of Pembroke; so that they had no cause to complain of their accommodation; which was as good as the town would yield, and as good as the other had. There was a good house at the end of the town, which was provided for the treaty, where was a fair room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the commissioners, one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on either side of this great room, for the commissioners on either side to retire to, when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the public debate; and there being good stairs at either end of the house, they never went through each other's quarters; nor met, but in the great room."

"As soon as the King's Commissioners came to the town, all those of the parliament came to visit and to welcome them; and, within an hour, those of the King's return'd their visits with usual civilities; each professing great desire and hope, that the treaty would produce a good peace. The first visits were altogether, and in one room; the Scots being in the same room with the English. Each party eat always together, there being two great inns which served very well to that purpose. The Duke of Richmond, being steward of his Majesty's house kept his table there for all the King's commissioners: nor was there any restraint from giving and receiving visits apart, as their acquaintance, and inclinations disposed them; in which those of the King's party used their accustom'd freedom, as heretofore. But on the other side, there was great wariness and reservedness; and so great jealousy of each other, that they had no mind to give, or receive visits to, or from their old friends; whom they loved better than their new. Nor would any of them be seen alone with any of the King's commissioners, but had always one of their companions with them, and sometimes one whom they least trusted. It was observ'd by the town, and the people that flocked thither, that the King's commissioners looked as if they were at home and govern'd the town; and the other as if they were not in their own quarters; and the truth is, they had not that alacrity and serenity of mind, as men use to have who do not believe themselves to be in a fault."

"The King's commissioners would willingly have performed their devotions in the church, nor was there any restraint upon them for doing so, that is by inhibition from the parliament, otherwise than that by the parliament's ordinance (as they call'd it) the book of common prayer was not permitted to be read, nor the vestures, nor ceremonies of the church to be used. So that the days of devotion were observed in their great room of the inn; whither many of the country and the train of the commissioners, and other persons, who came every day from London, usually resorted."

At length the commissioners found that it was utterly vain to attempt an accommodation. The King was resolute in his demands for the establishment of Episcopacy. His alternatives were Episcopacy or war; and the Parliament were equally resolute, and perhaps more violent, in demanding the abolition of every thing that had the semblance of an approximation to popery. The debates at Uxbridge continued about three weeks, when the commissioners mutually agreed to separate, and to return to their respective authorities. The King's commissioners went to their master at Oxford, and the Parliamentary returned to London, leaving the state of things in general rather worse than better, and having their own minds more exasperated by the exorbitant demands, which each thought the other had made.

The mansion in which the treaty was carried on is built of brick, and situated at the western extremity of the town, and is still known by the name of the Treaty-house, Place, or Place-house. It is described in "Perfect Occurrences," (a public journal of the day,) as "a very fair house, at the farthest end of the town, in which house were appointed them a very spacious room, well hanged and fitted with seats for the Commissioners." This house, which was then considerably larger than at

* See History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars, vol. ii. 444—446. Ox. ed. 1707.

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present, stood in the centre of a large garden. The high road now passes through nearly the middle of the grounds. "It was formerly the seat of the Bennets. Leonora, Lady Bennet, died there in 1638." At the time of the treaty it was called Mr. Carr's house. "In 1689 it became the property of Wentworth Garneys, Esq. whose coheirs, in 1724, making a partition of his property, this house fell to the share of Charles Gostlin, Esq." (who married one of his daughters,) "having been then lately in the occupation of Sir Christopher Abdy, Knight, deceased. After Sir Christopher Abdy's death it was many years the residence of Doctor Thorold."* It is now stuccoed, and having undergone considerable alterations, has for some years been used as an inn, called the Crown Inn. Two of the principal rooms remained lined with old wainscot, curiously carved and nearly in their original state, The most spacious of these is said to be that in which the Commissioners met; the other was till lately called the Presence Chamber. The first Engraving represents the "Lodge to the Treaty-house."

Besides the house of Mr. Carr, which was appropriated to the public meeting, and in which the Earl of Northumberland was quartered, there was "another fair house" near it, in which the Earl of Pembroke is said to have been quartered. This house was described as a capital old mansion; and is called the Brew-house or the Beer-house, and is now the property of Thomas Avery, Esq. and in his occupation. Each party had its place of rendezvous, and the best houses of the inhabitants were put in requisition for the accommodation of the commissioners and their attendants. Each party took a principal inn for their head-quarters. The King's commissioners chose the Crown, and the Parliamentary, the George, which were both near the market-place, and nearly opposite to each other. The house formerly called the Crown stood opposite the house now called the White Horse Inn. The parts which remain have long since been used as private houses.

The *George Inn* (See the second Engraving) still remains, though it has been greatly diminished. A portion has been taken off either end in the main street, and converted into two good dwelling-houses with shops; the one on the eastern end is now occupied by Mr. Handy, and that on the western by Mr. Basset. The whole is still under one roof. The interior has been much altered. The panelled wainscoting and some old carving formerly to be seen in several rooms, is removed. This estate is the property of Samuel Salter, Esq. of Rickmersworth, Herts. The house was considerably larger than now appears. There still remains, notwithstanding all the alterations that have been made, one spacious room which was formerly used for many years as a dissenting place of worship, and the County-Court is still held in it. Though the inn appears now but as a second-rate house, yet, a very slight inspection of the premises would show that they were able to afford ample accommodation to the Parliamentary commissioners. There is at the present day stabling for upwards of sixty horses. Many of the rooms are turned into corn lofts, and the whole appearance is materially changed from what it must have been at the time of the treaty.

It appears, therefore, that at the Treaty House the *parties met*. The present George Inn was the place where the Parliamentary Commissioners sojourned; the abode of the King's Commissioners exists no longer as an Inn.

We have extracted these particulars from a very respectable history of Uxbridge, published there a few years since. To the same source are we indebted for the original of the first Engraving. The second is from a sketch by a zealous correspondent at Windsor. We visited Uxbridge a few weeks since, and found all the accommodations of the George Inn to the letter. There is, however, a sad lack of carved and paneled work in the premises. The large room before spoken of as the rendezvous of the County Court is also appropriated to still more social assemblages. There scores of jovial souls meet ever and anon, (for Uxbridge, like every other country-town, has its choice spirits,) to quaff away their cares, and blow adrift life's troubles in a cloud of smoke. We ungratefully forget whether Uxbridge is famed for ale; we know it is for malt, but then the river Colne and the Grand Junction Canal are hard by. The obliging person who showed us the large room said something too about Harmonic Meetings: it is to be hoped the Parliamentary Commissioners were as harmonious there as are the occasional occupants in our times.

* Lysons.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

THE city of Cadiz (called by our sailors, corruptly, *Cales*) was taken by the Bri-

tish on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distingnished on this occasion than his generosity. The town was carried sword in hand; but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprise amounted to 20,000,000 of ducats.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:—

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the north countree;
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

(From *Percy's Reliques*, 1812, vol. 2, p. 252.)

MOUNTAIN SCENES.

(For the Mirror.)

These scenes are gorgeous:—towering o'er the dell,
The mountain rears its lurid crest of pines,
And bluely leaps the torrent from its source
Along the verdant slopes, and scatter'd far
Are rural homes, to which the sunny vine
Clings with its varied loveliness of fruit.
These scenes are lone, but they are beautiful;
And Fancy, in the sunset hush, might shape
Her loftiest thoughts amid their majesty
Of hill and rock stupendous.—o'er the flow'rs
The bees hum music to the breathless winds,
And from the bank the tuneful fountain falls
In rills of sparkling silver; o'en the trees
Which seem enthron'd upon the rugged steep,
Are oft enchanted by the songs of birds,
Made sweeter when the balmy air is fill'd
With sounds of distant bells;—such are the scenes—
I call them beautiful!

These mountain scenes! upon their brows
The sun displays his regal crest,
And flush'd with light the clouds repose
Above the eagle's mossy nest,
And as the winds are borne along,
They seem like lutes instinct with song.

These mountain scenes! the air is fraught
With incense from their beauteous flow'rs,
With sounds of dying music brought
Where balmy rills descend in show'rs,
And many an old tree glimpsing through
The skies reveal their summer blue.

These mountain scenes, their homes are bright
With rich vines clustering on the wall,
And kindred spirits there unite
When twilight dews around them fall,
And softly rising from afar,
They hail with joy each crystal star.

The ruined castles interspersed
Amid the pines that shade the vale,
Are stained with bloody feuds rehearsed
At evening in some oral tale;
But still the ivy mantles o'er
The walls that rang with shouts of yore.

Oh, glorious in their majesty
Of rocks, and pines, and castles proud,
And skies that seem a fairy sea,
Magnificent with many a cloud,
These mountain scenes attest the might
Of him who said—"Let there be light!"

G. R. C.

THE CHINESE DECALOGUE.

The Holy Admonitions of Wan-chang Te-heung (the God of Letters.)

The Ten Precepts composed at the window shaded by the Plantain-tree:—

I. Beware of lasciviousness:

Not having seen, you should not think of.

When seeing, there should be no irregularity.

Having seen, there should be no remembrance.

With respect to virgins and widows, be particularly guarded.

II. Beware of wicked thoughts:

Do not harbour a dangerous thought.

Do not put forth an irregular thought.

Do not remember resentment unalloyed.

Do not look on gain and covet it.

Do not see ability and envy it!

III. Beware of errors of the mouth:

Do not speak of women.

Do not meddle with clandestine affairs.

Do not publish people's defects.

Do not change what you have said.

Do not make loose songs.

Do not revile the sages.

Be most cautious with respect to superiors, relations, and the dead.

IV. Beware of sloth:

Do not go to sleep early and rise late.

Do not neglect your own field and plough your neighbour's.

Do not run too fast after gain.

Do not learn to do that from which there is no advantage.

Be most on your guard against having the body present, but mind absent.

V. Beware of throwing away characters.

Do not with old books roll up parcels, nor paste the windows.

Do not with useless papers boil tea, or rub the table.

Do not blot good books.

Do not write at random against the doors and walls.

Do not destroy a rough copy.

Do not throw away writing on the road, or in a filthy place.

VI. Pay due respect to the relations subsisting amongst men:

Kindness is the principal duty of a father.

Respect is the principal duty between a prince and his minister.

Brothers should mutually love.

A friend should speak the truth.

A husband and wife should mutually agree: they should be particularly careful to show respect.

VII. Cleanse the ground of the heart.

Consider the doctrines of the ancients to regulate the heart.

Sit in a retired place, and call home the heart.

Be sparing of wine and pleasure, and purify the heart.

Reject selfish desires, and purify the heart. It is particularly requisite, to understand the utmost reasons of things, to illuminate the heart.

VIII. Establish a good manner.

Be diligent in business, and attentive to your words.

Let your intentions be exalted, but your manners humble—(Literally, "Let your mind be high, but your body low.")

Be bold, yet careful—(Literally, "Let your liver be great and your heart little.")

Rescue men from present errors, and follow the ancients.

Reject the depraved, and revert to the upright.

Study the sages' nine topics of study:

1. When you look, study to see clearly.
2. When you listen, study to hear fully.
3. In your countenance, study to be placid.
4. In your appearance, study to be venerable.
5. In your words, study to be faithful.
6. In business, study to be respectful.
7. In cases of doubt, study to inquire.
8. In anger, study to recollect the difficulties in which you may be involved.
9. In what you acquire, study to be just.

Venerate the three things which the sages venerate:

1. Venerate Heaven's decrees.
2. Venerate magistrates.
3. Venerate the sayings of the sages: Be careful not to regard every thing that is said.

IX. Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend:

Be not inattentive from first to last.

Let your inside and outside be the same.

Do not make a difference between the noble and the ignoble.

Living or dying, be the same.

Let the meritorious and defective mutually advise.

Reject (the ancients) E. and Hwuy, and serve Chung-ne (Confucius).

Reject the dissipated and boisterous, and associate with the moderate and upright.

You should establish yourself as a friend, whom ten thousand ages may imitate.

X. Widely diffuse instruction and renovation:

When you meet with superiors, discourse of right reason.

When you meet with equals, speak of the rewards of good actions.

Print a number of good books.

Speak much of good actions.

You should particularly oppose the erroneous, and venerate the true, in order to defend my doctrines.

W. G. C.

PROMETHEUS.

What sovereign good shall satiate man's desires,
Propell'd by Hope's unconquerable fires!
Vain each bright bauble by ambition prized:
Unwon, 'tis worshipped — but possess'd, despised,
Yet all defect with virtue shines allied,
His mightiest impulse genius owes to pride,
From conquer'd science graced with glorious spoils,
He still dares on, demands sublimer toils,
And, had not nature check'd his ventrous wing,
His eye had pierced her at her primal spring.

Thus, when enwrapt, Prometheus strove to trace
In forced perceptions of celestial grace,
The Ideal Spirit, fugitive as wind,
Art's forceful spell in adamant confined:
Curved with nice chisel floats the obsequious line;
From stone unconscious, beauty beams divine:
On magic poised, the exulting structure swims,
And spurns attraction with elastic limbs.
While ravished fancy vivifies the form,
While judgment toils to analyze its charm;
While admiration spreads her speaking hands,
The lofty artist undelighted stands.
He longs to ravish from the bless'd abodes
The seal of heaven, the attribute of gods;
To give us labour more than man can give,
Breathe Jove's own breath, and bid the marble live!

Won from her woof, embellishing the skies,
Descending, Pallas soothes her votry's sighs,
Where, 'midst the twilight of o'errarching groves,
By waking visions led, the enthusiast roves:
Like summer sun, by showery clouds conceal'd,
With sudden blaze the goddess shines revealed.

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Behold, she cries, in thy distinguish'd cause,
I challenge Jove's inexorable laws!
With life-stol'n essence let the awaken'd stone
A super human generation own.
Defrauded nature shall admire the deed,
And time recoil at thy immortal meed.

Impregn'd with action, and convoked to breathe,
Sighs the still form his ardent hands beneath;
Electric lustres flash from either eye,
O'er its pale cheeks suffusive flushes fly,
And glossy damps its clustering curls adorn,
Like dew-drops brightening on the brows of morn.
Through nerves that vibrate in unfolding chains,
Foams the warm life blood, excavating veins;
'Till all infused, and organized the whole,
The finished fabric hails the breathing soul!
Then waked tumultuous in th' alarmed breast,
Contending passions claim the eternal guest.
And still, as each alternate empire proves,
She hopes, she fears, she envies, and she loves;
Owns all sensations that deride the span,
And eternize the little life of man!

GALT'S "LIFE OF BYRON."

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE been lately perusing Mr. Galt's biography of Lord Byron, which I find to be a pleasing picture of that eccentric, but highly-gifted being's powers. There is, however, one obscurity and error of detail, in page 33, which I will take the liberty of noticing, that it may be rectified in another edition.

Speaking of the talented mother of the late Earl of Carlisle (who was Lord Byron's guardian), he thus writes:—"His mother was a sister of the homicidal lord, and possessed some of the family peculiarity. She was endowed with great talent, and in her latter days she exhibited great singularity. She wrote beautiful verses, and piquant epigrams; among others there is a poetical effusion of her pen addressed to Mrs. Greville, on her 'Ode to Indifference,' which at that time was much admired, and has been, with other poems of her ladyship, published in 'Pearch's Collection.' After moving for a long time as one of the most brilliant orbs in the sphere of fashion, she suddenly retired, and, like her morose brother, shut herself up from the world. While she lived in this seclusion, she became an object of the sportive satire of the late Mr. Fox, who characterized her as

'Carlisle recluse in pride and rags.'

I have heard a still coarser apostrophe by the same gentleman. It seems they had quarrelled; and on his leaving her in the drawing-room, she called after him—that he might go about his business, for she did not care *two* skips of a louse for him. On coming to the hall, finding pen and ink on the table, he wrote *two* lines in answer, and sent it up to her ladyship, to the effect that she always spoke of what was running in her head."

Now, Mr. Editor, it is evident that Mr. G., like most men of highly ornamental talents, possesses a frail memory. The facts are these: that the piquant impromptu which emanated from the mind of our British Demosthenes on this occasion consisted of four lines, instead of two; and it being so admirably pointed, I will quote it:—

"A lady has told me, and in her own house,
She does not regard me three skips of a louse;
I forgive the dear creature whate'er she has said,
For women will talk of what runs in their head."

By the by, I have heard these caustic lines were meant to apply to the late Mrs. Montagu, the learned commentator upon Shakspeare. Pray let some better informed correspondent settle this point.

The anecdote Mr. G. gives of Lord Byron sparring upon the day of his mother's funeral, I trust, is discoloured with untruth: it shows a hardness of heart which no logic can extenuate; and is worse than Mr. Hayley calling up the abstracted powers of his muse, by writing a sonnet to his son's memory a few hours after he was consigned to earth.

The Author of
"A Tradesman's Lays."

THE GRAVE OF CHURCHILL.

(For the Mirror.)

The remains of the Poet, Churchill, are deposited in an obscure and neglected burial-ground at Dover.

"No marble marks his couch of lowly sleep."

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow than of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone."
BYRON.

No fane displays its gorgeous brow
Above the poet's lonely tomb,
But cloudless skies around it glow,
And balmy flow'rs upon it bloom.

And *sweeter far* than mourner's sighs
Stealing like winds around the rose,
The peaceful hymns of children rise,
At evening's calm and silent close.

And yonder cliffs that proudly rear
Their forms sublime above the tide,
Shall brave the storms from year to year,
And seem his monument of pride.

Oh, may the evening's gentlest hush
Around his humble grave repose,
And morning's lustre o'er it flush
The clouds with beauty like the rose.

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And thus the bard may sleep unknown
In some obscure, untrodden spot;
And where his splendid genius shone,
His name perchance may be forgot!
G. R. C.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

DELIGHTS OF FASHION.

THE following description of the behaviour of a gentleman waiting for his wife and his dinner, half-jealous, and half-hungry, is from Mrs. Gore's novel *Pin Money*.

"Already the roar of carriages, proclaiming the springtide of the ocean of fashion, began to subside into the occasional rumble which announces the desertion of the dusty streets for the still more dusty park; while the swift glancing of the cabriolet or tilbury, conveying the select vestry of the great world from their refuge in St. James's-street to the homes rendered dear to their hearts by a vicinity to the stables, evinced that the duties of the day must now assume an equestrian form. The melodious tingletang of the postman's bell echoed from the distant wilds of Hanover-square, like the sound of a heifer straying from its herd in the lonely pastures of Appenzel; while the ingenuous youths of Gunter and Grange were seen depositing, at successive areas, certain small round pails, such as might have graced the dairies of that lactescent district. To the mind of Sir Brooke Rawleigh, however, they conveyed only a remote announcement of the hour when the steaming Moselle and the flashing Champagne are produced from those icy receptacles to paralyze the human frame—the hour when cutlets are eaten and domestic feuds forgotten.

"Still no britschka appeared! A second time the scarlet uniform of the letter-man was seen scudding along Bruton-street from the square; plainly marking out the peculiarly correspondential houses on his road, by lingering at their doors with a prolonged tintinnabulation of warning.—It was six o'clock —half-past—nearly seven;—and still no britschka appeared!

"A bright thought suddenly illuminated that mind, which Sir Brooke had inadvertently proclaimed a great mind in his morning colloquy with Miss Elbany. He would go and dine at his club, leaving no message for Frederica; in order that on her return from her ill-chosen expedition, she might be distracted with doubts and anxieties equal to his own. Such are the nefarious projects which lend a charm to the preponderance of CLUBS in this conjugal and domestic metropolis! And if a lady's chosen retreat of leisure is to be branded with the opprobrious name of a *boudoir*, what term sufficiently expressive of sulkiness can be found to define those colossal receptacles for the infirm in temper or purpose of the male sex, where the ill-humoured are not the more sociable for being gregarious?

'"I will just wait a quarter of an hour, and see!" said Sir Brooke, in that sort of anxious tone which always prognosticates a delay of two or three quarters of an hour for the extension of a man's views. But when these and more had passed away, and the house became impregnated with a savoury odour—proclaiming that the patties were burning in the oven, and the renettes on the stove—while Martin more than once introduced his rueful visage into the room with an inquiry, "whether dinner was to be served?"—he could no longer master his patience sufficiently to stay and watch the issue; but replying with mysterious ambiguity, that he did not dine at home, the injured man stalked out of the house,—taking his way towards Bond-street, at a rate of speed which rivalled that of his lettered predecessor. But Thomas, who was once more on the watch for his departure, no longer predicted any mischief from the Serpentine River;—his master had forfeited all romantic interest in his eyes by having returned with avidity to the cold fowl;— the experienced footman felt assured that the hour which flavours the aristocratic atmosphere of the West-end with an aroma of *vol-à-vents* and *purées*, such as in itself might almost dine a pauper, was not likely to be selected by a man of taste for felo-de-se! It is remarkable, that the feeding hour, which so fiercely animates the instincts of the brute creation, only serves to tame down the energies of those equally carnivorous animals who are addicted to the stew-pan and the gridiron. A dinner-bell, which becomes a tocsin to the passions of the Exeter 'Change, is as soothing as Dante's '*squilla di lontano*,' to the ears whose appurtenant eyes and mouths are accustomed to feast on the scientific compounds of Ude or Dolby.

"Having ordered his dinner immediately on emerging from the mighty portico into the mighty vestibule of the mighty pile, destined to assemble in daily congregation a couple of hundred

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pigmies of the fashionable Lilliput, Sir Brooke Rawleigh proceeded to beguile the interval of culinary preparation in the most abstruse chair of the most occult corner of the reading-room—at that hour nearly deserted; and as he ensconced himself within the profound shadow of a half-closed *jalousie*, he became invisible to all comers; with the exception of a little old gentleman, with a short pig-tail and a long nose, with whom he was only acquainted by name, who sat opposite wondering by what catoptrical process the honourable member sheltered behind the main-sheet of the vast Times newspaper, could manage to decipher its mysteries in a reversed position. Sir Brooke had, in fact, visited on this occasion the club he was least in the habit of frequenting; and he had the honour of being mistaken by his elderly critic for the learned Dr. Brewster.

SILK MANUFACTURE.

(From Vol. XXII of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.)

Consumption of Silk.

THE quantity of this material used in England alone amounts in each year to more than four millions of pounds weight, for the production of which, myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labours of the silkworm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers, which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man.

Improvement in Silk-Throwing Machinery.

THE French and Italian throwsters are still contented if their spindles revolve 300 to 400 times in each minute, while ours are performing commonly 1,800, and sometimes even 3,000 gyrations in the same space of time. Our French rivals are fully aware how greatly the English throwsters are in advance of them in this particular, but have not the same inducement that exists in this country to incur a heavy first expense in alterations, that they may secure a prospective advantage. The wages paid in Lyons to men employed in silk-mills does not average more than six shillings and sixpence per week; and the earnings of women and girls, who form five-sixths of the number of hands employed, scarcely exceed three shillings per week, for which pittances the whole are required to labour fourteen hours *per diem*.

Improvement in Riband Weaving.

THE Coventry weavers have made so very marked an improvement in their art, since the legalized importation of foreign manufactured silks, that one of the most eminent manufacturers of that city has declared he should, at this day, blush for the work which even his best hands used formerly to furnish; that now their patterns and productions are fully equal to those of their foreign rivals, and qualified to come into successful competition with the most beautiful ribands wrought by the Lyonnese weavers.

Antiquity of Figure Weaving.

THIS interesting art is of very ancient invention, and appears to have been practised by the Egyptians at a very early period. Herodotus speaks of a curious breast-plate or cuirass, covered with linen, which was sent by King Amasis to the Lacedemonians, and which was highly ornamented with numerous figures of animals woven into its texture. The historian adds, that each of its apparent threads was actually composed of 300 filaments, which under a careful examination, were all distinctly visible.

Silk a protection against Infection.

A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence, and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive; it is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs, may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true, that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor, and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance.

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Imperishable Nature of Silk.

Some years ago, the sexton of the parish of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, upon opening a grave in the churchyard, found a riband wrapped about the bone of an arm, and which, being washed, was found to be entire, and to have suffered no injury, although it had lain for more than eight years in the earth, and had been in contact with a body which had passed through every stage of putrefaction, until it was reduced to its kindred dust.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOWS.

"Four-and-twenty Lord Mayor's Shows all on a row."—Song.

A few months since, we received from Mr. Nichols a pamphlet of Accounts of London Pageants, with the Court and City Glories of the last six centuries. The huge town was then rife with expectation of a Royal Banquet in Guildhall, a Water Pageant to London Bridge, many were grievously sore at the idea of a dinnerless Coronation; and in our catering to gratify the public taste on these matters, with the dinner we lost sight of Mr. Nichols's pamphlet. For weeks it lay snugly between two drab-covered Magazines, whose insides are as dull as their wrappers, till the proximity of Lord Mayor's Day once more reminded us of Mr. Nichols; we drew his little book from the lifeless embrace of the Magazines,—and, here it is.

These Pageants consist of Royal Processions and Entertainments in the City of London, and Lord Mayor's Pageants, chiefly extracted from contemporary writers. Such matters are among the olden glories of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has accordingly furnished some of the recent accounts. The earlier descriptions are from the Chroniclers; one of them is the Coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn, from Hall, which we hope Mr. C. Kemble has followed in the revival of the above Pageant in Shakspeare's Play of Henry VIII., now performing at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Nichols has introduced a cut of the queen's device — a white Falcon, crowned, upon a root of gold, environed with red and white roses, which we expect to see in the Covent Garden representation. In the Procession of Edward VI. through London, the day before his Coronation, Mr. Nichols has quoted from Leland, the then "God save the King."

"THE SONG.

King Edward, King Edward,
God save King Edward,
God save King Edward,
King Edward the Sixth!
To have the sword,
His subjects to defend,
His enemies to put down,
According to right in every town;
And long to continue
In grace and vertue,
Unto God's pleasure
His Commons to rejoice;
Whom we ought to honour, to love, and to dread
As our most noble King
And Sovereign Lord,
Next under God, of England and Ireland the Supreme Head;
Whom God hath chosen
By his mercy so good,
Good Lord; in Heaven to Thee we sing
Grant our noble King to reign and spring,
From age to age
Like Solomon the sage,
Whom God preserve in peace and werre,
And safely keep him from all danger." *

On this occasion too we are told that Temple Bar was painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags. There were eight French trumpeters blowing their trumpets, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same. On the entry of King Philip into London, in 1554, "at St. Paul's there was, as usual, a tumbler who slid down on a rope tied to the battlements, having his head foremost, and neither staying himself hand nor foot; but it shortly after cost him his life." Charles I. had rather an uncomfortable visit from the dispersion of "some seditious libels," although he created the Lord Mayor a Baronet, knighted five other Aldermen, and the two Sheriffs, and gave them a dinner at Hampton Court. The Parliament in 1641-42 had no Pageantry in Cheapside; but, in its place we are told that the visiters were "*diverted* by a great bonefire of Popish trumpery, and other superstitious stuff." Charles II. made several visits, and no man enjoyed them better; but the citizens in his time, as in 1830, had a disappointment; thus, 1662—

"On Lord Mayor's Day, the king forebore to go to the place prepared for him in Cheapside, 'being advertised of some disturbance;' but he was shortly afterwards entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Hall of his Company, the Clothworkers."

Charles's love of good things overcame his other feelings. He went, with his queen, to the City, on Lord Mayor's Day, 1681, and having viewed the show,

* As the arrangement of the lines in the Collectanea is very obscure, some slight transposition has been attempted; but by no means with confidence that the song is thus restored to its original form.

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the Sheriffs conducted him to Guildhall to dinner.

"On these Sheriffs, Thos. Pilkington and Samuel Shute, Esqrs. who were Whigs, and chosen in opposition to the Court, the King did not bestow the usual honour of knighthood; on the contrary, on accepting the City invitation, he had not hesitated to show his dislike of them, in the following reply: 'Mr. Recorder, An invitation from my Lord Mayor and the City is very acceptable to me; and, to show that it is so, *notwithstanding that it is brought to me by messengers so unwelcome to me as those two Sheriffs are*, yet I accept it.'"

The last occasion of the King and Queen being present at the Lord Mayor's Feast was in 1761; of this there is a nice account from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the time.

But it is time to conclude with a few notes from the Lord Mayor's Pageants, and our thanks to Mr. Nichols for his very interesting and well-timed publication:—

"Until the middle of the 18th century, it was considered as an indispensable duty of an Alderman belonging to any other Company to be translated into one of the Twelve before he entered into the office of Lord Mayor. Thus, in 1677, Sir John Davis was translated from the Stationers to the Drapers; and in 1732 Alderman Barber from the Stationers to the Goldsmiths. In 1755, Alderman Janssen was the first who filled that high office as a Stationer; as since his time, have eight other Aldermen—Wright in 1785; Gill in 1788; Boydell in 1790; Domville in 1814; Magnay in 1822; Venables in 1826; Crowder in 1829; and Key in 1830.

"In consequence of the great Fire and the Plague the inauguration of the Chief Magistrate was for the five following years shorn of its beams. On 29th of October, 1666, the Show on the Thames was omitted, and 'Sir William Bolton, the Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, came in his coach to Westminster, attended by the Aldermen his brethren, the Sheriffs, and several eminent Citizens in their coaches.' The following year Sir William Peak, 'with the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and several Companies of the Liverymen,' returned to the old custom of going by water. In 1668 Sir William Turner and his Company also 'went in their barges.' These particulars are from the London Gazettes. In 1669 and 1670, when Sir William Turner and Sir Samuel Starling were Lord Mayors, nothing is mentioned.

"1700—Sir Thomas Abney, Mayor. On this occasion there was in Cheapside five fine Pageants, and a person rode before the cavalcade in armour, with a dagger in his hand, representing Sir William Walworth, the head of the rebel Watt. Tyler being carried on a pole before him. This was the more remarkable, by reason that story has not been before represented these 40 years, none of the Fishmongers' Company happening to be Lord Mayor since."—*Post Boy*, Oct. 31.

"Sir Gilbert Heathcote was in 1711 the last Lord Mayor who rode in the civic procession on horseback.*

In 1730, shortly before Lord Mayor's day, the following advertisement was inserted in the newspapers by the celebrated Orator Henley:—"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, this day, being Wednesday, at six o'clock in the evening, will be a new Riding upon an old cavalcade, entitled THE CITY IN ITS GLORY, OR MY LORD MAYOR'S SHEW, explaining to all capacities that wonderful Procession, so much envy'd in Foreign Parts, and nois'd at Paris, on my Lord Mayor's day; the fine appearance and splendour of the Companies of Trades; Bear and Chain; the Trumpeters, Drums, and Cries, intermixed; the qualifications of my Lord's Horse; the whole Art and History of the City Ladies and Beaux at gape-stare in the balconies; the airs, dress, and motions; the two Giants walking out to keep holiday; like snails o'er a cabbage, says an old author, they all crept along, admired by their wives, and huzza'd by the throng."

A notice of Lord Mayor's day in 1740† will be found in the Diary of Richard Hoare, Esq., then one of the Sheriffs, privately printed in 1815 by his grandson, that munificent patron of antiquarian literature, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. "What added magnificence to this day's show was, that his Lordship [Humphrey Parsons]'s coach was drawn by six horses, adorned with grand harnesses, ribbons, &c., a sight never seen before on this occasion."

In the year 1816, on the first day of his second Mayoralty, the Right Honourable Matthew Wood, in order to gra-

* Hone's Ancient Mysteries.

† In 1740, on the 12th of November, the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birthday, there were bonfires and illuminations, and "at Chancery Lane end was a *Pageant*, whereon was represented Admiral Vernon, and a Spaniard on his knee offering him a sword; a view of Porto Bello." &c.—It will from this be perceived that the modern successors of Pageants are the transparencies exhibited on nights of illumination.

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tify the populace, chose to return from Westminster by land; on which the High Steward of the City and Liberties of Westminster (Lord Viscount Sidmouth) thought proper to protest against such deviation from the usual practice, "in order that the same course may not be drawn into precedent, and adopted on any future occasion."

In 1817, the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales having occurred three days before Lord Mayor's day, the procession was omitted.

In 1827, the Right Honourable Matthew Prime Lucas, being Alderman of Tower Ward, took water at the Tower Stairs; but a "far more attractive novelty" was something like a revival of the Pageants, in "two colossal figures representing the well known statues, Gog and Magog, of Guildhall. They were constructed of wicker work; each walked along by means of a man within-inside, who ever and anon turned the faces; and as the figures were fourteen feet high, their features were on a level with the first floor windows. They were extremely well contrived, and appeared to call forth more admiration and applause than fell to the share of any of the other personages who formed part of the procession!"—*Times, Nov.* 10, 1827.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THIS Number (30) appears to be livelier, and altogether more diversified in its contents, than some recent Numbers. The criticisms on matters of literature and art seem to us cleverly written, and the strictures on the follies and vices of the day are tolerably free from prejudice. Other opinions have more of the leaven, &c., than we care to battle with; so we do not venture upon any whole paper, but cull out a few of the pleasantest things in the Number:—

Mr. Canning,

As an orator, and as a statesman, never reached beyond mediocrity. As an orator, he was showy, superficial, flippant, and eminently wanting in a severe and masculine taste. His orations were made up of gew-gaw patches of glittering tinsel, of sparkling epigrammatic points, and well-managed addresses to the vulgar prejudices of his vulgar audience. But his was not a generalising mind; he was incapable of examining a question, with the sole view of eliciting the truth and acquiring knowledge, useful to other men, as well as to himself. At no time was he able to strike his own interests out of consideration, and to collect, weigh, and compare, the whole of the incidents belonging to any matter. His pretensions to general views was solely in words; he employed wide and general expressions, but nothing was evidenced thereby but a vagueness of conception, and a want of power or inclination to render that conception clear and definite; no one speech he ever uttered evinced any originality of views, or any completeness of knowledge. He, to an eminent degree, possessed the art of a rhetorician—could, with a small stock of ideas, make a great appearance of intellectual resources, could fill the ear without informing or satisfying the understanding, could mislead, though he could not instruct.

Patronage.

There is no patronage like public patronage. The highest inspiration with which the genius of an artist can be filled is that produced by anticipating that his work shall find entrance to the senses, move the feelings, and command the applause, of a multitude capable of appreciating its excellence. The sculptors of Greece and the painters of Italy surpassed all that have yet appeared, because they possessed this advantage in a higher degree than any other artists. They wrought for the many rather than the few; and in their case the qualifications of the many, to judge and enjoy, were raised by peculiar circumstances to an unusual height.

"Fit audience let me find, though few,"

is the prayer of the poet in a dilemma which is forced upon him, to his grief and calamity, by the existing state of society. He then rightly resolves to sacrifice the present celebrity to future fame. He will not sully his noble gifts by making them subservient to the low taste of the vulgar of his day. He creates for himself a public by the imaginary aggregation of the better spirits which shall successively exist in after-generations. He chants his song to the enlightened multitudes that shall throng around him in the Elysian fields of futurity. The very fiction shows the kind of stimulus for which his heart is craving. It indicates whence the impulse must be derived, under the power of which poet, painter, or musician, shall best glorify his art, and show what it can accomplish for human enjoyment.

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Church Music.

"Church Music," says Dr. Crotch, "is on the decline. Sublimity is the highest walk of our art, as of every other; our art is, therefore, on the decline." This is as true as that "the age of chivalry is gone," and as much to the purpose. Dr. Crotch's own account of the change is rather singular as a description of deterioration. "Improvements have indeed been made in the contexture of the score, in the flow of melody, in the accentuation and expression of the words, in the beauty of the solo, and the delicacy of the accompaniment." This seems all very satisfactory. Such a decline must, in the course of nature, be long in coming to a fall. "But these are not indications of the *sublime*." There's the rub. Church music "has been gradually, though not imperceptibly, losing its character of sublimity ever since about the middle of the seventeenth century." The loss so much lamented by the lecturer, appears to be that of a stern, antique, and really monotonous simplicity. Simplicity is sublimity, and sublimity is height, and so we go down, down, down. The reason of this change of style is very obvious. Our church music has not been, during that period, what it was before—a vehicle for the solemn worship of Almighty God. The musicians and the worshippers have parted company; the gentlemen of the choir and organ have performed to their own praise and glory, and very much for their own exclusive gratification. To bring back the old music, we must bring back the old devotion; or there must arise a new devotion of an analogous character. Should religious feeling ever again require that peculiar mode of expression, composers will soon be found who will give it, with all the power of genius, which must else find other forms for its manifestation. The disuse of the long church-notes no more proves a decline of the art of music, than the disuse of the long Greek vowels proves a decline of the art of speech. Religion employs another language, though "still her speech is song."—Churches and chapels resound with those brisk, boisterous, and vulgar airs which indicate—that religion has exchanged her stateliness and solemnity for zeal and familiarity. The time may come when the solemnity of the expression, and the universality of the religious feeling shall be united; then the old church-music will be revived and perfected. At any rate, it is evident that psalmody is where it should be, following the course of religious feeling; if it has descended in becoming popular, the expansion will prepare for its re-ascent, and that to a higher and more permanent elevation. The temporary degradation of the art, if such it be, and we do not deny that, which the lecturer deplores, is a proof that there is no real decline, that there is a sure tendency to advance, for that music follows the progress, the upward progress, of society and of man.

According to Dr. Crotch's notion of the sublime and beautiful, Song-music must be assigned to an inferior department of the art: it is, however, the most popular, and therefore affords the best test of decline or advance. A similar theory in poetry would rank Burns, as a ballad-monger, at the bottom of our list of bards. So let that pass. Squabbles for precedency are a folly not to be tolerated in Apollo's court. Genius is rank there, in whatever department it may have evinced its presence and its power. It may be shown in any, from the epic to the epigram—from the oratorio to the arietta; and in any, the capability, the principle, the prospect, of future progress may be unfolded.

The Soul of Music.

The philosophy of the human mind is the vital, immortal, and progressive principle of all sciences and arts. If it only act upon music indirectly, by means of its influence on poetry, that alone would be enough to save the art from deterioration. But it has a direct influence. All great composers, as well as all great poets, have been largely indebted to it for their pre-eminence.—Dryden understood this fact, and described it in his famous ode. The real instrument on which Timotheus played was the soul of Alexander: the lyre was only the intermediate mechanism by which he struck the chords of the conqueror's heart. He (Dryden's Timotheus that is) could have written all that is worth reading in Cogan's Philosophy of the Passions. The *ratio ultima* does not come out when we are told that "Love was crowned, but Music won the cause." Music won it in the strength of philosophy, without which she is only "sounding brass, or the tinkling cymbal." Haydn's Canzonets (there have been few better things since the days of Orpheus) are a case in point: they are metaphysical studies; so are very many of the compositions of Purcell, Handel, and Mozart: therefore are they immortal. This is also the secret of the power of Weber, and of Spohr. It makes their musical

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science available for the production of such effects as no combination of sounds under the guidance of any inferior principal could ever have realized. The "Last Judgment" was brought out in this country with fear and trembling. It was supposed, even by those whose experience best qualified them to judge, that no audience was likely to be collected of sufficient musical acquirement to appreciate its excellence. The result was an instructive lesson to the profession: the effect was electrical: it bespoke the presence of some far higher power than that of the mere science of harmonious sound;—that science was the body, not the soul, of the performance: it was agency directed by one who might have been great as an orator, poet, or philosopher—a Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, a Kean on the stage, a Brown in the lecture-room, or a Mirabeau in the tribune. Music needs such minds, not in the "few and far-between" way in which they have yet appeared; but as it may be hoped they will arise, when the requisite stimulus shall be applied, and the art shall be required to minister, through the senses, to the minds and hearts of intelligent multitudes.

Paganini.

Paganini we hold in singular estimation (may we indulge in a little excess in giving this tribute to the modern Orpheus?) from his having the merit of demonstrating that some of the old leaven remains in the world; that we are not sunk into mere copyists and repeaters; that the spirit of life is yet among us, to kindle into new and wonderful combinations the inert materials of creation. In Paganini we recognise one of the magicians, the "Ut Magii" of the olden times; and the rapture with which we hang upon his melodious eloquence, is near akin to the worship which would have made a demigod of him in the days of the antique world. Paganini possesses, besides, "a solitary and selfish advantage;" he cannot perpetuate his talent; it is inherent in his organization; it cannot be transmitted; were he, like a Druid, to bestow twenty years on a pupil, it were all in vain. Let his violin be broken on his tomb, and Paganini live, like Amphion, in the recollection of his hearers.

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

THE influence which the name of Abernethy has with the public at large, is such as to have always created an eagerness to know what he ate and drank himself, and what he generally recommended, as if all classes of persons, all modes of life, and all constitutions, required to be nourished upon the same plan. The absurdity of this notion has been well pointed out by Dr. Paris, in his Treatise upon Diet, in which this learned physician accommodates his precepts to individual circumstances, without laying down a general rule. The public are apt to run after systems of diet as they do after *cures* and religiously abstain from proscribed dishes and drinks, or adhere tenaciously to such as have received the stamp of approbation from some distinguished medical writer; so that any great medical authority may find it as easy to expel a certain article of diet from common use, or introduce another, as Swift did, by virtue of his name, to persuade the people that an expected eclipse of the moon was put off by order of the Dean of St. Patrick! We know an instance of Christmas turkeys and sausages having been peremptorily forbidden to enter the house again after the appearance of Sir Anthony Carlisle's imbecile book upon diet and old age; and the savoury little side-dish of minced veal, long a favourite with the lady of the house, was ordered to be discontinued, until the period arrived when she had no teeth to masticate more solid substances. At this moment the public are deceived by supposing that a certain biscuit, abhorrent to *our* olfactory and gustatory senses, was the favourite breakfast and luncheon of Mr. Abernethy, whose name it bears, because the honest baker who invented it was called Abernethy, as many of our northern neighbours are. We venture to affirm, no such *trash* ever entered the worthy professor's stomach, and we know that what are called *tops and bottoms* were his choice, sometimes soaked in tea, or eaten dry. Those therefore who have eaten "Abernethy biscuits" more upon principle than inclination, had better follow the example of a good old lady of our acquaintance, who took a year or two's supply of "Scott's Pills" over again, because during that period she discovered, from the result of an action at law, that she had been taking not the *real* "Scott's Pills," but sundry boxes full of a forged and spurious source of digestion, in imitation of the true Scott.

The fact is, that Mr. Abernethy was a man of common sense, with all his eccentricities and enthusiasm when upon his *hobby*, and usually fed like other people, though perhaps a little more cautiously than the generality. He used to

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enforces his precepts for the benefit of those who were invalids, and such as exceeded in diet, and pointed out that which we all must acknowledge to be true, that the indulgence in luxurious living is a common vice, leads to disorders of health, and tends more or less to shorten the duration of human life.

Metropolitan.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

Merthyr Tydvil.—The entrance and descent into the vale of Merthyr Tydvil on a dark night, presents a combination of the wild and the wonderful which it is difficult to describe. The immense flaming masses of coal on the coke hearths, now, if the night be stormy, bursting into tumultuous sheets of flame, now wrapt in vast and impenetrable clouds of smoke; the wild figures of the workmen in active motion with their rakes, the actors in this apparently infernal scene, like the witches of old hovering over their incantations; the brilliant flames and roaring of the blast furnaces; the confused and eternal sounds of hammers, rolling mills, and other machinery, with the lurid glow thrown over the surrounding hills and valley, all combine to impress the mind of the spectator in a powerful manner, and afford a vivid and living representation of Tartarus, or the fabled dominions of Pluto. There is certainly nothing of the kind we are acquainted with in this country, at all to be compared with it.

The public attention has recently been excited to this great seat of the iron manufacture, by the unfortunate events of last summer, which every one must deplore. It is clearly the best course for the master and his workmen, if possible, to go hand-in-hand together. * * * * * * The iron-trade in the South Wales district is carried on to an immense extent. This district extends from Hirwain, in Brecon, to Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Many of the most extensive works, however, are concentrated about Merthyr, and an extensive mineral formation extends along the whole range. A Mr. Bacon, we believe, was the first individual who profited by the mineral riches of the district, having obtained the lease of a large tract at the rent of 200*l.* per annum. He accumulated great wealth, and about the year 1783 granted under leases of the property to various individuals, amongst whom was the well known Mr. Crawshay, who took Cyfarthfa at an enormous rent.

Merthyr Tydvil is situated in a valley on the north-eastern verge of the county of Glamorgan. The town has progressively risen in importance, and now contains upwards of 25,000 persons. The name originated from the massacre of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, with his daughter *Tydvil* and others of his family, near the site of the present town. A church was afterwards dedicated to Merthyr Tydvil, or Tydvil the Martyr. A few miles to the north east, amongst the mountains, are the shattered remains of Morlais Castle, a hill-fort of great antiquity, said to have been the residence of the princes of Brecon; it was dismantled by the parliamentary forces, during the Protectorate. The aspect of the mining and manufacturing district is necessarily dreary. Immense elevated masses of cinders and rubbish continually present themselves in traversing this mountainous region; and constant evidences of the various mining operations going on in the bosom of the hills, meet the eye on either side. From the local facilities, the minerals are obtained by driving a heading or tunnel into the interior of a hill, instead of sinking for them as in other districts, which answers both as a road for the removal of the coal and iron-ore, and also for the purposes of a drain or *adit*. The quality of the coal about Merthyr differs materially from that of Monmouthshire, which, in consequence of its bituminous nature, takes about double the time to convert to coke. The Merthyr coal is generally coked in from two to five days. The system in Wales is to form long heaps of coal placed loose to admit their swelling, and then to set it on fire in different places, covering the top with ashes after it is thoroughly ignited to prevent waste. There is an exhaustless supply of iron-stone in South Wales. It is of an argillaceous formation; and limestone, which is also abundant, is used as the flux in the blast furnace, to separate the clay from the iron-stone or *mine*, as it is technically termed. We find that it requires three tons of raw mine to produce one of pig iron; and that there is an average loss of 5 or 6 cwt, in every ton of coal in the operation of coking. Large quantities of iron ore are imported into this district from Lancashire and Cumberland. This ore is of a very rich quality, (often producing from 70 to 80 per cent of iron) and when combined with the leaver ore of South Wales materially improves the quality of the metal.

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The irregular surface of the district is exceedingly favourable as a situation for iron-works. It is constantly increasing in wildness and desolation. Stumps of brushwood, scorched herbage, and blackened streams, almost everywhere attest the war of man against nature; and the hum of voice, and clanking of machinery, are often heard in what were once the wildest solitudes. The population of the iron district is very great. Some of the principal proprietors severally employ more than 3,000 individuals; and a late writer computes that the iron works in the whole district give direct occupation to 28,000 persons, exclusive of the much greater aggregate to be found in the families of the workmen and others indirectly supported in numberless ways in every thickly populated country.

The Dowlais Iron works, the property of Messrs. Guest and Co. are among the most extensive in the kingdom; there being 12 blast furnaces. Messrs. Crawshay, at the Cyfarthfa and Hirwen works, have 13 furnaces in blast; and Thomson, Foreman, and Co., at Pen y Darran Tredegar, and Aberdare, include 16 furnaces in their works, 13 of which are in blast. There are 108 furnaces in the South Wales district, 90 of which are now working; the capital employed in these undertakings is immense. But the golden days of the iron manufacture have passed away. Like that other great staple branch of our commerce, the cotton trade, over-production has been its bane. In both cases it requires the utmost vigilance and economy to realize a close profit on the capital invested. Every one knows the enormous fortunes which have been gained in these trades. In 1825, bar iron was selling at 14*l.* per ton; in 1831, we find it reduced in price to *5l. 5s.*!

The manufacture of iron in Monmouthshire, has within a few years been very greatly extended, the result of the unnatural excitation of 1825; and the annual shipments of iron from the port of Newport, actually exceed those from Cardiff by about 20,000 tons. The quantity of bar iron sent from Merthyr to Cardiff by the Glamorganshire canal in 1830, comprised 87,364 tons; 29,621 tons of which were the production of the Dowlais works; while we find the returns for the same year on the Monmouthshire canal to Newport exhibit a total of 106,000 tons.

The Glamorganshire canal, by the way, we believe has cost, first and last, nearly three times the sum, which was printed by mistake, in a recent paper of this series of Notes. Apropos, of canals—the capital invested in these undertakings is very extensive; as an instance we may mention that the great canal from Westbromwich to Birmingham, which is about six miles in length, cost altogether upwards of 500,000*l.* sterling! and the profits have been about 80,000*l.* annually since it came into play. This gives some idea of the public works and commerce of Britain. *Railroads*, however, will soon annihilate canals. That magnificent and national undertaking the Manchester and Liverpool railroad, has cost about 820,000*l.*; and it has already succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its projectors: 460,000 persons have passed between the two towns within twelve months after its opening, and upwards of 190,000*l.* has been received for the conveyance of passengers and goods during the same period.

The little assemblage of facts we have brought together, opens a wide scope for reflection, on the wonderful progress this country has made in a short space of time in every branch of trade and commerce. Since 1740, it appears that the iron trade has increased in extent from 17,000 to 690,000 tons; and when we come to consider the almost universal application of this most valuable of metals, in railways, in bridges, in gas-pipes, in fences, and indeed in almost every article of domestic use, we can hardly wonder at it. It is not improbable that it may be applied to the construction of ships—it will then be Britain's *iron* walls. Indeed some experiments have already been made. We may with truth denominate this the *iron age*.

Of all the counties of Great Britain, Glamorgan exhibits the smallest average number of deaths; one in seventy two per annum: this is a very remarkable fact, when it is considered that a large portion of its population is either engaged underground in colleries or in copper and iron works. We formerly alluded to the pernicious effects of the coal duty; its removal, we believe, has been attended with the best effects. In the quarter ending 29th of September last, the number of vessels cleared out with cargoes from the port of Swansea, amounted to 1369, being an increase over the corresponding quarter of last year of 124 vessels. VYVYAN.

NEWS FROM DUBLIN.

YESTERDAY Miss Georgina O'Griskin fell from a jaunting-car, and broke her neck but happily received no other injury.

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The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

"WHY did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country schoolmaster of one of his scholars. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.

WHY is chronology like a palm tree? Because it is full of dates.

ANCIENT FEASTING.

FEASTING (says Dr. Chamberlayne in the 15th Edition of his Angliæ Notitia, 1684) is not so common and profuse as anciently; for although the feasts of Coronations, at installations of Knights of the Garter, consecration of Bishops, (both now laid aside) entertainments of ambassadors, the feasts of the Lord Mayor of London, of Sergeants at Law and Readers' feasts in the Inns of Court, (also laid aside) are all very sumptuous and magnificent in these times, yet compared to the feasts of our ancestors, seem to be but niggardly and sparing; for Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. had at his marriage feast, as is recorded, thirty thousand dishes of meal, and King Richard II. at a Christmas feast, spent daily twenty-six oxen, three hundred sheep, besides fowl, and all other provision proportionably; so anciently at a call of Sergeants at Law, each sergeant (says Fortescue) spent sixteen hundred crowns in feasting, which in those days was more than sixteen hundred pounds now. G. K.

DRUNKENNESS IN KINGS.

SULLY in his Memoirs, vol. ii., page 90, says, "that James's custom was never to mix water with his wine."

Sir Edward Peyton informs us "that when the King of Denmark (brother-in-law to James) was first in England, both kings were so drunk at Theobald's, that one king was carried in the arms of the courtiers, when one cheated another of the Bed Chamber, by getting a grant from King James, for that he would give him the best jewel in England, for a pearl of one hundred pounds he promised him; and so put King James in his arms, and carried him to his lodging, and defrauded the Bed Chamber man, who had much ado to get the king into his bed." Peyton's Catastrophe p. 30, 8vo. London, 1731. G. K.

COURT NEWS.

WHEN Prince Potemkin succeeded Prince Orloff as favourite of the late Catherine, Empress of all the Russias; Orloff met him going up the palace-stairs, that led to the Empress' apartment. Potemkin accosting him in a polite and familiar manner asked him the news of the court. Orloff replied "Nothing, but that you are going up, and I am coming down."

IT was remarked by an elderly gentleman in a coffee-room one day, when it was raining very hard and the water running down the streets, that it reminded him of the General Deluge. "Zounds, sir," said an old veteran officer near him, "Who's he? I have heard of all the Generals in Europe but him."—This reminds one of the print-collector inquiring for a portrait of Admiral Noah, to illustrate Lord Byron's *Don Juan*.

A CERTAIN noble lord's footman discoursing with some of his own countrymen about the depredation of those vermin, the rats, told them, his master had the best receipt in the world for destroying them. "Why, how's that," said one of them. "The easiest and cheapest imaginable," said he, "for he starves them."

DR. GREY in his erudite and entertaining notes on Hudibras, records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action of battery, told the judge that the defendant beat the client with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle.

WATERING PLACES.

A YOUNG lady was lately reproaching another for not having been to any watering place. "Dear me," cried the other very innocently, "I have been three miles on the Paddington canal."

AUTHORS,

ARE like asparagus: there is nothing good about them but their heads.

ANNUALS FOR 1832.

With the present Number, a SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING THE

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1832:

The Amulet—Winter's Wreath—Literary Souvenir—Friendship's Offering—Juvenile Souvenir, &c.—and a whole-page Engraving from the CONTINENTAL ANNUAL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 517.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

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SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.

We will not keep the reader "on the tenters" by any prolegomena of ours, but proceed at once to string together a few of the pearls—of great price—which are set in the Annuals for the forthcoming year. First in our court of claims is

The Continental Annual,

another "Hotspur in the field,"—precisely upon the plan of the *Landscape Annual*, but sold at one third less price. It contains twelve large view engravings and a Title page, from drawings by Prout. The literary portion consists of romantic tales sufficiently in harmony with the localities to serve as illustrations of the engravings.

We proceed to notice the latter; the literature being reserved for the present.

1. *City and Bridge of Prague*, engraved by *J. Le Keux*. A scene of high sparkling beauty. The lights are so managed as exquisitely to bring out upwards of 50 figures and statues and the minutest points of the buildings.

2. *City and Bridge of Dresden.—J. T. Wilmore*. The *life* of the water and the crumbling age of the bridge must ensure admiration.

3. *Hotel de Ville, Brussels.—E. J. Roberts*. The subject of our engraving, and a spot almost of too recent interest to require our illustration. The point-work of the hotel, and the richly-carved architecture of the adjoining houses make a striking scene, which, by the courtesy of the Publishers of *the Continental Annual*, our artist has endeavoured to transfer to the annexed page.

4. *Rouen Cathedral.—W. Wallis*. Another scene of rich pointed and ornamental domestic architecture.

5. *Port and Lake of Como.—T. Barber*. A delicately executed view of this region of romance. The softness of the whole print is eminently characteristic.

6. *View in Nuremberg.—E. J. Roberts*. An enriched street scene, with the cathedral five-storied towers and spires in the distance. The bay-windows, corbels, and dripstones of the dwelling-houses have infinite variety.

7. *View in Ghent.—J. H. Kernot*. From the river, with several richly-ornamented gable-ends.

8. *Church of St. Pierre, at Caen.—J. Carter*. An elaborate specimen, whose enrichments are admirably defined.

9. *Place St. Antoine, at Padua.—E. J. Roberts*. An arcaded and balconied street, with, we suppose, an elevated conduit, and a church and campanile towers in the distance.

10. *Cathedral Tower, Antwerp.—W. Floyd*. Eight storied gables, and as our zealous correspondent, at p. 286 of vol. xiv. *Mirror*, describes, "a spire of light, ornamental, elegant open-work, carried up about 100 feet higher than St. Paul's."

11. *View in Metz.—T. Barber*. From the river, with the pointed cathedral, "with antique windows richly dight"—grey in the distance.

12. *The Porta Nigra, or Roman Ruin at Treves.—E. J. Roberts*. A frowning mass of pillared and arcaded stories; in the engraving managed with great skill.

13. *Roman Column near Treves.—S. Fisher*. The enriched work of the column is beautifully set off by the plain church rising from amidst trees in the back ground. This view has a border or ornamental frame-work by F. W. Topham, and consisting of Grecian leaf and scroll work, which truly merits the character of chastely-elegant.

The drawings are, one and all, in Mr. Prout's first style, which is admirably supported throughout by the nicety of the engravers. In fine, we have seldom witnessed a performance more creditable to all parties concerned than this new Annual.

The Amulet

Deserves early mention from its having been on our table some days past. Altogether, in art as well as in literature, it is the most welcome annual of this year's growth. The matter-of-fact character of a few of its papers renders it treasurable. It is not the "butterfly of a season," and on that account we are happy to perceive that the judicious Editor has, to quote his preface "sacrificed, in some degree, amusement to information." We think his success certain, since the public are almost tired of hearing that thousands of pounds are expended upon the embellishment of books, which, like Vauxhall entertainments, have their brief season, and are then no more heard of. Among the perennial pieces in the *Amulet* we should place Dr. Walsh's visits to Nicæa; Infanticide in the Islands of the Pacific, by the Rev. W. Ellis; Cemeteries in India, by Miss E. Roberts; and the Actual State of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa. The lighter pieces are not a whit the less welcome in the same volume; as the Mossits, by Mrs. S. C. Hall; the Greek Girl, by L. E. L.;

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the Poet's Landscape, by A. Cunningham; or Miss Mitford's pleasant, homely paper, (we say so, notwithstanding the title,)

A DAY OF DISTRESS.

It was a glorious June morning; and I got up gay and bright, as the Americans say, to breakfast in the pretty summer-room overlooking the garden, which, built partly for my accommodation and partly for that of my geraniums, who make it their winter residence, is as regularly called the green-house as if I and my several properties—sofas, chairs, tables, chiffonières, and ottomans—did not inhabit it during the whole of the fine season; or as if it were not in its own person a well-proportioned and spacious apartment, no otherways to be distinguished from common drawing-rooms than by being nearly fronted with glass, about which out-of-door myrtles, passion-flowers, clematis, and the Persian honeysuckle, form a most graceful and varied frame-work, not unlike the festoons of flowers and foliage which one sees round some of the scarce and high-prized tradesmen's cards, and ridotto tickets of Hogarth and Bartolozzi. Large glass folding-doors open into the little garden, almost surrounded by old buildings of the most picturesque form—the buildings themselves partly hidden by clustering vines, and my superb bay-tree, its shining leaves glittering in the sun on one side, whilst a tall pear-tree, garlanded to the very top with an English honeysuckle in full flower, breaks the horizontal line of the low cottage-roof on the other; the very pear-tree being, in its own turn, half concealed by a splendid pyramid of geraniums erected under its shade. Such geraniums! It does not become us poor mortals to be vain—but really, my geraniums! There is certainly nothing but the garden into which Aladdin found his way, and where the fruit was composed of gems, that can compare with them. This pyramid is undoubtedly the great object from the green-house; but the common flower-beds which surround it, filled with roses of all sorts, and lilies of all colours, and pinks of all patterns, and campanulas of all shapes, to say nothing of the innumerable tribes of annuals, of all the outlandish names that ever were invented, are not to be despised even beside the gorgeous exotics, which, arranged with the nicest attention to colour and form, so as to combine the mingled charms of harmony and contrast, seem to look down proudly on their humble compeers.

No pleasanter place for a summer-breakfast—always a pretty thing, with its cherries, and strawberries, and its affluence of nosegays and posies—no pleasanter place for a summer breakfast-table than my green-house. And no pleasanter companion, with whom to enjoy it, than the fair friend, as bright as a rose-bud, and as gay as a lark—the saucy, merry, charming Kate, who was waiting to partake our country fare. The birds were singing in the branches; bees, and butterflies, and myriads of gay happy insects were flitting about in the flower-beds; the haymakers were crowding to their light and lively labour in a neighbouring meadow; whilst the pleasant smell of the newly-mown grass blended with that of a bean-field in full blossom still nearer, and with a thousand odours of the garden—so that sight, and sound, and smell, were a rare compound of all that is delightful to the sense and the feeling.

Nor were higher pleasures wanting. My pretty friend, with all her vivacity, had a keen relish of what is finest in literature and in poetry. An old folio edition of that volume of Dryden called his "Fables," which contains the glorious rifaccimenti of parts of Chaucer, and the best of his original poems, happened to be on the table; the fine description of Spring in the opening of the Flower and the Leaf, led to the picture of Eden in the Paradise Lost, and that again to Comus, and Comus to Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess to Shakspeare, and As You Like It. The bees and the butterflies, culling for pleasure or for thrift the sweets of my geraniums, were but types of Kate Leslie and myself roving amidst the poets. This does not sound much like a day of distress; but the evil is to come.

A gentle sorrow did arrive, all too soon, in the shape of Kate Leslie's pony-phaeton, which whisked off that charming person as fast as her two long-tailed Arabians could put their feet to the ground. This evil had, however, substantial consolation in the promise of another visit very soon; and I resumed in peace and quietness, the usual round of idle occupation which forms the morning employment of a country gentlewoman of small fortune: ordered dinner—minced-veal, cold ham, a currant-pudding, and a sallad—if any body happens to be curious on the score of my housekeeping; renewed my beau-pots; watered such of my plants as wanted most; mended my gloves; patted Dash; looked at the Times; and was

just sitting down to work, or to pretend to work, when I was most pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of some morning friends—friends from a distance—for whom, after a hearty welcome and some cordial chat, I ordered luncheon, with which order my miseries began.

"The keys, if you please, ma'am, for the wine and the Kennet ale," said Anne, my female factotum, who rules, as regent, not only the cook, and the under-maid, and the boy, but the whole family, myself included, and is an actual housekeeper in every respect except that of keeping the keys. "The keys, ma'am, if you please," said Anne; and then I found that my keys were not in my right-hand pocket, where they ought to have been, nor in my left-hand pocket, where they might have been, nor in either of my apron-pockets, nor in my work-basket, nor in my reticule—in short, that my keys were lost!

Now these keys were only two in number, and small enough in dimensions; but then the one opened that important part of me, my writing-desk; and the other contained within itself the specific power over every lock in the house, being no other than the key of the key-drawer; and no chance of picking them—for alas! alas! the locks were Bramah's! So, after a few exclamations, such as, What can have become of my keys? Has any one seen my keys? Somebody must have run away with my keys!—I recollected that, however consolatory to myself such lamentations might be, they would, by no means, tend to quench the thirst of my guests. I applied myself vigorously to remedy the evil all I could by sending to my nearest neighbours (for time was pressing, and our horse and his master out for the day) to supply, as well as might be, my deficieny. Accordingly I sent to the public-house for their best beer, which not being Kennet ale, would not go down; and to the good-humoured wives of the shoemaker and the baker for their best wine. Fancy to yourselves a decanter of damson-wine arriving from one quarter, and a jug of parsnip-wine, fresh from the wood, tapped on purpose from the other! And this for drinkers of Burgundy and Champagne! Luckily the water was good, and my visiters were good-natured and comforted me in my affliction, and made a jest of the matter. Really they are a nice family, the St. Johns, especially the two young men, to whom I have, they say, taught the taste of spring-water.

This trouble passed over lightly enough. But scarcely were they gone before the tax-gatherer came for money—locked up in my desk! What will the collector say?—And the justice's clerk for warrants, left under my care by the chairman of the bench, and also safely lodged in the same safe repository. What will their worships say to this delinquency? It will be fortunate if they do not issue a warrant against me in my own person! My very purse was left by accident in that unlucky writing-desk; and when our kind neighbours, the Wrights, sent a melon, and I was forced to borrow a shilling to give the messenger, I could bear my loss no longer, and determined to institute a strict search on the instant.

But before the search could begin, in came the pretty little roly-poly Sydneys and Murrays, brats from seven downwards, with their whole train of nurses, and nursery-maids, and nursery-governesses, by invitation, to eat strawberries; and the strawberries were locked up in a cupboard, the key of which was in the unopenable drawer! And good farmer Brookes, he too called, sent by his honour for a bottle of Hollands—the right Schiedam; and the Schiedam was in the cellar; and the key of the cellar was in the Bramah-locked drawer! And the worthy farmer, who behaved charmingly for a man deprived of his gin, was fain to be content with excuses, like a voter after an election; and the poor children were compelled to put up with promises, like a voter before one; to be sure, they had a few pinks and roses to sweeten their disappointment; but the strawberries were as uncomeatable as the Schiedam.

At last they were gone; and then began the search in good earnest. Every drawer, not locked, every room that could be entered, every box that could be opened, was ransacked over and over again for these intolerable keys.

All my goods and chattels were flung together in heaps, and then picked over (a process which would make even new things seem disjointed and shabby), and the quantities of trumpery thereby disclosed, especially in the shape of thimbles, needle-cases, pincushions, and scissars, from the different work-baskets, work-boxes, and work-bags (your idle person always abounds in working materials), was astounding. I think there were seventeen pincushions of different patterns—beginning with an old boot and ending with a new guitar. But what was there not? It seemed to me that there were pocketable commodities enough to furnish a second-hand bazaar!

Every thing was there except my keys. For four hours did I and my luckless maidens perambulate the house, whilst John, the boy, examined the garden; until we were all so tired that we were forced to sit down from mere weariness. Saving always the first night of one of my own tragedies, when, though I pique myself on being composed, I can never manage to sit still; except on such an occasion, I do not think I ever walked so much at one time in my life. At last I flung myself on a sofa in the green-house, and began to revolve the possibility of their being still in the place where I had first missed them.

A jingle in my apron-pocket afforded some hope, but it turned out to be only the clinking of a pair of garden-scissors against his old companion, a silver pencil-case—and that prospect faded away. A slight opening of Dryden's heavily-bound volume gave another glimmer of sunshine, but it proved to be occasioned by a sprig of myrtle in Palemon and Arcite—Kate Leslie's elegant mark.

This circumstance recalls the recollection of my pretty friend. Could she have been the culprit? And I began to ponder over all the instances of unconscious key-stealing that I had heard of amongst my acquaintance. How my old friend, Aunt Martha, had been so well known for that propensity as to be regularly sought after when keys were missing; and my young friend, Edward Harley, from the habit of twisting something round his fingers during his eloquent talk (people used to provide another eloquent talker, Madame de Staël, with a willow-twig for that purpose), had once caught up and carried away a key, also a Bramah, belonging to a lawyer's bureau, thereby, as the lawyer affirmed, causing the loss of divers lawsuits to himself and his clients. Neither Aunt Martha nor Edward had been near the place; but Kate Leslie might be equally subject to absent fits, and might, in a paroxysm, have abstracted my keys; at all events it was worth trying. So I wrote her a note to go by post in the evening (for Kate, I grieve to say, lives about twenty miles off) and determined to await her reply, and think no more of my calamity.

A wise resolution! but, like many other wise resolves, easier made than kept. Even if I could have forgotten my loss, my own household would not have let me.

The cook, with professional callousness, came to demand sugar for the currant-pudding—and the sugar was in the store-room—and the store-room was locked; and scarcely had I recovered from this shock before Anne came to inform me that there was no oil in the cruet, and that the flask was in the cellar, snugly reposing, I suppose, by the side of the Schiedam, so that if for weariness I could have eaten, there was no dinner to eat—for without the salad who would take the meat? However, I being alone, this signified little; much less than a circumstance of which I was reminded by my note to Kate Leslie, namely, that in my desk were two important letters, one triple, and franked for that very night; as well as a corrected proof-sheet, for which the press was waiting; and that all these despatches were to be sent off by post that evening.

Roused by this extremity, I carried my troubles and my writing-desk to my good friend the blacksmith—a civil intelligent man, who sympathized with my distress, sighed, shook his head, and uttered the word Bramah!—and I thought my perplexity was nearly at its height, when, as I was wending slowly homeward, my sorrows were brought to a climax by my being overtaken by one of the friends whom I admire and honour most in the world—a person whom all the world admires—who told me in her prettiest way, that she was glad to see me so near my own gate, for that she was coming to drink tea with me.

Here was a calamity! The Lady Mary H., a professed tea-drinker—a green tea-drinker, one (it was a point of sympathy between us) who took nothing but tea and water, and, therefore, required that gentle and lady-like stimulant in full perfection. Lady Mary come to drink tea with me; and I with nothing better to offer her than tea from the shop—the village-shop—bohea, or souchong, or whatever they might call the vile mixture! Tea from the shop for Lady Mary! Ill luck could go no further: it was the very extremity of small distress.

Her ladyship is, however, as kind as she is charming, and bore our mutual misfortune with great fortitude; admired my garden, praised my geraniums, and tried to make me forget my calamity. Her kindness was thrown away. I could not even laugh at myself, or find beauty in my flowers, or be pleased with her for flattering them. I tried, however, to do the honours by my plants; and, in placing a large night-scented stock, which was just beginning to emit its odour, upon the table, I struck against the edge, and found something hard under my belt.

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where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me, that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning, Emily Waring and Captain L—— were to have been united. On Friday, and on Saturday, I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——; who on Saturday evening, said in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness, pass over Emily's countenance; and the colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan." "He is misunderstood," said Captain L——, "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him."—"Well, well," said the colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over, the colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium and acacia and orange trees; and they staid in it so long, that I left my seat, and returned to the colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness—and, perhaps, a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time;—Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look, modest and enchanting; the colonel was impatient; for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock—half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer, that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock: but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other, and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old colonel stood beside her—one hand enclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment, the governor, Sir G—— D——, was announced, and the colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success. The sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan, unfortunate fatality, the court for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence, but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house, in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were last seen together, walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock—more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader, perhaps, requires to be informed, that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel, the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height

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by an easy zig-zag path, the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial; but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived, Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession; and his confession was to this effect—that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted, that he had resolved upon his destruction—that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock—and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion, that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L——. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act?—why confess one murder, and not another?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L—— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep; and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed side: I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, "I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives." I am far from meaning to infer, that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda; and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore; no one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat; unfastened its moorings; and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to, to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices—for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up; and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling cheek of his daughter. "I am not a man of many words," said he, "but by G—d, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man."

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the bay of Algesiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of

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the summer house, he gave us the following relation :—

"I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock, to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised: he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness; but during dinner, he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan, as we ascended, was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zigzag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port-holes; and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus, I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port-hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped, upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection to raise myself up; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and with the geranium root, bounded from point to point into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare, without point, fissure, or root: it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port-hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost —I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me—and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away—it grew dark; and when night came, I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me—the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help, but my cry was only answered by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insanely, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom was my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued; here they are," said Captain L——, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings: she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control.

"Hated flowers!" said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily,"

said the colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting-place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "'tis past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll" —but Emily had left the summer-house: "next Monday," resumed the colonel, addressing Captain L——, we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh! how soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever, as gentle and good, as much beloved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then God bless thee, thy husband, and thy children!

The following will but speak for itself:

THE SOUL OF NATURE.

By Dr. Bowring.

If I had hatred in me, if my heart,
Stung by a sense of injury, deep and strong,
Sought but to recompense the wrong with wrong,
Here would I come and learn "the better part,"
For here discordant passions all depart,—
There is such music in the birds' sweet song—
There is such power, such pathos in the throng
Of beautiful objects, which around me start,
That hatred seems impossible,—and love,
The omnipotent spirit of the scene:—
So are we trained to better things above;
So out of hallowed moments that have been
We gather up the thoughts of what will be,
When hopes and memory blend in ecstasy.

The plates of the *Winter's Wreath* are, for the most part, well-engraved scenes of beautiful nature. Evening—Naples—Lake of Nemi—and the Highland fortress of Lessing Gray—are all good. Abbeville, by Roberts, is clever and true; and a Highland Piper, by Goodall, deserves special mention.

The Humorist

Has succeeded—the *encore* has been complied with—and here we have its second appearance. The pieces, prose and verse, are twenty-one in number. They are full of playful pun and patter, "sweethearts and wives and jolly tars, and all that," as Captain Copp would say.

Mr. Harrison, the author, must be a merry wight to last through a volume a year, but success, like wine, prompts wit, so that his second appearance is no phenomenon. But, his annual—all humour—is not the least difficult to produce. We quote one of the most taking specimens:

REFORM.

We've often thought, and p'rhaps 'twill strike
The reader, the Reform Bill's like
Our subject-plate—a wagon;
The fore-horse in the team's a *Grey*,
And, though they're working night and day,
But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix
In state or civic politics,
Yet wish "the Bill" may be a
Most sov'reign cure for England's ills,
And prove, like Abernethy's pills,
A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,
But leave to wiser heads than ours
The labours for which we
Have no vocation, while we say,
Cut every rotten branch away,
But do not harm the tree.

Without pronouncing on "the Bill,"
In praise or censure, there are still
Some things we can't help noting;
For instance, those who t'other day
Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay
Ten pounds a-year for voting.

In many a wight whose crippled toe
On cushion rests, "the Bill" will blow
Up hope's expiring embers;
He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,
Bless'd with the liberty to choose
Another set of *members*.

The poor especially, 'tis said,
Expect "the Bill" will cheapen bread—
We rather doubt it; still
Some reason in the hope we see,
They've heard so much concerning the
Provisions of "the Bill."

And, should it pass into a law,
Such wonders as the world ne'er saw
'Twill bring about, we trow;
Since it has clauses which propose,
We're told, to give a voice to those
Who have no voices now.

Thus Birmingham, for deeds in *arms*
So famed, though safe from war's alarms,
Will profit by the plan;
While Manchester, of high renown,
Will send two members up to town
By Pickford's caravan.

And Sheffield too, that shines in steel,
Its benefits will surely feel
Through all its various trades;
It needs no second sight to see
Its representatives will be
Two keen, well-temper'd *blades*.

Nay, in the "Commons' House," a few
Would have the colonies vote too:—
How strange 'twould be, some day,
When Parliament for business meets,
To see two members take their seats,
Return'd from Botany Bay.

'Tis more than probable, "the Bill"
Will oust a few old members; still
There must be some who never
Can care about a *seat*, since they
Would be, could they but have their way,
Upon their *legs* for ever.

Our song is sung;—if ask'd to own
Our party, we would answer, none—
Whig, Radical, or Tory;
We rank ourselves among the friends
Of those who, scorning private ends,
Seek England's weal and glory.

The cuts are 81 (in number, by Mr. W. H. Brooke. They are the symbols, the hieroglyphics of fun. It would be tedious to describe them, but every one must allow that if each cut produces a laugh, the whole set is cheap at the cost of the volume.

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The Literary Souvenir

TAKES its usual high ground: that is, the papers, especially those in verse, are of such excellence as the public might expect from a poet-editor. Mrs. Alaric Watts has furnished four pieces of great beauty, one of which we quote:

THE TRIBUTE OF ARMS.

By Mrs. Alaric Watts.

There is a legend connected with the Church of Notre-Dame, that one of the earlier French kings rode into that cathedral after a victorious battle, and left there his horse and arms, as an offering to God and the Virgin for his success. Up to the period of the first revolution there existed an equestrian statue of a knight, armed cap-a-pee, who is supposed to have been this hero. Historians are agreed as to the fact, but differ respecting the identity of the individual.

I.

THERE came a knight, in his armour dight, to the Church of Notre-Dame—
The victor heir of proud Navarre, and the sun-bright Oriflamme;
The chancel rang 'neath his courser's tread, where the priests were bowed in prayer,
And the mitred abbot raised his head, for a princely guest was there.

II.

He greeted not that holy band, but made the accustomed sign,
And reined his barb with a practised hand, at the foot of St Mary's shrine;
Then lightly leaped from his saddle down, the monks stood mute the while,
And his kingly brow was lighted now, With a bright triumphant smile.

III.

As he bowed him there on the altar-stair, and his devoir duly paid,
For added glory to his crest, and fame to his battle-blade,—
Then laid aside his helm of pride, nor shunned the gazing crowd,
But kneeling near, where all might hear, his homage breathed aloud —

IV.

"Mother of God! to thee I bring this hacked and dinted shield,
And this red reaping-hook of death, from Cassel's bloody field;
These trophies true are sure thy due, to whom all honour be—
The strife is done, the battle won, by might derived from thee!

V.

"I offer here my victor spear, my proud and gallant steed;
The horse and lance, how dearly proved! that served my sorest need:
Yes, Mary Mother! unto thee such gifts of right belong,
For the race it is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

VI.

"What most I prize, I proffer thee—accept the tribute meet—
My sword, my shield, my spear, my steed, all prostrate at thy feet.
There let them lie before thy shrine, that all the world may see,
We know who nerved the conqueror's arm, and gave the victory!"

Mr. Watts has some admirable lines for the blank leaves of the poems of Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, and Lamb: and a conversazione which will not be so acceptable to the parties it points to. There is, however, poetical as well as party feeling in this piece, and if its smart be keenly felt, we can only say "those who live in glass-houses," &c. The public yet know but little of the favouritism of literary partisanship, but the secrets are coming forth.

We have extracted the first, and to our mind, the best, prose tale in the volume, with little abridgement.

THE SIGNAL.

By the author of the "Romance of French History."

MY regiment was stationed at Trent, from 1806, when the Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria by the treaty of Presburg, till 1809, the commencement of the present war. This period, of three years, I number among the most remarkable in my life. The early part of it, however, was spent in the lassitude, both of mind and body, which garrison-troops are so liable to fall into when they find themselves suddenly in a place destitute of the unmeaning nothings, which fill up the life of a soldier during peace, under the name of amusement. We were in fact shunned—sent to Coventry, as the English say; and it is not to be supposed, that we received with any affectation of mildness the tacit insult. Some disorders took place not strictly in consonance with civil etiquette. The inhabitants no longer remained silent; and instead of keeping aloof as heretofore, they closed upon us with somewhat too much familiarity: in short a series of mutual aggressions took place, which kept the town in a perpetual ferment. One day, in the midst of this anarchy, being somewhat heated with wine after dinner, it was proposed by two or three young officers, to present ourselves uninvited at an evening party, which we understood was to be given at a house in the neighbourhood of the town. In a perfectly sober moment I should have thought the frolic too boyish; however, out we sallied, to the number of four, and took the way to the scene of action, laughing boisterously at the idea of a Tyrolese *soirée*. Sending in our cards, we followed up the heels of the astonished servant, and speedily found ourselves in a room filled with apparently genteel company of both sexes. The conversation stopped; all eyes were turned upon the intruders; and after a moment's pause, the master of the house bowing politely, asked us to sit down. This was a very unexpected reception. We had come prepared to

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find informality repelled by rudeness, and after a little badinage with the "country girls," to get back to our quarters sword in hand. We indeed looked a little foolish, and had it not been for the good sense and readiness of one of my comrades—a young Frenchman—we should perhaps have slunk away as suddenly as we had entered. He apologised with great frankness, bewailing the dulness of a garrison life, and imploring the ladies to mediate between us and the prejudices of their countrymen; and in a very short time we found ourselves as much at home as if we had come by invitation. There was one of the ladies to whom I more particularly attached myself. She was very young, but possessed a splendour of beauty which constituted her the star of the evening, and entitled her to the exclusive homage of the senior officers. Dorathen herself did not seem to be displeased with her conquest, but on the contrary paid me every attention that was consistent with delicacy and good breeding; and indeed the whole party by degrees began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of good humour and cordiality, with the exception of one man. This individual, whose name was Rusen, possessed not a line of the German physiognomy, but was evidently a decided Italian, although residing here in the confluence of the blood of the two races. His features were handsome, but his complexion singularly dark, and his eyes of a fierce and sinister expression; which contrasted strongly with the ingenuous blue orbs of Dorathen. The latter was evidently not only his mistress but his affianced bride; and there appeared to exist between them the kind of mysterious confidence which is usually observed among lovers. By degrees, as my sudden acquaintance with Dorathen seemed to approach towards familiarity, Rusen became first uneasy, then indignant, then cold and distant. His mistress, who treated his frowns with almost contempt, became alarmed at his desertion, and put in practice a thousand familiar wiles to lure him back to her chair. Was not this like love? And yet I could read something in her eyes that told a different tale. There seemed to be nothing tender in her uneasiness; and once or twice I detected in her stolen glance an expression of fear rather than timidity. The hour of parting came, and I requested permission to escort Dorathen home, understanding that she resided at some distance on the Botzen road. This was declined on the plea of a similar engagement with Rusen. The latter, however, although within earshot, would not hear. He did not stir from his place; the company had almost all left the house; and Dorathen, at last, with heightening colour, put her arm within mine, and calling her servant, we went out together. The night was dark, and the way solitary. The servant walked before us with a lantern. Dorathen answered incoherently to my remarks; her thoughts seemed absent and perplexed. At last, suddenly interrupting me—"Sir," said she, "you are a stranger in this part of the country, and as a Bavarian, the inhabitants imagine that they owe you no good will. For my part, I am at home; and am known both to the townsmen and peasantry; I am under the protection too, of a trusty servant. Return to your barracks, I entreat you—return speedily, and not too openly—and forget that I was ever so weak as to accept of a politeness which may cost you but too much!" She was agitated. She pressed my arm as she spoke, and her words came low and muffled, as if she dreaded that some one should overhear her. For my part, I was touched and interested. The intoxication of wine had passed away, and I felt that of love rising upon my heart and my brain. I attributed the fears to inexperience, and the natural timidity of a woman; and continued, in spite of her entreaties, to enjoy my happiness. On reaching her father's house, all was dark. The family had retired to bed, and she tapped lightly on a window. The window opened; and after whispering for a minute with some one within, a coarse cloak and a peasant's hat were handed to her. "I entreated you to return," said she, "while yet no disguise would have been necessary. You owe it to me now, were it only for the sake of my own peace of mind, to do me the small favour of throwing this cloak upon your shoulders, and concealing your military cap with this broad-brimmed hat."—"What is it you apprehend?" demanded I, in some surprise—"the Tyrolese and Bavarians are now one nation; we are not in war; the clowns capable of forming opinion, laugh aloud at their late Austrian constitution; and even the peasants will soon get reconciled to a government which demands nothing more than order and submission to lawful authority."—"There is no lawful authority," said the pretty rebel, "either in the sword or the pen—either in battles or treaties."—"In what then, for heaven's sake?"—"In the will of

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the majority of the nation."—"In the will of the majority of the nation! In the will of an ignorant and ferocious peasantry, who can neither read nor write, and who are equally unacquainted even with the geographical position of Bavaria and Austria!" —"I will not argue with you," said Dorathen, "on a subject on which we never can agree. I demand of you nothing more than a good night's sleep, and that is what you have no right to deprive me of." —"Alas, Dorathen," said I, "it would be in vain for me to make such a demand of you! However, I will not now dispute an authority which I hold to be more lawful than even that of the majority of the nation;" and so saying, I equipped myself in the cumbrous dress she offered. "Now, tell me," said I, seizing her hand, and bending forward to snatch the salute which I knew the custom of the country authorised on such occasions,—"tell me, Dorathen, are you engaged to the dusky Italian?" —"Yes—no,"—said Dorathen hastily. I closed her lips with mine, thus accepting of the negative.

I began to retrace my steps gaily. She was the most beautiful, and the most interesting piece of womankind I had ever fallen in with; and in a country like this, she seemed nothing less than an angel descended on purpose to reconcile me to life. My thoughts, however, were soon dragged down to earth by the difficulties of the road. I had no light to guide my steps, and the night appeared to become darker and darker. Trent, however, was in view, or at least its situation was indicated by some straggling lamps in the distance, and I stumbled on without apprehension. Presently I saw something against the dull sky, which resembled the figure of a man; but as it was without the accompanying sound of steps, I was in doubt. The figure vanished: and I became convinced that it was something endowed with the faculty of voluntary motion—for there was not a breath of air had passed through the gloom. A few minutes after, I was startled by a voice close to my ear. "Is it time?" said some one passing me from behind. "Ay—time to be in bed," muttered I, catching by the hilt of my sword. The challenger passed on without rejoinder —and I confess I was glad of it, for the voice was that of Rusen. I was somewhat agitated, as you will allow the best soldier may be at the idea of midnight assassination; and determining that it was no longer safe to keep the main road, I struck with as little noise as possible into a by-path, determining to make a considerable circuit before venturing upon the highway again. Whether it was owing, however, to my ignorance of the localities, or to my imagination bewildering itself with speculations on the revengeful jealousy of the Italians, and the dexterity of the Tyrolese at the rifle, I knew not; but in a very few minutes I had regained the road. There were some ruins, apparently those of a cottage by the wayside, and before striking out into the valley again, I determined to make use of the cover they afforded, to take an observation. Accordingly, with my drawn sword under my cloak, for I had no pistols, I crept along the walls, and endeavoured to find some point from which I could view the road both before and behind. The caution with which I moved was highly necessary; for another step would have brought me into bodily contact with a man who leaned with folded arms against a corner of the ruin. I was surprised that even the little noise I made did not attract his attention, but this was soon effected by the same ill-boding voice which I had heard before. "Is it time?" said Rusen, passing— for I was sure of the voice. "Salurn!" exclaimed the man, starting as if from slumber. "Has he passed yet?"—"No—on my oath; not a mouse could have passed without my observation—far less a Bavarian."—"Let us go farther on then; he cannot be many minutes longer, and the more distant we are from the town the better." The confederates moved on; and as soon as the sound of their feet died away in the distance, I stepped from my ambuscade upon the highway, and made as hasty a retreat to quarters as was ever effected by a soldier on foot.

The next day I learned that Rusen was a Veronese of considerable wealth and influence, who had settled in this part of the Tyrol, for the purpose of carrying into effect some extensive manufacturing speculation. He was publicly known to be the accepted lover of Dorathen; although the lady's inclinations were supposed to be biassed more by political considerations than by dreams of matrimonial happiness. She, in fact, as report represented her, was rather an extraordinary character. Although quite a girl when her country was ceded to Bavaria three years before, she had distinguished herself as a member of what was called the French Patriotic Association; and had continued to throw every impediment in the way of the execution of the laws, which female inge-

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nuity could devise. I could hardly conceive that the Dorathen of this romance and my own was the same being. She had seemed to me to be the very beau ideal of gentleness and grace; and she had commenced her acquaintance with one of the *tyrants* by saving his life. It is dangerous for a young man, as I was then, to perplex his mind upon such subjects. My thoughts dwelt upon the interesting rebel till she became a part of myself; and at our subsequent interviews, I had the happiness to find, or imagine, that I was by no means an object of indifference to her. At first she made use of all the little arts of a woman to elicit political information, or to convince me of the iniquity of the government of which I was an agent. But by degrees she avoided such subjects; it seemed to me that a feeling of regard for my honour began to mingle with her generous, though mistaken patriotism; she became silent, melancholy, absent; and at last she avoided my company so sedulously, that there was sometimes a week between our meetings. The morose Rusen, in the meantime, whom I sometimes saw, had apparently become more reconciled to my rivalship; and he even attempted, although in vain, to force his acquaintance with me into intimacy. This of course I attributed to political motives; for although at that time we did not dream of actual insurrection, we were aware of the existence of a party hostile to Bavarian interests. I was ordered to Botzen with a small escort party for the protection of some specie, which was to be transmitted by the way of that town to the capital. It was long since I had seen Dorathen; and certain rumours of her approaching marriage, although I could not believe them to be true, gave me much uneasiness. Her late conduct indeed had appeared cold and capricious; and the length of time that had elapsed since our last meeting was in part the effect of a fit of love-like sullenness into which I had fallen. I resolved, however, on the present occasion, since business would lead me past the door of her house, to condescend to enter, and afford her an opportunity for explanation. I was fain to order my lieutenant to proceed to Lavis, and there wait for me; and turning my horse, I went leisurely back. Dismounting a little way from the house, I entered a footpath which conducted to the parlour door; and finding the door open, and no servant at hand, I was just on the point of entering when arrested by the voice of Rusen. "To-morrow night, then," said he, addressing some one in the room, "in the Castle of Salurn."—"Agreed. But hark!"—The voice which answered was Dorathen's. I know not what idea passed through my mind at the moment; but in a few seconds I found myself again on horseback, and riding like a madman after my party. * * * *

On our return from Botzen on the following evening, I halted my party in the village of Salurn, and ordering some refreshment for them and our horses, walked out alone on pretence of inquiring into the destinies of the weather. It was now dark; and as I entered the wilderness of rocks on the side of the mountain, I found that their shadow brought on a premature night, which rendered it difficult for me to distinguish the path. The ruined fortress, (of Salurn,) however, was full in sight, towering far above my head; and it was bright with the rays of the sun, that were altogether lost to the lower world. I had never seen this magnificent object so near, or in a light so well calculated to assist its effect; and I lost some time in contemplating the remarkable scene. I was startled from my reverie by the appearance of a little girl emerging from one of the innumerable creeks among the rocks, and running across my path. As she passed, she threw a small piece of paper towards me from a handful she carried, and immediately vanished on the opposite side. On eagerly picking up the document, which, in the absorbing selfishness of love, I imagined to contain a solution of the enigma that perplexed me, I found written on it, in the patois of the country, *S'ist zeit*, "It is time:" was this the answer to the challenge of Rusen—"*Is it time?*". The affinity between the expressions struck me with a kind of panic, and I endeavoured, in startled haste, to recall to my remembrance what had been the appearance of the people as I passed through the country. I recollected that I had observed, in the course of the day, various knots of peasants gazing into the waters of the Eisak; and that once, when a sudden shouting arose from one of the groups, it seemed to have been caused by the appearance of a quantity of sawdust floating down the torrent. The people, however, had dispersed to their homes as usual, when the evening set in; and on leaving the village a quarter of an hour before, no sign of tumult had been visible, and, indeed, no appearance of the inhabitants at all, except about half a dozen conversing behind one of the houses.

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These last were gazing earnestly towards the Castle of Salurn, and at this moment it struck me, but not at the time as being strange that their attention should have been attracted so forcibly by so familiar an object. They appeared to be gloomy and discontented; and I heard one of them say, in the constantly recurring form of expression—"It is *not* time." I debated for some moments whether I should not return at once to my party. Love triumphed however, assisted perhaps by curiosity; and I determined, since the way was now so short, to climb the castle rock before returning to the village. The way was not so short as I imagined. Rock after rock was passed—sometimes scaled, and sometimes coasted round—and still the castle appeared to be as distant as ever. By degrees, the portion of its walls that was illumined by the sun grew less and less, and at last, as the light faded altogether, I could only recognise it by its outlines, faintly traced against the dull sky. Plunging on in desperation, I at length reached the base of the enormous cliff on which the castle is built, when there was only light enough to distinguish that I had thus far succeeded in my undertaking. The grand difficulty now was to find the path, or stair, which led to the building above; and the search for this object led me nearly all round the rock, and wasted so much time, that it became almost pitch dark. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at this period. In the midst of absurd fancies, engendered by the strangeness of my situation, and the loneliness and wildness of the place, I heard, with a distinctness that at once recalled my wandering senses, a human voice. It was the voice of Rusen, and so near, that I instinctively curved my fingers to return his grapple. The next moment, however, I remembered, that he must be wholly unconscious of my presence, while I, on the contrary, might have expected him; and, coasting cautiously round a jutting point of the cliff, I endeavoured to steal unheard towards the sound. A gleam of light presently fell, although only for an instant, upon one of the rocks before me; and I conjectured that he was provided with a dark lantern. It had revealed enough of the locality to enable me to gain, without noise, a spot from which I could see the bearer. Rusen was not alone. Two female figures stood near him; in one of which, notwithstanding that the only light was a reflection from the rock, of the flame of the dark lantern — I recognised Dorathen. The whole three preserved a profound silence for more than a minute; during while, they might have seemed to be a group of statuary. "Hear me!" cried Rusen, at length, in a stern and almost fierce voice, "let us understand one another. I am no Tyrolese; I have no interest, real or sentimental, in setting this unhappy country in a blaze; but on the contrary, such peaceable schemes as mine can only flourish where public tranquillity is maintained under the safeguard of the laws. I well know the reason why your Association pitches upon me for this service. It is necessary for your success that I should be pledged beyond recall—that the weight of money, influence, and mercantile credit and solidity should be thrown into the scale. Be it so—I consent. But, if I this night set in jeopardy my character—my fortune—my life—it is for your sake Dorathen, in your cause and no other; and it is to you I shall look for my reward! Say but the word, not equivocally as you have hitherto done, for I will not be trifled with *here*, but openly, distinctly — say that tomorrow you will be my wife; and that instant I shall scale the rock and do—what is to be done." It was some moments before Dorathen replied; but when she did so, her voice was so low and tremulous, that I could not catch a single word. "She consents!" cried their female companion: "away if you be a man!"—"I did not hear her," remarked Rusen, sulkily and suspiciously. —"I tell you she has consented — I am your witness." A stir took place among the speakers, but as the flame of the lamp suddenly disappeared, I could not see of what nature. My feelings were by this time excited to a pitch of frenzy. Every thing that had seemed strange in the conduct of Dorathen was now accounted for. Her love—her hopes—her happiness—all were to be offered up with a blind but beautiful piety on the altar of her country. This was the high-place of the terrible superstition—this the moment of sacrifice! * *

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE *Juvenile Forget-me-not* edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* edited by Mr. Shoberl, stand over for another Number: as do the *Forget-me-not*, and the Plates of *Friendship's Offering*.

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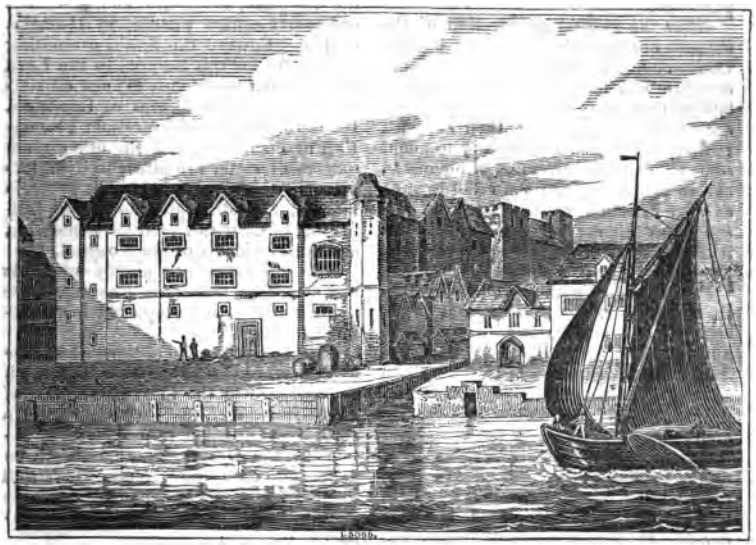
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 518.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.



BRIDEWELL PALACE.

EVERY one has heard of BRIDEWELL (in Bridge-street, Blackfriars), as a house of correction, or, we fear we may say, a house of incorrigibles. Yet few, comparatively, are aware of this famed and notorious place, having once been a Royal Residence—a palace belonging to the Kings of England, where they frequently resided and held their courts. Yes, gentle reader, here that unbridled and incorrigible king, Henry VIII., that huge lump of "offending Adam," played such tricks before High Heaven as made the very angels weep. Bridewell subsequently came into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, who seems to have monopolized all the good things of his time; but, on his downfal, it again reverted to the Crown.

It was in this palace that Henry VIII. summoned to appear before him the heads of all the religious houses in England; and from those who refused to acknowledge his supremacy, he extorted large sums of money. In 1522, that monarch rebuilt Bridewell in a most magnificent manner, for the reception of Charles the Fifth—who, however, preferred to lodge in the house of the Black Friars, which was situated on the other side of the river Fleet, over which a temporary bridge was thrown, which, passing through the city wall, formed a communication between that house and the palace, in which his suite were accommodated. In 1528, Cardinal Campeius "was brought to ye kinges presence then living at Brydewel by ye cardinal of Yorke and was caryed in a chayer of Crimosin veluet borne between iiii persones, for he was not able to stand, and the cardynall of Yorke and he sat both on the ryght hand of the kinges throne, and there one Frauncisci secretary to cardinal Campeius, made an eloquent oracion in the latin tongue:"* and the same king "caused al his nobilitie, Judges and counsaylors wt diuers other persons to come to his palace of Brydewell on sonday the viii day of Noueber at after none in his great chamber, and there" delivered a speech to them, concerning his marriage with

* Hall's Chronicle, fol. 180,

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Katharine of Arragon.* In the following year, Henry and his queen resided here, while the question of their marriage was pending at the Blackfriars; after which, taking a dislike to the place, he let it fall to decay; in which state it remained until its appropriation, in the following reign, to charitable purposes.

After the general suppression of the monasteries and other religious houses, London became filled with multitudes of dissolute and necessitous persons, who, before that period, had depended on ecclesiastical charity for their support. It therefore became necessary to adopt some plan for the correction of offenders, and to afford a refuge and relief to such as were in actual want. The first person who endeavoured to effect this laudable and charitable purpose was the pious Bishop Ridley.

In accordance with his and other petitions, made by the citizens, that young and virtuous prince Edward the Sixth, by a charter, bearing date the 26th of June, 1552, and which charter was afterwards confirmed by Queen Mary, granted the palace of Bridewell for the above purpose, and, amongst other things, endowed it with a great part of the revenues of the Savoy. In 1608, twelve large granaries were erected in this hospital, at the expense of the City, capable of containing 6,000 quarters of corn, and two storehouses for coals.—In the antient chapel, which, says Strype, "was inlarged and beautified, at the proper Cost and Charge of the Governors and Inhabitants of this Precinct, in the year of our Lord 1620," was a portrait of Edward the Sixth, under which were the following lines:—

"This *Edward*, of fair Memory the Sixt,
In whom, with Greatness, Goodness was commixt,
Gave this *Bridewell*, a *Palace* in old times,
For a Chastening House of vagrant crimes."

In the plan of London attributed to Ralph Aggas, the buildings and gardens of this hospital appear to extend from their present site all the way to the Thames, on the bank of which a large castellated mansion is represented.

After the dreadful fire in 1666, by which almost the entire pile was destroyed, this hospital was rebuilt, in two quadrangles, the principal of which fronted the Fleet river, now a vast barrel-like sewer under the middle of Bridge-street. The old hall still remains; but the committee-room, prisons, chapel, &c., have been built since the commencement of the present century; and the whole now forms only one large quadrangle. The hall, which is upwards of one hundred feet in length and forty in breadth, is lined with wainscoting, and furnished with long mahogany tables and forms, at which the governors dine annually in June. Over the fire-place, at the west end, is a large and nearly square picture, by Holbein, of King Edward the Sixth, presenting his charter for this hospital to the Lord Mayor (Sir George Bowes) and citizens of London. The figures of Goodrich, Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor; Thomas Earl of Pembroke, and five other great officers of state, are introduced in this piece, in which also is a head of Holbein himself. The other pictures exhibit full-lengths of Charles I., sitting, James II., and the Presidents of the Hospital.

The prisoners are chiefly vagrants and disorderly persons. The sexes are kept separate, and employed in working a tread-mill.

The Cut represents Bridewell Palace as it appeared about the year 1660, with the entrance to the Fleet River, part of Blackfriars, &c., as they appeared a short time previously to their destruction by the Great Fire of London, in 1666. In its original state, Bridewell extended from the banks of the Thames southward, as far north as to the present Bride-lane.

The use and character of Bridewell may be inferred from the following return for one year:—

Vagrants committed by the Lord Mayor and sitting Aldermen..	184
Apprentices sent to solitary confinement	38
Persons to be sent to different parishes	633
Apprentices to be brought up to different trades	24

In 1829, a New Prison was erected, near Bethlem Hospital, Lambeth, as a substitute for the City Bridewell, Blackfriars. The chief employment of the prisoners is turning the tread-mill, which grinds the corn for the supply of Bethlem Hospital. Upwards of 700 persons are annually sent to this prison. Within the City Bridewell is the residence of the Chamberlain of London, who is also Treasurer of the Hospital. The President is the venerable Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart., senior alderman of the city of London.

* Hall's Chronicle, fol. 180.

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THE DEATH OF BAYARD.

(For the Mirror.)

It was a lovely sunset, and the skies
Were richly beautified with gorgeous dyes,
And clouds that seem'd to burn with fiery light,
Closed like a zone around the mountain's height;
Delicious music stole along the deep,
Which hush'd its waves beneath the woody steep,
And o'er the landscape reign'd a thoughtful calm
Diffusing in the air its sweetest balm,
The air whose liquid breath bedew'd the rose,
And lured the broken spirit to repose;
On that bright scene a warrior turn'd his eye,
To view the sunset's pageantry, and die!

Beneath a tree which could not fail to bring
Home to the heart a magic dream of spring,
And o'er the bank its sunny foliage spread,
The dying warrior bow'd his languid head;
A feverish glow still mantled o'er his cheek,
And oft his quivering lips essayed to speak;
But lofty thoughts his scornful spirit nursed,
And stayed the tide of sorrow ere it burst;
For he had fought where battle roll'd its wave,
And pour'd its stormy thunder o'er the brave;
And he had mark'd the purple stream descend
From bosoms that his arm could not defend;
And wildly then he threw his sword aside,
With heart resigned to meditative pride,
And to his friend, who stood beneath the tree,
He breathed these soothing words—"Weep not for me!"

G. R. C.

POPULOUS CITIES.

(For the Mirror.)

The following curious statistical account is given in the Cassel Almanac, for the year 1826:—The hundred most populous cities in the globe are—

	Inhabitants
Jeddo, in Japan	1,680,000
Pekin	1,500,000
London	1,274,000
Hans Ischen	1,100,000
Calcutta	900,000
Madras	817,000
Nankin	800,000
Congo Ischen	800,000
Paris	717,300
Wuts Chani	600,000
Constantinople	597,800
Benares	530,000
Kio	520,726
Lu Ischen	500,000
Houng Ischen	500,000

&c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin, containing 193,000; and the last, Bristol, 87,800. Among the hundred cities, three contain more than a million; nine from half a million to one million; twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000; fifty-six from 100,000 to 200,000; six from 87,000 to 100,000. Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe—of which, four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, three in Spain, five in Africa, and five in America.

A list of the population of twenty-four states is given; the following is an extract:—

	Inhabitants.
China	264,500,000
British Empire	136,500,000
Russia	59,000,000
Japan	40,500,000
France	31,500,000
Austria	30,000,000
Turkish Empire	24,500,000
Anan	23,000,000
Spain	15,000,000
Morocco	15,000,000
Persia	13,500,000
Afghanistan	12,800,000
Low Countries	12,800,000
Burmese	12,000,000
Corea	12,000,000
Thibet	12,000,000
Prussia	11,370,000
United States	10,645,000
Naples	7,500,000
Brazil	5,500,000

The principality of Litchsenstein contains the smallest number of inhabitants out of the twenty-four states, having only 5,800 inhabitants.

W. G. C.

THE ORPHAN.

(For the Mirror.)

There's grief upon thy childish brow, and woe upon thy cheek,
Remembrance in that fervid glance, so mild, and fix'd, and meek;
And something like a clinging back to many a summer scene,
For Memory oft will tell her tale of those that once had been.

She has her mother's deep blue eye, her mother's gentle voice,
Which bade the list'ner's soul be glad, the mourner's heart rejoice—
Her father's spirit high and pure, with childhood's radiant smile,
That will through Mem'ry's tears the heart to hope and joy beguile.

Yet why is care upon that brow, and grief on cheek so fair,
Why is no wreath entwined among the ringlets of her hair,
And where are they who gave to earth this bright and beauteous flower?
The midnight of the heart comes not with childhood's earliest hour.

Oh they!—they both are gone, the sire, the lov'd, and blest,
Deep in the blue Atlantic lies, its wave his place of rest;
And her young heart was all too fond, too dear its favourite dream,
To hear such tale of woe, and be as she had ever been.

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And there she lies, the parent flower, like some
departed ray,
Leaving one darling bud to mourn her long
though sure decay.
The child,—oh let her gentle thoughts to them
in silence rove,
She is their living monument—the offspring of
their love. CLARA.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE SIGNAL.

(Concluded from page 336.*)

I rushed round the point of the cliff, hardly thinking of caution, and only anxious to interpose I knew not in what way, between her and her fate. Her name was just about to escape my lips, as I groped for her in vain, when I felt my hand seized by some one in the dark. It was Dorathen herself! "Forgive me!" said she, speaking quickly but distinctly, "in such moments it is only your sex that can be calm and resolute. I do not hesitate! At a time like this, love and hate are alike to me. The first man who reaches the Castle of Salurn is Dorathen's husband! Away!" I looked up involuntarily, and saw the lantern gleaming like a star far above our heads. "Agreed!" said I in a whisper; and pressing her hand, I sprang upon the stair. The steps were steep and rugged, being roughly hewn out of the rock; but, like a man walking in his sleep, I seemed to hit by instinct the proper place for my feet, and ascended with rapidity and safety. I neared the light, and my strength seemed doubled by the common tiger-feeling of our nature when within spring of a deadly foe. The path, however, became more difficult; all trace of hewn steps disappeared, and I imagined that I must have wandered in my excitation, from the track. This I thought was rather fortunate than otherwise; for if the stair had been the only means of access, the struggle—for I knew that a struggle must come, would take place on the bare side of the steep. Endeavouring therefore to get round my enemy, and reach the brink before him, I pursued my way more slowly and more cautiously than before. When I approached near enough to the light to see the dim figure of the Italian, and gain some idea of the localities around him, I found that he was standing on a tabular piece of rock, which seemed to have been one of the landing-places of the ancient stairs. He was occupied in scraping out with his knife a hole in the side of the cliff that was choked up with sand and moss. This apparently was a place for the foot; for a very short distance above, the stair recommenced with greater regularity than ever, and ascended till it was lost in the darkness. The tabular rock proved to be indeed a landing place, and the only point at which further passage could be effected. The cliff was properly smoothed all round it in a manner that, before the invention of gunpowder changed the art of war, must have made the place defencible by a single man against a thousand. The operations of Rusen were just completed, and he was in the act of raising his foot to the hole, from which a slight effort would lift him to the stair above. I felt that I grew pale. The next instant I sprang upon the rock, and caught him by the throat. "Jesus Maria!" cried he, returning the grapple. "Is it time?"—"Yes, it is time!" said I; and as the light of the lantern revealed my features to him, I could see a gleam of mingled joy and terror light up his swarthy countenance.—"I arrest you as a traitor," said I, "in the name of the Bavarian government. Do you yield?"—"Yes! take your prize!" replied he, with a grin of mockery and a gripe like that of death.—"I arrest you as an intended assassin! Do you yield?"—"No!"—"Down then—first to earth, and then to hell! Die, dog, in your guilt!" and with a painful effort, I bent him down over the abyss, and at the same instant caught by the rock with one hand, to save myself from perishing with my victim. He yielded to the force which perhaps he could not at any time have withstood; and I thought for an instant that I held him suspended over the gulf, into which I could spurn him with my foot. In a moment, however, the wily serpent twined his arms round my legs, and dragged me down with him upon the edge of the cliff. No situation could be more helpless than mine. Victory indeed was easy, but only in the union with death; and it appeared, from the frantic efforts of my enemy, that he himself was content to die, so that we died together. I was deceived. The next moment he loosed his hold of my legs, and threw himself on the rock, only clinging by the hands to the edge, till he had secured a footing below. This was instantaneously effected; and with what seemed to me the same motion, he caught me by the foot, and dragged me over the precipice.

* Supplement—Spirit of the Annuals for 1832.

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I clasped him in my arms as I fell, and tore him from the rock. A yell of rage and terror burst from his lips. The providence of God interfered miraculously between me and what seemed inevitable destruction; for my strongly-embroidered military jacket was caught in a point of the cliff, and I hung for some time helpless—*and alone*. When I descended to the surface of the earth, I found the two females hanging in distraction over the mangled body of Rusen, to the breast of which the lantern was still fastened and uninjured.—"Dorathen!" said I.—"You here! merciful God, is this a dream?"—"Yes—it is a dream which we must all forget. Away! *you*, at least, should have nothing to do with guilt and death." She did not reply, but stooped down, and unfastened the lantern from the dead body.—"Unhand me!" said she, in feverish agitation, "I have a sacred duty to perform. Since Rusen failed, I will myself undertake the adventure!"—"This is madness! You are not in a condition to act, or even to think, at present, and I must charge myself with your safety. Come, let us leave this accursed spot, and speedily, for I too have a duty to perform."—"What?" said she, with sudden animation, "to disclose the conspiracy of women, and send the Dorathen whom you affected to love to the scaffold?"—"No, by heaven!—not a word—not a look—"—"But there are other witnesses! The castle above contains a—a—paper, which I must burn to ashes before I can sleep again in this world."—"I myself will do it. Give me the light."—"You! Oh, no—no—no!" "Time presses—give me the light, Dorathen, I entreat—I insist!" She wrung her hands, and wept. "Do you fear that I shall read the document, and betray your accomplices?"—"Yes, I fear it!" said she quickly.—"Shall I swear?"—"No!—promise on your faith—on your honour—on your love! The document lies upon a small box, on a table near the window of the tower. Promise, that without reading its address, without touching it even with your finger, you will set fire to it with this lantern, and see both box and paper consumed to ashes. Do you promise?"—"I do, so help me heaven!" I seized the lantern, and sprang for the second time upon the stair. I reached the giddy height of the castle without accident, and ascended the crumbling staircase of the tower. In the highest apartment, I saw the fatal packet, as described by Dorathen, and looking beyond it to the window, that I might not read the address, I fixed my eyes upon the dark valley below me, surrounded by its darker mountains. I could not readily touch the packet with the flame of the lamp without looking, and turned my eyes for a moment upon the table. The packet had *no address*. A nervous tremor seized me at this instant, I knew not why; but the paper had already ignited. It blazed like gunpowder; and the fire communicating to the box, a column of steady flame rose up. I overthrew the table, in a transport of rage and terror, and trampled the fatal apparatus to pieces. But it was too late. The SIGNAL had been given! From every rock—from every mountain top, answering lights glared forth, like spectres in the night; the roll of the drum—and the shrill call of the bugle—and the thunder of artillery, entered through the valleys. That night the Southern Tyrol was lost to Bavaria. I descended the rock, I know not how. I broke from the arms of Dorathen, and rushed like a madman towards the village. I arrived in time to see my brave fellows cut in pieces by the infuriated peasantry. Every where the cry resounded—*S'ist zeit—S'ist zeit!* It is time! It is time! I remember no more:—when I awoke from a raging fever, the Tyrol was again in the arms of its beloved Austria. Dorathen was my nurse. Soon afterwards Dorathen was my wife!

The Plates of the *Souvenir* are, for the most part, excellent, both in choice and execution; and that is as specific praise as we have room to award them.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

Value of Burmese Sacred Books.

(For the Mirror.)

Secunderabad, 1827.

"WHEN the Burmese temples and monasteries were ransacked by our soldiers, they strewed about the books found therein, as useless lumber. Thinking them curious, I picked up one, and a few fragments, which I carried off by way of plunder. It seems they are to these people what the black-letter books, illuminated missals, and venerable copies of the Scriptures, were to the monks of old English times. When at Martaban, I engaged a priest to attend me as instructor in the language, and as soon as I was able to hold any conversation with him, produced my prizes for his inspection. He was quite a

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youth, who becoming a novice at the age of eighteen years, instead of ten, and having only been a member of the priesthood for two years, was as yet uninitiated in the mysteries of Bramah divine revelations. But he took the book and fragments to the *Yahaun*, or Abbot of the Black Monastery, who brought them back shortly afterwards. This Yahaun was an honest man, and when he returned the detached leaves, asked me what I wanted with the book, and whether I would part with them all? I told him, that as the volume was perfect, I should send it to the great nation, for my mother;* but that the loose leaves of other writings I should keep for myself. He offered me for it 100 jecals, equal at that period amongst the Burmese to as many rupees, which I refused. Some days afterwards he raised his offer to 300 jecals, which I also rejected, because I really wanted my trophies, and he never came again. Had our soldiers been aware of the value which the Burmese priests attach to their sacred writings, and which I must add, are written in a peculiar character, or language, only understood by themselves, they would not, I am persuaded, have wantonly destroyed a booty which would for its redemption have fetched an extraordinary price."

The value of Wealth.

"It is well known, that during the Burmese war, by some grievous oversight, there was a lack of supplies in the Indian army. Now, I am sorry I was not able, when in Burmah, to seize upon a few diamonds and pearls; but, in the first place, it is the custom of the natives, in time of war, to *bury all their valuables;* and in the next, my thoughts were far more intent upon the capture of provisions than of Burmese treasure: a *fowl* would have been to me at that time worth more than a whole pit of buried jewels."

Indian Living.

With the above hint respecting *scarcity* the following picture of *abundance*, in a letter dated from Madras, will not inaptly contrast:—"At breakfast I get eggs, muffins, bread, toast, butter, fish, prawns, green tea, coffee, milk, sugar-candy,—and, for those who like them, there are *tyer* (curds and whey), rice, and curry. At Jiffin, I get mulligatawney, with cold meat or fowl, vegetables, and bottled beer;—at dinner, beef, mutton, fish, fowl, game, vegetables, white wine, and water, with English and French claret. This is commonly the living of subs, up to major-generals. Curry and rice are standing dishes at every meal. The hours for refreshment are—*Breakfast*, between seven o'clock and nine; *Jiffin*, between one and two; *dinner*, between seven and eight. Of fruits, the country produces mangoes, bad oranges, prunellas, pine-apples, custard-apples, guavas, musk and water melons, plantains, limes, &c. &c.: all desperately bad for want of proper cultivation. The only good fruit I have tasted since my arrival in India was in Burmah, where it seemed to me perfection; but perhaps I only thought so, because to procure it was always an adventure. *English* fruits for me!"

Sepoy Insubordination, and Brahmin Priestcraft.

"Secunderabad, June 15th, 1827.

"The whole force was out this morning to witness the execution of a Sepoy, a trooper of the 2nd cavalry, for 'running a muck,' and shooting during his run his commanding officer, in the performance of his duty, and another Sepoy. So we all turned out; and the wretch is at this moment dangling in chains. But, as I perceive that wise-acre Joseph Hume has been moaning over the Brahmins, because some of them have been sentenced to mend the roads, for stirring up a mutiny in Bengal, I shall take the liberty of mentioning a trifling fact respecting the Brahmins—the *gentle* and *patient* Hindoos—in connexion with the aforesaid Sepoy, Mahmoud Cassim, who by the way was a Mahommedan—but no matter, he answers their purpose as well as one of their own caste. These *poor* Brahmins, then, wishing to *enrich* themselves, have declared the MURDERER a *martyr!*—a declaration in itself (since popular feeling here, as well as in countries I could name a little nearer home, invariably advocates the *wrong* side of the argument) sufficient to work up a rebellion. They affirm that his soul, to use a Persian expression, has become a *peri*, and that the miracles wrought by him at the gallows since he has been hung, are wonderful. So people are flocking

* Owing to several trifling accidents this book did not reach its destination, though despatched almost immediately, until *three years* after the Burmese war; it is now, however, in the family of the writer, and a complete *black-letter* book, the characters being black, or darkest purple, on a golden ground; it is highly varnished, and beautifully ornamented with minute patterns in red, purple, and gold; and the writer is inclined to think it a particularly valuable specimen of the kind, since another Burmese sacred book, presented by a friend to her family, is entirely plain; the characters look as if *pricked*, upon the material (thin slips of scented wood, in colour like cedar, but not so agreeable as that or sandal wood) and are scarcely distinguishable from it.

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to the *blessed* spot from all parts, supplicating the new peri for one thing or another; and then, throwing down a few small coins, depart—poor dupes—perfectly satisfied that their petitions will be granted. The Fakirs, also, by imposing in similar ways upon the credulous and ignorant Musselmans, drive a flourishing trade.

"Were Hume and other politicians to come out to India, and *see* how matters *really* stand, respecting which they are quite in the dark, whilst *residents* in this country could supply them with volumes of information upon them, they would alter their tones in a little time."

Hyderabad, Elephants, &c.

"Secunderabad, 1827.

"On the 12th of April, we made a party to the old city of Hyderabad, as it is termed, of which nothing remains but three ditches, four or five old gateways, and two or three magazines. So thoroughly deserted is the place, that it cannot fail to remind one of the scriptural prophetic denunciations—since most awfully fulfilled—against the then existing oriental cities, being literally the abode and possession of wild beasts, —tigers, panthers, jackals, antelopes, wolves, foxes, hares, &c. Of the two former animals, we saw none that day; and it is curious that the force of habit renders Europeans in little dread of tigers. The only fear is, that they may not be seen, since, if beheld, there is small danger to be apprehended from them. During all my weary peregrinations and marchings, I have never yet beheld one,* although my servants, it seems, according to their own accounts, see them daily. I have, however, abundant reasons to suspect, that if these statements are not *got up* to answer their own lazy purposes, mere cowardice metamorphoses wolves and lynxes, in their eyes, into tigers. I was lately at a kind of Mahommedan festival, held at Moul-a-Ally, a small village, of no note whatever, a few years since. Its origin was this:—There was at the place a small tower, or fortified cattle-fold, erected as a defence against the inroads of the Pindarees; but a Musselman, having become wealthy and pious, in proportion as he fattened on the good things of this world, after devoting himself to the service of one of Mahmoud's faithful followers, named *Moul-a-Ally*, was so infatuated as to build mosques, consecrate the village to, and call it after, him, and to go thither annually in great state, accompanied by his retainers, and as many other people as he could muster, to perform vows to his idol. From hence originates the annual festival—which ought, I think, to be termed the *Feast of Elephants*, since every one with a rupee in his pocket makes a point of attending it, if possible, upon an elephant; but, if he cannot afford this, on horseback, dressed extremely *fine:* in other words, as tawdrily as perambulating show-folks. The hire of an elephant would have been eight rupees, a luxury with which I could not indulge myself on this occasion (but hope next year to make one of a party of six, the number this animal carries), and so sallied forth on my worthy old Arabian *Pickaxe;* and was not a little astonished to find myself wedged in between a crowd of huge, moving *mountains of flesh*—for such were indeed the immense elephants which I there beheld. Pickaxe I had always considered a tall horse, but these creatures were of so extraordinary a magnitude, that the feet of the drivers, who sit astride on their necks, touched the top of my cap. One of three elephants which we captured at Martaban was considered a large animal; but, compared with the colossal creatures I beheld at the Festival of Moul-a-Ally, it was insignificant.—About eight hundred elephants and four hundred camels, to say nothing of the horses belonging to the holiday-makers, paraded about the place all day. Everybody, except the English, attended the festival armed, and each respectable native had a body-guard of six or eight sword and javelin men. For this office, Arabs are preferred, but they are scarce, on account of their employment by the English in the Mizam service; for these people exhibit a fidelity towards their masters beyond that of the natives, and are, as strangers in the country, more easily managed."

Communicated, from original letters, by M. L. B.

Great Marlow, Bucks.

* A letter dated about two months afterwards, gives an account of a tiger-hunt in which, with a couple of brother officers, he engaged.

Spirit of Discovery.

CHOLERA MORBUS.—QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 91,

CONTAINS two important papers on the CHOLERA, the practical portion of which we endeavour to convey to our readers. The remainder of the Number is of great, though not paramount, interest. But there is an extravagantly and absurdly eulogistic paper on *Croker's Edition of Boswell*, and an article on the

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Government, which, punning aside, is too *choler*-ic for our pages:—

A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since any such visitation occurred in this happy island, and men of all conditions had been lulled, through long security, into a practical disbelief that the like may occur again. History records instances of pestilence in which the mortality has been as great as in the cholera—others in which the suddenness of the transition from life to death has been as appalling—and perhaps some few, in which the agonies of death have been not less excruciating; but no disease has ever before presented so fearful a combination of these three features—of extensive mortality, concentrated power of destruction, and exquisite anguish of suffering.

What has been done to meet this fatal contagion? *One* Board of Health has been established, and it has issued *two* documents. The first of these (lithographed in July) was made up of recommendations totally inapplicable and impracticable in a society such as ours, and which, if enforced, must have burthened us with evils yet more intolerable than those of death by cholera. Our wives and daughters, in the event of illness, were to be torn from us and thrust into lazar-houses; the rest of our families were to choose between the alternative of accompanying their sick kindred to the pest-house, or being placed—perhaps among the refuse of society—in a lazaretto, until time had shown that they might return to their own dwellings without danger to the public safety. Our houses, meantime, if the malady had visited them, were to be surrendered into the absolute keeping of "Expurgators"—outcasts, probably, capable of, and tempted to, every crime! The government, we must suppose, have the merit of detecting—at their leisure—the absurdity of thus applying to Great Britain the plague code of the *garrison of Malta!* and hence certain important modifications of the Board's original views, in the regulations of the 20th of October. But this second document, however superior to the first, is still far from being a satisfactory one. The *advice* it contains (for it is but *advice*) is of so general a nature, and so loosely worded, that we doubt if any individual has been thereby guided to frame for himself and his household a more efficient system of prophylactics than a very moderate exercise of unprofessional common sense might have at once suggested. It may be said that the Board have been deterred from going into details by the dread of exaggerating alarm; but we cannot shut our eyes to the equal impolicy and inhumanity of being held back, under such circumstances, by such considerations. The fatal consequences of *ignorance* have been written black and strong in every history of pestilence.—The amount of evil has always been in proportion to the want of knowledge and preparation. Witness Marseilles, where, in the language of an eye-witness, "the rich found no protection, the poor no aid;"—witness the massacres during the plague of Messina—the fearful anarchy which has attended the footsteps of this cholera throughout Persia;—witness various towns of Hindostan, where the whole population rushed in despair into the country, and leaving their own valuables to destruction, spread the pestilence far and wide about them—and the islands of the Indian Ocean, where Europeans were butchered on the shore, in sight of British ships and Spanish soldiery. We are, in fact, inclined to attribute the diminishing mortality of cholera, as it has advanced into comparatively civilized regions, much less to any considerable mitigation of its virus, than to the superior arrangements as to hospitals and police, especially adopted in foresight of its eruption.

When we compare our own country with those European states as yet ravaged by cholera, so far from finding grounds to justify comparative neglect on the part either of government or of individuals here, we are constrained to arrive at a far different conclusion.—Allowing all that can be asked for, as to the many points in which we are favourably distinguished—especially the morality and cleanliness characteristic of great classes not elsewhere so far advanced—and the skilfulness of our medical men—we are still forced to suspect, that on the whole, the balance may be struck against us. We have great towns in a proportion prodigiously beyond any other European empire—London, with probably 1,500,000 inhabitants; Dublin, with 400,000; Glasgow and Manchester, with 200,000 each; five cities all above 100,000—Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol and Cork; at least fourteen, of from 30,000 to 60,000; and about thirty ranging from 15,000 to 30,000. Our inland commerce and habits of life are such as to connect all parts of the country together in a style wholly unexampled. The extent and rapidity of our means of conveyance have never been approached. Then our, in general cir-

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cumstances, admirable policy of doing everything to excite competition, has rendered us dependent on each other—on individual arrangements and exertions, even for the necessaries of life, to a degree unheard of in any other kingdom. The proportion of the people immediately dependent on the government for support, in the shape of soldiery, &c., is as nothing; and there is a corresponding deficiency of those magazines which almost everywhere else are at hand in case of a famine. Lastly, except in one or two places, we are more destitute of a *police* than any community in the world. Every historian of pestilence, from Thucydides to Jonnès, abounds in awful descriptions of the outbursts of *crime* that inevitably attends such visitations; and as it is obvious that this can only proceed from the suspension of usual occupations, it is needful to inquire what occupations are the most sure to be interrupted—and what nation can ever have had such reason for fear, in the prospect of such a calamity, as the one that possesses the most enormous proportion of manufacturers that the world has ever witnessed?

The country has a right to expect much from the government, and we are sure the country will give every support to the government if they do their duty, and act and order with the energy and precision which the case demands.—When we reflect on the good sense and the good feeling, the activity, and the liberality, which form the most valuable of the national resources, we are satisfied that if ultimate blame shall attach any where, it will not be either to English communities as communities, or to English families as families.

Let us suppose that the malady breaks out in an English town—for example, Hull. That town ought not to be taken unprepared;—it should already have made its arrangements. For example: 1. A board of health should have been formed;—2. The town should have been divided into districts, and a district board established in each;—3. An efficient body of police should have been organized, including magistrates, medical officers, attendants on the sick—commissaries—conveyers and buriers of the dead, all prepared to be separated from the community;—4. Contracts should have been entered into, insuring supplies of food, fuel, &c., in case of alarm deranging the operations of the adjoining districts, and the townspeople being exposed to the rapacity of monopolists, which would imply temptation to violence and outrage;—5. The householders should have calculated on a very great addition to the poor-rates;—6. Hospitals for cholera should have been made ready, and the strictest measures adopted for keeping the existing hospitals free from the disease;—7. Burial places should have been enclosed, and furnished with store of *lime*;—8. Every thing should have been done to ensure a lavish abundance of water every where, and there should be *depôts* of medicine (including wine and brandy), and of lime and chloride of lime, easily accessible, and in every district of the town.

In consequence of the absence of such preparations, the ravages of the cholera in the Prussian capital have been, and continue to be, frightful. It has now established itself in the neighbouring towns, and also (though the government would fain conceal this) in the numerous barracks and camps and *cordons sanitaires* around Berlin. Every hour brings the intelligence of some valuable life lost to that country—we are extremely sorry to say, that we have just received accounts of the death of that amiable and learned physician, Dr. Becker. At Hamburg, on the contrary, the alarm seems to have been taken in better time. A gentleman who has just performed his quarantine, describes that town as it was a month ago, before the pestilence broke out: "Every shop was shut—every banking-house—the principal people meeting every where to adopt measures—the magistrates indefatigable." And throughout the German towns generally, things are *now* in a state of preparation, which ought, without loss of time, to be as far as is possible imitated here. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for example (we speak on the authority of a friend of ours, that has just arrived from that city), the arrangements are complete. The roads are patrolled and strict quarantine enforced. Each street has had, for some weeks past, its cholera committee, consisting of two or three of the chief inhabitants. These gentlemen visit every house daily, to see that rooms are whitewashed, decayed fruit, vegetables, filth of every kind removed, and that at least one slipper-bath of tin is kept ready to be filled with hot water, under every roof. Soup kitchens have been prepared in every district. Very large supplies of medicines, and of provisions of all sorts, have been laid up. The medical professors have had their districts allotted to them. Bands of trustworthy persons have been sworn in to act as at-

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tendants on the sick. (At Berlin, the servants of families often ran off, and left their afflicted superiors utterly destitute.) Extensive hospitals have been erected in the fields, about a quarter of a mile out of the town; and, in a word, every precaution that two skilful physicians, who had been sent to Warsaw, could suggest, has been adopted under their immediate inspection.

Meantime such families as mean to quit, in case of pestilence, the town in which they reside, ought to hold themselves in readiness for immediate flight; and the civil power should be prepared to take charge of the houses and property which they are to leave behind them. The opulent must be content to pay dearly for such protection, but they have a right to expect it.

In such cases the excitement and alarm at the first outburst are so great, that, after a few days, people are apt to follow into the opposite extreme of indifference. We get accustomed to any thing; and the progress of the mischief being probably slower than fancy had pictured, every hour the impression gets fainter. It is now that the vigilance of the police is most called for. The people must be saved in spite of themselves. The obtuseness and rashness of the lower orders, on such occasions, are such as none but an eye-witness will believe. At Vienna, the proportion of mortality among the very highest orders has been extraordinary, and is accounted for solely by the vast troops of ignorant domestics which swarm about the palaces of the Austrian nobility. All vagabonds, beggars, and old-clothesmen must disappear. The least semblance of a crowd must not be tolerated; and all public conveyances must be *open ones*. The cholera took seventeen days to advance one hundred and fifty fathoms in the Mauritius. If due exertions be made, the malady may be arrested and suppressed at this early stage.

When the terror revives—when the indifference consequent on the first paroxysm of alarm gives way before the knowledge that the disease is indeed creeping on from quarter to quarter, from street to street, the desire to quit the town becomes general, and a new mass of difficulties must be grappled with. The more that go the better, but none must go unless they have the means of conveyance, and know whither they are going, or without the license of the district board; and they that do go must submit to travel under regulations of the strictest kind.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A LAY OF THE TWADDLE SCHOOL.

Lyric Lilt between L. E. L and Lady Morgan.

L. E. L. "Memento—servare mentem
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ!" HOR. *Ode*, 3, lib. ii.

Lady M. "——— Alla fonte tornava,
Trovò *Morgana*, ch' intorno alla soglia
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
Più leggier non si volge al vento foglia
Di ciò chi quella donna si voltava—"
BOIARDO, *Orlando Innamorata.*

L. E. L. Who can sound the Sapphic shell
Like the Lesbian L. E. L.?
Lady M. Saucy sparrow! cease such jargon—
Sappho's self is Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. "Suckled by the Muses," well
As Ann de Vignes, was L. E. L.
Lady M. "Suckled!"—born too, in the bargain,
Of the Nine, was Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Far from Brompton to Bow-bell
Swells the fame of L. E. L.
Lady M. Fame from Stamboul to Stillorgan
Blows the trump of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Nature did herself excel
In the gifted L. E. L.
Lady M. Fatal as the glance of Gorgon
Is the eye of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Genius has no parallel
For the soul of L. E. L.
Lady M. Genius,—all, says Dr. Corgan,
Centred shines in Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Della Crusca's glories fell
At the feet of L. E. L.
Lady M. Aphra Behn and Moore are o'ergone
By the lyre of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Golden violets,—who can smell
Their bright hues but L. E. L.
Lady M. Liberty's impassioned organ
Is the pen of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Jerdan says, "If they'd but sell,
"*Sure specs* were works by L. E. L."
Lady M. At half-price were all my store gone,
None would lose by Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Glory's most impulsive spell
Is the song of L. E. L.
Lady M. La Fayette had ne'er to war gone,
But for note from Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Churchyard Cupids chime their knell
To the strains of L. E. L.
Lady M. Lovers from La Trappe to Lurgan
Lisp the lays of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Swan-like, dying demoiselle
Sings a dirge from L. E. L.
Lady M. A *very* cook made *calembourg* on
All-inspiring Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Regent Street and proud Pall Mall
Venerate young L. E. L.
Lady M. France—adored as Demozorgon,
In *my* "France" is Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. Florence—my Castalian cell,
Halcyon home of L. E. L.
Lady M. O'er "Italy," like shooting star gone,
Flares the fame of Lady Morgan.
L. E. L. *Morgante mio!*—sylphid spell
Morgan links with L. E. L.
Lady M. Patronised as poets' por'gon *
Is L. E. L. by Lady Morgan.
Both. From British bardesses now bear the *belle*,
Learned Lady Morgan, love-lorn L. E. L.

* *Note by Lady Morgan.*—I entreat that this elegant elision may be elementarily exemplified by the exemplary editor.
His obedient servant, LADY MORGAN.

Fraser's Magazine.

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FEMALE POISONER.

In 1808, a widow, about fifty years old resident at Pegnitz, in Germany, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing; her master fell sick in spring, 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c. and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss,—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care and gentleness as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate, who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness, with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt barrel also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awaken-

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ing them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visiters who had dined with her master, in Aug. 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to confine himself to bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st Sept. having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited in a greater or less degree those appearances, which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th Oct. On examining her person three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing;—evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April, 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground "as if struck by lightning," says Feuerbach, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her 19th year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name; the loneliness and dulness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which

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fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem,—for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment by making the best use she could of her personal attractions, (which hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable,) while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and over-bearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Perhaps it was consoling to him, as it appeared to have been to his wife, that she "had the delicacy," as she styled it, "to confine her favours to the higher classes of society." At all events, shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions, rendered almost necessary by circumstances,—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visiters at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matri-

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monial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried by every means in her power to break off the connexion: but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding day was fixed;—all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end;—and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady; if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking. —*Foreign Quarterly Review.* No. 16.

Notes of a Reader.

CARBON—DIAMOND.

(From Popular Chemistry, Part XII. of Knowledge for the People.)

Why is carbon known by the names of diamond and charcoal?

Because the two latter substances, although so different, and almost opposite, in physical characters, are, according to unexceptionable experiments, almost chemically the same.

That diamond is simple carbon, is shown by the following experiment. M. Morveau exposed a diamond to intense heat, shut up in a small cavity in a piece of tough iron. When he opened the cavity, he found the diamond entirely gone, and the iron around it converted into steel. This shows that it is *pure* carbon, which combines with iron to form steel, and not charcoal, which is generally an oxide of carbon. The peculiar hardness of steel is to be ascribed to its union with a portion of pure carbon, or diamond. It is no uncommon thing for jewellers to expose such diamonds as are foul, to a strong heat, imbedded in charcoal, to render them clear; but, in this process, great care is taken to have a sufficient quantity of charcoal, to exclude the atmospheric air: otherwise, the intense heat would produce combustion.—*Parkes.*

Why is charcoal more inflammable than the diamond?

Because of the looseness of its texture, and the hydrogen it contains. The latter is indeed the only chemical difference perceptible between diamond and the purest charcoal: but Dr. Ure asks, "can a quantity of an element, (hydrogen) less, in some cases, than 1-50,000th part of the weight of the substance, occasion so great a difference in physical and chemical characters?" In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1797, is related Mr. Smithson Tennant's process for proving the identity of these two substances: he says, "It will appear, from experiments, that the diamond consists entirely of charcoal, differing from the usual state of that substance only by

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its crystallized form,"—and Dr. Ure thinks this opinion to be correct.

The identity of charcoal and diamond is further illustrated in the following experiment. Sir Humphry Davy exposed charcoal to intense ignition, *in vacuo*, and in condensed azote, by means of Mr. Children's magnificent battery, when it slowly volatilized, and gave out a little hydrogen. The remaining was always much harder than before, and in one case, so hard as to scratch glass, while its lustre was increased. This fine experiment may be regarded as a near approach to the *production of diamond;* and we believe that similar experiments of French chemists have been equally successful.

Why did Newton infer that the diamond was inflammable?

Because of the circumstance, that inflammable substances refract light in a greater ratio than that of their densities. We readily acquiesce in Mr. Parkes's note: "It is wonderful that Newton, who had no chemical means of examining the diamond, should have conceived the idea of its inflammable nature."

It is not evident to whom the combustibility of the diamond first occurred; but, in the year 1694, the Florentine Academicians proved its destructibility by heat, by means of a burning lens. The products of its combustion were first examined by Lavoisier, in 1772, and subsequently, with more precision, by Guyton Morveau, in 1785. Mr. Tennant's experiments, just referred to, demonstrated the important fact, that when equal weights of diamond and pure charcoal were submitted to the action of red-hot nitre, the results, in both cases, were the same; and, in 1807, the combustion of the diamond in pure oxygen, was found by Messrs. Allen and Pepys, to be attended with precisely the same results as the combustion of pure charcoal. Hence, observes Brande, the inevitable inference, that charcoal and the diamond are similar substances in their chemical nature, differing only in mechanical texture.

The combustion of the diamond may be most conveniently and perfectly effected, by placing it upon a platinum capsule, in a jar of pure oxygen, inverted over mercury, and throwing upon it the focus of a burning lens. Sir Humphry Davy, when at Florence, in 1814, *(Phil. Trans.)* used for this purpose the same lens which was employed in the first trials on the action of solar heat on the diamond, instituted by Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany: he found, that when strongly ignited by the lens in a thin capsule of platinum, perforated with many orifices, so as to admit a free circulation of air, the diamond continued to burn in the oxygen, after being withdrawn from the focus, with so brilliant a light as to be visible in the brightest sunshine, and with very intense heat. The results of these experiments demonstrate, that diamond affords no other substance by its combustion than pure carbonic acid gas; and that the process is merely a solution of diamond in oxygen, without any change in the volume of the gas. It likewise appears, that, in the combustion of the different kinds of charcoal, water is produced; and that, from the diminution of the volume of the oxygen, there is every reason to believe, that the water is formed by the combustion of the hydrogen existing in strongly ignited charcoal.

Why is pure carbon, or diamond, so scarce, while its compounds, in different states, are so abundantly dispersed?

Because, (observes an eminent chemist) "the wonder consists only in the opposition between facts and our opinions; it disappears in proportion as we discover and appropriate the powers of nature to produce the same effects. To dispel the astonishment of those who might consider this a ground of distrust, I shall remind them that aluminous earth is likewise one of the commonest substances, though the adamantine spar, no less rare than the diamond, is nevertheless alumina; that iron exists everywhere, under every form, except in the state of purity; and that the existence of native iron is still doubtful." Since the preceding observations were written, native iron is stated to have been found in Canaan, in the United States of America.

Why has the diamond so great lustre?

Because it reflects all the light falling on its posterior surface at an angle of incidence greater than 24 degrees 13 minutes. Artificial gems reflect half of this light. The base of all artificial stones is a paste composed of silex, potash, borax, oxide of lead, and sometimes arsenic. The best silex is obtained from rock crystal, and the next best from white sand, or flint.

Why are diamonds called male and female?

Because a hard and soft stone are often united in the same gem; the hard stone being called by diamond cutters a *he*, and the soft one a *she*.

Why is a diamond said to be of the first water?

Because it is perfectly transparent

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and pure. The snow-white diamond is most highly prized by the jeweller. Diamonds have, however, been found nearly of all colours: next to the colourless, in esteem, are those of a decided red, blue, or green tint. Black diamonds are extremely rare; those which are slightly brown, or tinged only with other colours, are least valuable.

Why is carbon so important in the vegetable kingdom?

Because it is not only a component part, but it forms nearly the whole of the solid basis of all vegetables; and their infinite varieties may be attributed to the different modifications of carbon, as well as of the other principles which enter into their constitution.

Why are so many products of vegetation indebted to carbon for their produce?

Because carbon not only constitutes the base of the woody fibre, but is a component part of sugar, and of all kinds of wax, oils, gums, and resins; and of these again how infinite is the variety.—*Parkes.*

Why is carbon also important in the animal kingdom?

Because it enters into the composition of animal milk, and of animal oils and fat; it is also found in albumen, gelatine, fibrina, and in many of the animal secretions.

Why is carbonic acid gas so called?

Because it consists of carbon, which has so great an affinity to oxygen, that when assisted by heat, it will take it from both substances with which it may be combined; and in certain proportions, they form carbonic acid gas. The composition of carbonic acid has been proved by analysis, as it has been actually decomposed, and the charcoal or carbon exhibited entire.

Why was carbonic acid also called fixed air?

Because it was so intimately combined in chalk, lime-stone, magnesia, &c. It is to Dr. Black we owe the discovery of carbonic acid gas. Mr. Keir was the first who suspected it to be an acid; and Dr. Priestley afterwards announced that a portion of it was always found in atmospheric air.

Why is a blue flame so often seen upon the surface of a charcoal fire?

Because the combustion of the carbonic oxide is formed in this way: the air entering at bottom, forms carbonic acid, which, passing through the red-hot charcoal, becomes converted into carbonic oxide. Hence arises the danger of burning charcoal in ill-ventilated chambers.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

A GOOD GUN.

A COUNTRY farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

A LORD MAYOR AND THE PLAGUE.

BRAYLEY tells us "the person of the Lord Mayor was regarded as so sacred about the year 1479, that Robert Byfelde, one of the sheriffs, having presumed to kneel close to that magistrate at Saint Erkenwald's shrine, during the raging of a dreadful plague, was complained of to the Court of Aldermen, and was fined *fifty pounds* towards the repairs of the city conduits."

N B. This was *dear kneeling*, and perhaps made the sheriff exclaim "*the plague take the Mayor.*" P. T. W.

ANAGRAMS.

It lies in sugar.....Singularities
Tan a lion.....National
It is a fact son.....Satisfaction
O I send pastry.....Dispensatory
Ten mad men.....Amendment
Rats in deep rains.....Predestinarians
All great sin.....Gallantries
Men die in a trot.....Determination
Serve Saint Peter.....Representatives
Yes lambs.....Assembly
O I taste no gin.....Negotiations
I secret no sport.....Retrospections

W. G. C.

"*Kiang-si* might furnish a breakfast to all China, but *Hu-quang* might feed it fat."

A local proverb, expressing the comparative merit of these two provinces.

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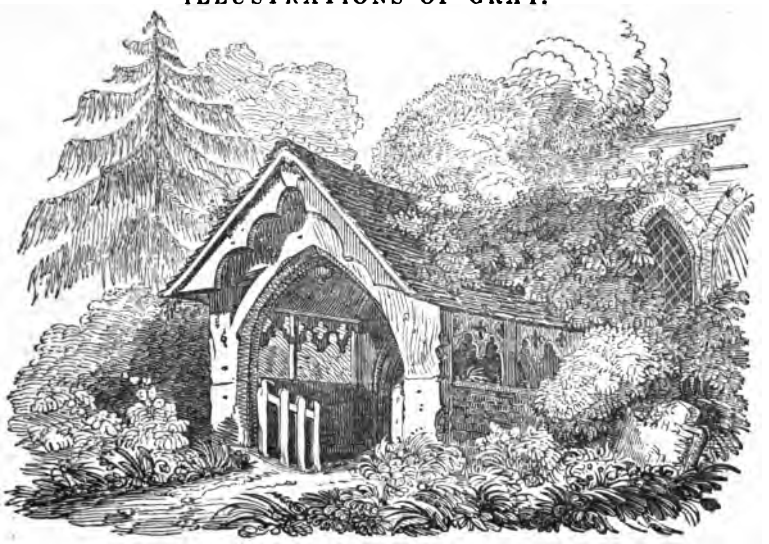
The Mirror

OF

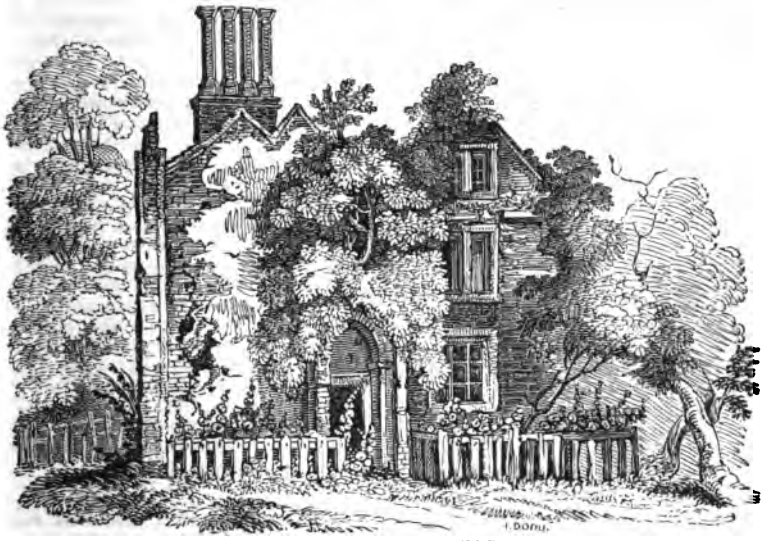
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 519.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831. [Price 2*d*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GRAY.



STOKE POGEIS CHURCH PORCH.



STOKE MANOR-HOUSE.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF GRAY.

THE Vignettes on the annexed page are from original sketches furnished by our esteemed Correspondent in the vicinity of Windsor. The first illustrates GRAY'S well-known *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and represents the Porch of Stoke Pogeis Church. Here Gray is said to have written the *Elegy*; and, when we recollect that the mind of Gray had previously become tinged with melancholy by the lamented death of his friend, Mr. West, we can readily imagine the Poet to have sought relief in the pensive scenery of a village churchyard. Gray, too, at this time, resided with his mother and aunt at Stoke; and in this pleasing retirement he finished several of his most celebrated poems. We have elsewhere spoken of Mr. Penn's votive monument to Gray, in Stoke Park—(see vol. xv. *Mirror*, page 257);—and the accompanying Engraving includes in the distance, though faintly, Mr. Penn's Mansion, Stoke Church, and the Old Manor House. The monument, we are happy to find, has recently been repaired; and the *Court Journal* of last Saturday tells us that a few days since the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's visited this poetical tribute: we suppose, by way of relief to the luxuries of Salt Hill.

The second Vignette represents the remains of the Mansion House of Stoke Pogeis—so quaintly described in the opening of the *Long Story*, by Gray, critically described by Johnson as "an odd composition, which adds little to Gray's character." The mansion was then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. Its architecture was of the Elizabethean era; and Gray, in his poem, admirably describes both its beauties and defects. The house originally belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. Upon the estate becoming the property of Mr. Penn, that gentleman pulled down the greater part of the mansion, but left the portion in the vignette, as a memento of his favourite poet, and built himself a more elegant villa in another part of Stoke Park. The ground-plan of the original mansion is now in Mr. Penn's possession.

The origin of the *Long Story* is curious enough. Gray's *Elegy*, previous to its publication, being handed about in MS., had, amongst other admirers, the Lady Cobham. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at Stoke Pogeis, undertook to introduce her to the poet. These two ladies waited upon the author, at his aunt's solitary habitation, and not finding him at home, they left their cards. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and, as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the *Long Story* contains.

The mansion at Stoke, and one of its occupants, are thus alluded to—

> In Britain's Isle—no matter where—
> An ancient pile of building stands:
> The Huntingdon's and Hattons there
> Employ'd the power of fairy hands.
>
> To raise ceilings' fretted height,
> Each panel in achievements clothing,
> Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing.
>
> Full oft within these spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls:*
> The seals and maces danced before him.

The annexed Vignettes will probably be numbered among the most attractive of our Poetical Illustrations. Our respected Correspondent W. H. of Twickenham, has anticipated their interest in a note of especial inquiry and suggestion, which induced us to promise their appearance some time since.—Matters of more immediate interest, however, pressed upon us, and the original sketches for these Engravings have been in our portfolio upwards of twelve months. Their worth is, however, unimpaired, and equally acceptable to every admirer of the genius of Gray. Another correspondent, J * * *, whose well-timed communication respecting Stoke Park and Mr. Penn appeared in our fifteenth volume (p. 234), will feel equal gratification in cherishing these graphic memorials of his favourite lyric poet.

The acerbity of Johnson's criticism of Gray's poetry will not be forgotten, tempered as it is by a passage in his summing up of the merits of the *Elegy*: "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." The great critic's observation, that "the *prospect of Eton College* suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel," is uncalled for: Gray's excellence consists not in pure invention; but the energy, polish, and harmony of his verse must ensure lasting admiration.

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth, for his graceful person and fine dancing. Brawls were a sort of figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillons, or still more modern quadrilles.

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STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,—
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."
BYRON.

O! COULD I range this glowing world,
This speck of earth divine,
I'd sail from "merry England,"
To Alp and Appennine—

The mountain steeps of Switzerland;
The sunny land of Spain;
The verdant fields of Languedoc,
And Belgium's fruitful plain;—

The orange-groves of Italy,
The myrtle, and the pine;
The glancing rivers of the south,
The Rhone, and mazy Rhine;—

The Tyrol's home of liberty,
Where giant glaciers rise;
The silver lakes of Lombardy,
And rainbow-tinted skies;—

Venetia's deep and lovely sea,
Her palaces and isles,
Her gondoliers and gliding boats,
And ancient marble piles;—

Bologna's grand and falling towers;
Milan's cathedral dome;
The city of the western world—
Classic, imperial Rome;—

The glittering mosques of eastern pride;
Arabia's desert sand;
Persia's soft bowers of love and song,
And India's "golden strand;"—

The forests of the dark de Verd;
The Islands of the West;
The briny, deep, Atlantic sea,
By thousand vessels press'd;—

The icy north, and snowy plains,
Siberia's silent zone—
The land of exiles, and their grave,
Where terror reigns alone.

O! could I range these foreign climes,
This speck of earth divine,
I'd sail from "merry England,"
To Alp and Appennine!

M. F. G.

Retrospective Gleanings.

HISTORY OF GRUB STREET.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Bowyers, Fletchers, Bowstring-makers, and of every thing relating to archery, inhabited in old times, this street.

It is the last street (says Pennant) in this part of the town, which was in being about the time of Aggas's map: all beyond, as far as Bishopsgate-street without, were gardens, fields, or morass. The last was the original state of this part of the present London. This tract was in the manor of Finsbury, or rather Fensbury; and, in the days of the historian Fitzstephen, was an errand fen.

In this street dwelt the very remarkable Henry Welby, Esq. of Lincolnshire, who lived in his house, in this street, forty-four years; without ever being seen by any human creature excepting an old female servant that attended him, and who had only been permitted to see him in some cases of great necessity. His diet was constantly bread, water gruel, milk, vegetables; and when he indulged himself most, the yolk of an egg. He was to the hour of his death (October 29, 1636,) possessed of a large estate; but an attempt being made on his life by his ungrateful brother, he took the frantic resolution, thus to seclude himself from the world. He passed his days in most exemplary charity and piety.

This street has also been noted, from its once being inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grub-street*:—

I'd sooner ballads write, and *Grub-street* lays.
GAY.

The present name of this street ha "*marched*" with the "*March of Intellect*," and has lately been *Miltonized* as *Milton Street*. A new theatre has here arisen, whose boards have been graced with a *Tree* and an *Ayton*, and within these few months its *boxes* have been honoured with the presence of my Lords Brougham and Grey. Can it ever again be called *Grub-street?* Never. Except the "*March of Intellect*" *retrogrades*; and then a distant age will ask where *Grub-street stood*. P. T. W.

"DUNCE."

(For the Mirror.)

THIS epithet is generally applied to dull, stupid, unteachable boys. The person from whose name the word is supposed to have been derived was quite a different character. It was used as a term of reproach by the Thomists to the followers of Duns Scotus, who was their antagonist in a religious controversy. This "Johannes Dunscotus" was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch both claim him as their countryman. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scotch allege he was born at Duns, in the Mers, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence he was called Dunscotus.

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Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, in support of this cite his epitaph:

"*Scotia me genuit*, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia educuit, Germania tenet."

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. His fame was so great that when at Oxford, 30,000 scholars attended to hear his lectures.

The Thomists were the followers of Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar. He was celebrated for his learning, and new modelled the school of Divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, the Eagle of Divines. He refused all preferment, and died in the fiftieth year of his age. He was canonized by Pope John XXII.

From this time henceforth, therefore, let all scholars be proud of the title "Dunce," and find some other epithet for the thickskulled dolt. But I must put a finale to this duncified article, in case I should be honoured with the title of "Dunce" for my pains, of which I am in nowise worthy. W. A. R.

BOOKS.

(For the Mirror.)

KING ALFRED gave a very large estate for a book on Cosmography. In the year 1174, Walter, prior of St. Swithen's, at Winchester, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, Bede's Homilies and St. Austin's Psalter, for twelve measures of barley and a pall, on which was embroidered, in silver, the history of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king. About the year 1400, a copy of John of Meun's "Roman de la Rose" was sold, before the palace gate at Paris, for forty crowns, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The Countess of Anjou paid, for a copy of the homilies of Haimon, bishop of Halberstedt, 200 sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. In 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of Rhasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited, by way of pledge, a considerable quantity of plate, but he was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it.

The word Book is supposed to be derived from the Saxon *boc*, a beech, on the back of which our ancestors used to write—as *liber*, in Latin, from the rind of a tree. P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION OF CATS.

(In a letter to the Magazine of Natural History.)

IT has not been ascertained at what period cats were first classed among domestic animals; but as this is of little consequence, I will endeavour to give some account of them from the time that their useful and amusing qualities brought them into general notice, as forming a part of our household comforts. The finest species of domestic cats are those called Angora, which are remarkable for size and strength of body, elegance of the head, softness of hair, and docile qualities, which rank them precedent as domestic cats. Every country has its peculiar species: that of Tobolski is red; that of the Cape of Good Hope blue; and those of China and Japan have pendent ears. Pallas informs us, that in Russia the muzzle is small and pointed, and the tail six times as long as the body.

At all times, cats have acquired some influenee, indeed may be considered favourites, with women. There were very severe laws enacted in Egypt against those who killed or even illtreated this animal. They carried their notions so far as to be quite ridiculous; for they actually worshipped them as their gods, made great lamentations at their death, and buried them (according to Herodotus) with much pomp. In China, this animal is indulged with a bed of down and silk, where it remains in a state of indolence, or lies at the feet of its mistress on a sofa, covered over like a child, decorated with a silver collar on its throat, and its ears adorned with earrings of jasper or sapphire. The Turks have places made or rented for them, that they may be fed and attended to by servants engaged for the purpose. They enjoy a still happier life in France: as faithful companions to their mistresses, they not only amuse them, but, by their gentleness and playful tricks, dispel *ennui*. They seldom look you in the face, but obliquely.

I have remarked that naturalists have not spoken much in favour of this animal, particularly Buffon, who says "that the cat may be considered as a faithless friend, brought under human protection to oppose a still more insidious enemy. It is, in fact, the only animal of this tribe whose service can more than recompense the trouble of education, and whose strength is not sufficient to make its anger formidable. Of all animals,

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when young, there is none more prettily playful than the kitten; but it appears to change its disposition as it grows old, and the innate treachery of its kind begins to show itself. From being naturally ravenous, education teaches it to disguise its appetite, and to seize the favourable moment for plunder. Supple, insinuating, and artful, it has learned the art of concealing its intentions till it can put them in force: whenever the opportunity occurs, it directly seizes upon whatever it finds, flies off with it, and remains at a distance till it thinks its offence is forgotten."

The aversion cats have to any thing like slavery or imprisonment is so great, that by means of it they may be forced to prompt obedience; but, under restraint, they are very different; though surrounded by food, when deprived of liberty they abandon the desire of theft or prey, and literally die of languor and hunger. Lemery, after having put a cat into a cage, suffered two or three mice to run through it. Puss, instead of destroying them, only looked at them with apparent indifference. The mice became more bold, and even attempted to provoke her; however, it had no effect, as she still remained quiet. Liberty being given her, her strength and voracity returned; so that, had the cage been open, the mice would have soon become her prey. They also fear severe chastisement, and therefore this may be considered the best means of enforcing obedience. It is related that the monks of the Isle of Cyprus instructed cats to drive away serpents which infested the island; and they succeeded so well, that in a short time they were relieved of the venomous reptiles.

The effect that both sound and music have upon this animal is well known. They, like dogs, may be made to answer the call of a whistle. An invalid, who was confined to his room for some time, was much amused by this means, and with other proofs of the docility and sagacity of a favourite cat. Valmont de Bomare saw, at the fair of St Germain, cats turned musicians, the performance being announced by the title of the "Mewing Concert." In the centre was an ape, beating time; and on either side were the cats placed, with music before them on the stalls: at the signal of the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains. One of our celebrated naturalists assures us that they *are* capable of gratitude, and may be considered faithful.

After so many instances well known, why should so severe a sentence be passed upon these animals? It is said (without proof) that education has no effect upon their natural savageness; but I cannot imagine why this should be asserted, when we notice how quietly a cat will obey its mistress, and remain by her side most of the day, if required: will run when it is called, and appear unsettled and unhappy during the absence of its protector; and how delighted when she returns, as it proves by its caresses, not acting from dissimulation or cunning. When cats have attained these social habits, they will retain them till their death; and thus brought up, they lose their inclination for mice and rats, and are devoted to those who are attached to them. From all that can be said, this conclusion may be drawn, that the more pains are bestowed upon educating them, the less they show of their natural wild state.

Spirit of Discovery.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

(*Concluded from page* 346.)

The stagnation of trade becomes, of course, more and more oppressive as the pestilence advances; and they who deal in articles of luxury would do well to secure their goods in time, in some part of their own premises, and consign the key to the civil power. In case the disease should ultimately break out in the family, their property may thus escape the fumigation necessarily enforced as to all merchandize with which the infected *may* have been in contact, and which must in most cases be attended with great damage, in many ruinous.

There should, if possible, be lazarettoes out of town, to which families might, if they pleased, remove—care being taken that families of the same class, as to manners, be placed together, and that families thus secluded shall abstain from all intercourse with the city. They who have seen out a week or two of the pestilence in any one place should remember that the visitation generally terminates in six weeks or two months, and on no account think of removing. And when the disease is fast disappearing, persons who have been secluded, either in such asylums or in their own houses, must put great restraint on their feelings, and not go out too soon. Such, when the pestilence is believed to have at last ceased its ravages, such is the delirium of joy, and such the impatience of curiosity, that

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too much vigilance cannot be recommended to the police in the last hours of their labour. Thousands rush into danger in the search of friends,—in the eager yearning to ascertain what link of life has been spared to them.

Finally, a most painful and thorough examination and purification of all infected houses must be enforced on the disappearance of the pest. Owing to the neglect of this, the disease soon reappeared in Moscow—and that great city endured its miseries for five months in place of two.

Knowing, as we do, the kind-heartedness of the English nobility and gentry, we can have no doubt that families, not themselves possessed of country houses, would find hospitable gates thrown open to them far and near; while the commons in the vicinity of London, and the numerous parks and pleasure-grounds, would of course be at the service of parties disposed to encamp, under proper regulations, and the surveillance of the health police of the next town. Our readers will do well to turn to Russell's Narrative of the Plague at Aleppo, for a lively description of the manner in which certain Frank families encamped at a distance from the infected city, the perfect success of their precautions, and the occupations with which they diverted the period of their seclusion.

We shall now submit a few notes, drawn up for a private family, whom we suppose to have determined to remain in London during the prevalence of the cholera. They are, we well know, far from complete, but they may be of service, if it were but in stimulating persons better qualified than ourselves, to consider the matter in its details, and lay their views before the public:—

1. To the utmost practicable extent disfurnish the house, removing to an outhouse, or at least locking up in a separate room, all carpets and hangings whatever, and all needless articles of clothing.

2. Get rid of all superfluous domestics, and take care that it shall be impossible for those that are retained to communicate with any one out of doors.

3. Strip entirely of furniture, except bedsteads, &c., one or two rooms for the infirmary—the nearer the door, the more distant from the apartments of the healthy, and the airier, of course the better. To these alone must the physician and the police inspector have access.

4. Be provided, if possible, with the means and materials for washing, and even for baking, in-doors; with hot or vapour baths; wines (the best of which seem to be port and sherry); brandy; opium, in its solid and liquid state; calomel, mustard and linseed meal; æther; some of the essential oils, as cajeput, peppermint, or cloves, and a case of lancets.

5. All windows should be opened, and every room thoroughly aired several times a day. Our fire-places are admirably adapted for ventilating as well as heating apartments; and in their use we have a great advantage over the northern nations, whose stove system has contributed much to the ravages of this pestilence, enabling its virulence to withstand even a Russian winter. Chloride of lime should be used to sprinkle all floors occasionally, and a small vase containing it should be in the rooms principally inhabited. Sudden changes of temperature should be avoided: hot days succeeded by cold nights have been found powerfully to predispose to infection.

6. All letters and supplies of food must be received from the police messengers and purveyors, with the precautions adopted in lazarettoes. They must be drawn up to a window of the first floor by means of a rope, having a yard of chain and an iron pail attached to it. Whatever is not injured by wet should be then plunged into a metal or earthen vessel filled with a weak solution of chloride of lime, or vinegar and water. Bread, flour, and anything that would be injured by moisture, should be exposed to the heat of an oven before handling. Papers must be fumigated thoroughly with sulphur.

7. That regimen which the individual has found best suited to his constitution should be adhered to: those who have been used to an active life of course diminishing the quantum of their food in proportion as they are debarred from exercise. It being universally admitted that whatever disorders the stomach and bowels predisposes to the cholera—all unripe fruits, watery vegetables, as melons, cucumbers, &c., and all sharp liquors, as cyder, &c., must be avoided. The use of the weak acid beer of the Prussians (the weiss-bier), has been found extremely injurious; and the sale, both of that sort of beer and cyder has been entirely prohibited at Frankfort. Wine should be used, but in moderation. The system should neither be lowered by unwonted abstemiousness, nor excited by any violent stimulants.

8. It is needless to say that personal cleanliness, at all times of great, is now

of vital importance. We need not point out the usefulness of baths. The whole body should be rubbed daily with soap and water, and afterwards sponged with vinegar. The sympathy existing between the functions of the skin and those of the intestinal canal are most intimate. Linen, especially bed-linen, cannot be changed too often.

Those who are obliged to go abroad during the prevalence of a pestilence ought to know that furs are, of all articles of clothing, the most likely to catch and retain morbific exhalations—that woollen stuffs are more likely to do so than cottons, and cottons than silks.—The furs and flannel bands of the Russians and Poles are particularly condemned by all the physicians who have watched the pestilence among them. The greatest care should be taken to avoid cold or wet feet—for diarrhœa is the worst of the predisponents.

As we are ignorant whether the pestilential matter enters the healthy body through the pores of the skin, the lungs, or the alimentary canal, prudence requires that we should act as if it may enter by all of them. In many parts of Europe, the attendants on cholera patients, and those who come into contact with the dead, use garments pitched over, or made of oilskin; and in former times, when the plague was here, physicians were obliged to wear such dresses, both because their own lives were considered as of the highest value, and that they might be at once distinguished in the streets. A false shame, or falser courage, might prevent many from spontaneously adopting such precautions, who would be happy to obey an official regulation enforcing them. The physician should carry a phial of chloride with him wherever he goes. His hands, after touching a patient, should be carefully washed with soap and water, and then sponged with the solution of chloride. The attendants on the plague wear a double handkerchief, steeped in vinegar, over the lower part of the face. The following pastile has been recommended:—

Dried chloride of lime.... 12 grains.
Sugar ..... 1 ounce.
Gum tragacanth ..... 20 grains.

This, being flavoured with some essential oil, should be made into lozenges of 18 or 20 grains, and one of them held in the mouth during the visit.

As to individuals in our humble opinion, the manly discipline of mind for impending danger, is to contemplate its coming, calculate its effects, and prepare; and we warn our rulers, that if they neglect those preparations which they alone can make, the responsibility they incur is solemn. The question of contagiousness or non-contagiousness, having in prudence established the quarantine, they may safely leave to the physicians: the fact of the mortality of cholera, when it once reaches any country, is that which ought now to occupy their minds and direct their measures. This pest destroys here a sixth, there a fourth, and in a third town a half of the population. When such things *are* going on in a great town, what business is it that must not stop? What art can hinder thousands from being plunged into absolute want?—or who will pause to ask whether the poison hovers in the air, or is transmitted from person to person? The instinct is to avoid the place—and it is all but uncontrollable. Nothing will induce any man to remain, who has it in his power to remove, except the knowledge that the government has done its duty—that all precautions have been adopted, and all pre-arrangements made. The more rigorous the laws, and the more strictly they are enforced, the more certainly will the government be pronounced a merciful one, at the time by the intelligent, in the sequel by all.—*Quarterly Review.*

Among the most recent precautions issued by the 'Central Board of Health' are the following:—

No sudden nor extensive alterations should be made in the usual modes of living. All changes of food, to be useful, indeed not to be absolutely prejudicial, should tend to render it drier, more nutritive, and concentrated; moderately costive bowels, the almost invariable consequence of a dry invigorating diet, will be found more conducive to exemption from cholera than an opposite habit. Whenever aperients may become indispensable, those of a warm aromatic kind, in moderate doses, or domestic means, should alone be resorted to. What is generally understood by salts, viz. Glauber's salts and Epsom salts, as well as other cold purgatives, should not be taken *in any quantities*, nor, on any account, without the express prescription of a medical man. The true preventives are a healthy body and a cheerful unruffled mind.

The Topographer.

TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

In the first paper of this series we briefly took occasion to remark on the indiffe-

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rence generally manifested by Englishmen towards the investigation of the remarkable objects and scenes in their native country. Let any man sit down with a map of the British Isles spread out before him—as we have at this moment—let him people its surface in his mind's eye, and what materials for thought will even this brief glance afford to the inquiring mind! The map of Great Britain indeed offers a vast field for reflection—London, that "mingled yarn," the "emporium of a world"—Liverpool, fast rivalling the metropolis, with its leagues of docks—the immense ports of Bristol, Hull, Newcastle, Cork, Greenock, &c.—Britain's wooden walls at Chatham, Plymouth, Portsmouth and Milford — the vast inland commercial establishments at Birmingham, Manchester and its district, Sheffield, Leeds, Glasgow, and elsewhere—the railroads, the canals, the bridges, and numberless great public works which contribute to the prosperity of this vast empire—all may be said to teem with interest to him who travels for information. And to those in "search of the picturesque" we would remark as an intelligent writer has well observed, that "magnitude is not essential to beauty; and that even sublimity is not always to be measured by yards and feet." The beauty of a landscape is not dependent on the greater loftiness of a mountain, or the wider sweep of water, to be found in some portions of the Continent of Europe. Passing over our British Alps, Wales, and the grandeur of its coast scenery, it is only necessary to glance over the Bristol Channel, and very wild scenery of the county of Cornwall; the northern shores of Scotland and Ireland; the highlands and lakes of the three countries; the exquisite landscapes in Devon, Somerset, Dorset and Hants; the panorama of England from the Malvern Hills, and the numberless picturesque scenes and interesting antiquities, which diversify every district,—to be convinced that we need not wander from our own country in search of fine scenery. And this is only a page in the volume of England. In this country it is too often taken for granted that the word *foreign* must needs be a passport to excellence. In their native isle our vapouring tourists cry, "'tis all barren." But how often do they find

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

There is a trifling difference betwixt romance and reality:—

——"the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates—
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country O! *thou Queen!*
Thou delegated Deity of Earth!—
Oh! 'dear, dear' England! how my longing eyes
Turned westwards, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud—yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee; and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim." S. T. Coleridge.

The illustration of such a country must surely be an interesting task; and in the march of improvement, few things have progressed faster than topographical literature during the present century. When we contrast the works of Britton, Brayley and others, with the labourers in the same field who preceded them, we have just cause for gratulation. That there were many very intelligent minds engaged in this pursuit will be admitted; but the cumbrous compilations and wretched prints of most of the old topographers, will easily bear us out in our previous assumption. Many of our recent topographical works are however far too bulky and voluminous; and it is this want of the compression of facts, that has made topography, which is one of the most interesting of studies, appear to the many dry and uninviting. The great expense of works of art in this branch of literature was also a heavy drag on its progress. But as every one knows, the many interesting illustrations of topography commenced within the last few years, some of which are of a very low price and published monthly, have fully kept pace with the general "march." To the new process of rebiting on steel, by which our engravers are enabled to give such great delicacy, finish and effect to their works, we may be considered as indebted for this species of publications.

We have shown that Wales abounds in antiquities, and few minds by the way, are insensible to the influence, the moral we may say, of a ruin in a landscape—and as an example that in one small district of South Wales, that of Gower, are to be found the castles of Swansea, Oystermouth, Pennard, Penrice, Oxwich, Landewy, Llanmadock, Cheriton, Webley, Lauridian, and Loughor; besides many Roman and Druidical antiquities. Though the work is extensively known, we cannot omit mentioning "Wales illustrated" from drawings by H. Gastineau.

The following little poem by a popular young authoress, who resided for some time at Swansea, appeared in the

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Cambrian a few years ago. It is, of course, as "good as manuscript" to our readers, and we think it richly merits a more durable niche.

THE THINGS OF THE WATERS.

Written on Swansea Beach.

Upon the waters,—Many a ship that rolls
Before the winds and waves in stately pride,
Up-rooted sea-weed, human forms and souls,—
These are the things that o'er the ocean ride:
Yet, tho' they find their watery paths o'er thee,
They cannot rule thee—Oh, thou tameless Sea!

Within the waters,—Weeds, the waves in wrath
Have torn from their own caverns, living things
Whose home is in their bosoms,—such it hath,
And wild and mighty monsters forth it brings:
And yet thy children cannot weaken thee,
As thou dost nourish them—Unmeasured Sea!

Beneath the waters,—Sands, and rocks, and caves,
And whitening bones, and pearls, and glittering gems,
And craggy chambers that the coral paves,
And sea-flowers, cherished on their slender stems:
Yes—'neath thy waters is thy treasury
Of gold and priceless jewels—Royal Sea!

Around the waters,—Rocks and deserts vast,
And green and fertile shores, and halls and towers,
And woods where never human foot hath pass'd,
And quiet banks, bestrewn with summer flowers,
And rivers, rolling all themselves to thee:
And yet thou heed'st them not—Oh, thou proud Sea!

Above the waters,—The pure azure sky,
And richly-tinted clouds, and roving wind,
And fair and many-coloured birds, that fly
Across thy wastes a newer home to find—
Bright insects, humming in their noontide glee,
That from the shore have flown to try the Sea!

And none of these control thee! Yet the moon
Can bid thy tides flow and return again;
The sun, in the fierce glory of his noon,
Can drink thy waters up, thou beauteous main.
Yet, when a storm is passing o'er thee,
They cannot stop thy furious rage—wild Sea!

Yet there is One who hath the power to stay
Thee in thy passionate madness;—He, whose hand
Formed thee, can force thee, Ocean, to obey
His utmost bidding! When He does command
Thy billows to their homes, then thou must be
Calm'd, as his breath goes o'er thee—conquered Sea!

Aug. 6, 1828. MARY ANN BROWN.

Large Cuttle, or Ink-fish.—Large numbers of this remarkable fish may occasionally be met with on the coast of Gower. The shingles are sometimes covered, after stormy weather, with the singular substance which forms so considerable a portion of its body. We have often, however, watched the perfect fish washed ashore by the flood tide; sometimes apparently striving in the last stage of existence, but oftener dead. It is frequently of a large size and the inky fluid, which is contained in a sort of bag, from which it derives its common name, with the perishable part of its body soon decomposes, leaving the oval compact mass of soft bone literally whitening on the sand. This fish is considered a great delicacy for the table; at Naples it is very highly esteemed and brings a high price. There are many others of this singular tribe of fish to be met with on the coast of South Wales. The large bone, which is useful to artists in smoothing the surface of paper, is, however, peculiar to the variety we have mentioned. The *Sepia Media*, a small species noticed in a late number of the *Mirror* is often taken amongst shrimps and prawns in Swansea bay and frequently boiled with them.

Some specimens of ianthinæ, many of which were found alive, were washed ashore in Oxwich Bay, in July 1827. They yielded a beautiful dye, and were exhibited at a meeting of the Linnean Society by Mr. L. W. Dillwyn of Penllergare near Swansea. Specimens of medusæ were picked up with them.

The Shrimp.—On the high banks of sand at the extremity of Ocean's domain, or in some secluded little cove where the flood advances only in spring-tides, the sea-roamer may often have observed numbers of little air-holes in the sand, which expand as the sun advances. If he stirs it with his foot he will rouse a brood of young shrimps, who will instantly hop and jump about the beach in the most lively manner, often to some height; delighted no doubt at their liberation. If he should have the curiosity to examine further he will find as the sun warms the sand, multitudes of young shrimps working their way into the light; and the beach for a considerable extent will be quite alive with this agile swarm of youngsters. In their motions they have often reminded us of the religious sect of Jumpers.* They early exhibit all the ravenous propensities of the old shrimp, for if a piece of bread or meat be thrown amongst them, it is surrounded by hundreds and disappears in a twinkling. The shrimp deposits its spawn so that the sea may wash it upon the shelving beach, where it is out of the way of enemies, and its maturity is hastened by the warmth of the sun's rays. Strange stories are told of the old shrimp, but he is so delightful a companion at the breakfast-table that we will tell no tales. Prawn-hunting with a miniature landing-net, is amusing to the loiterer.

It has truly been observed that the study of Natural History is productive

* See *Mirror*, vol. xvi., p. 254.

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of endless delight. The wavy herbage—the wood—the mountain—the moor—the sea beach—in short nature everywhere affords us "something to please and something to instruct."

"Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read and read,
And read again, and still find something new."
Hurdis's Village Curate.

It has been happily observed that "all the natural objects which surround us are the subjects of Natural History, and much of the improvements and enjoyments of civilized life is founded on our knowledge of animals, vegetables, and minerals. Hence the utility of this study; and the endless variety of subjects which it embraces, the design and contrivance which it displays, and the peaceful nature of the pursuit, render it not less interesting and agreeable than it is useful. While the mathematical sciences subject the student to severe intellectual exercise, and chemistry and natural philosophy require extensive and complicated apparatus, every animal or insect that presents itself—a few plants which may be gathered anywhere—a few shells, or pebbles which may be picked up on the sea shore,—suffice to afford the naturalist subjects of reflection, and an ample fund of intellectual enjoyment."* It is certain that much would be added to our existing stock of information if persons were to note down every remarkable or interesting occurrence which came under their observation in any branch of natural history.

Steep Holme.—In our hasty description of the scenery of the Bristol Channel we omitted to state that this "rock of storms" is said to claim considerable interest in a literary and antiquarian point of view, apart from that which comes home to the mind whilst contemplating its stern and dreary steep—

"The conqueror of storms and centuries."

It is related that *Gildas* the ancient British historian, and the earliest recorded British author, retired here in the sixth century "when the country was overrun by the Picts, Scots, and Saxons," and in this wild solitude, wrote his treatise *de Excidio Britanniæ*; but a band of pirates who fled thither as an asylum from justice, in a little time robbed him, and compelled him to leave the island, and retire to Glastonbury. It appears that the Danes also took refuge here in 918. But we must say FINIS.

VYVYAN.

* Loudon.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ROOM IN WHICH CANNING DIED.

ALMOST every one living within the bounds of the great world knows something of that small, but beautiful villa—a palace in miniature—which now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and was, when first built, the object of so much satire against its original possessor. At Chiswick, there stands that classical, yet singular building, whose walls once echoed to the gaieties of the most brilliant circle which one English woman ever drew around her. The wit, the license, the luxury, may have been equalled in the reign of Charles II., but not the variety, the refinement, or the genius. We should be under a great mistake if we supposed that the tone of society, in the time of the dissolute monarch we have just quoted, possessed any thing of what we should now call elegance in debauchery, or refinement in excess. It was radically and universally coarse; the conversation of the Court was the lowest ribaldry of the stews; the lampoons and the wooings, the attacks on the king, or the courtships of a mistress, were alike filthy and obscene, often fraught with indisputable and rare wit, but never with the wit of the gentleman or the pleasantry of the saloon. The rake-hell, brocaded yet vulgar, with strong animal spirits, and a great capacity of drink—whose adventures lay in swindling, and whose loves ended in disease, was the real wit, courtier, and fine gentleman of that period. We have but to read the plays, the poetry, the correspondence in England of the time, and then think of the plays, poetry, and correspondence which, under Louis XIV., were shedding so bright a lustre on France, to see how poor and base was the state of courtly society in the former country, compared to that in the latter. What Louis XIV. was to Charles II., the society of France was to the society of England. It is a mistake, then, to suppose there was any thing of grace in the licentiousness of that day—the Venus of Charles II. wore no cestus; and if compared with the "reunions" which the Duchess of Devonshire assembled, the circle of Charles II. wanted in lightness, in vivacity, and polish—it certainly wanted far more in that genius which hallows where it visits. The broad mind of Fox—the buoyant elasticity of Sheridan—these are not to find parallels in the caricature of Rochester, the wittiest—or even the light

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philosophy of St. Evremond, the sagest perhaps, of the whole group, to whom Old Rowley gossiped of the pleasures he had outlived, in the stories which it had saved him many a sharp jest at his "damnable iteration" if he had outlived also. Who has not heard of the thousand and one stories of the beautiful Duchess? Who, when he recalls those who made the habitants of her circle, cannot at once conceive a just notion of the spirit of the place?—a spirit that borrowed only from Rank its flattering gentleness of manner, and from Wealth its capacities to charm, and was in all else the mere spirit of the poetry, and the eloquence, and the vivacity, and the power of the day;—focus at once of arts and politics—of conversation and action—of pleasure, and of learning. Fancy, then, in that suite of rooms—in which the sole decorations are in works of art, the bronze or the picture—nothing more splendid than the walls or more simple than the furniture—fancy in that suite of rooms assembled all those who are now some the things of history—some of scandal, which is Fashion's history!—Fancy there the restless eye and satyr-lip of Sheridan—the bland countenance of Fox—the flattered and flattering complacency of him, the prince among fops, and the fop among princes—the laughing face of poor — — ——, then a child at "my Aunt Devonshire's" knee—the beauty of Lady Elizabeth M——; the jest of ——; the compliment of ——. Fancy this scene, so light and so frivolous, and then drop the curtain for a few years;—raise it once more—the stage is cleared—a new scene succeeds! In that room, so plain, so unadorned, so barren of all luxury, the most gifted and the most ambitious of adventurers breathes his last. It is a small, low chamber at Chiswick, in which Canning died. He chose it himself; it had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery: and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidentally slept there just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired, and free from damp, than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were, like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls or the furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fireplace are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character—such as the "Novelists' Magazine," "Rousseau," (the "Heloise," we think), "Camilla," &c. Opposite the foot of the bed is the fireplace, and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to that clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being, during his short and painful progress through disease to death!—with how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear! Nothing on earth is so wearing to the fretful nerve of sickness as that low, regular, perpetual voice in which Time speaks its warnings. He was just a week ill. On Wednesday a party of diplomatists dined with the Prime Minister—on the Wednesday following—

"Pass'd away
The haughty spirit from that humble clay!"

For the last three days, he was somewhat relieved from the excruciating pain he had before suffered. Not that it is true, as was said in the newspapers at the time, that his cries could be heard at some considerable distance from the house—during one day, however, they were heard by the servants below. He was frequently insensible; and during that time, the words, "Spain—Portugal," were constantly on his lips. During those six days of agony and trial, his wife was with him, and, we believe, neither took rest in bed, nor undressed, throughout the whole time. Her distress and despair, when all was over, was equal to her devotion during the struggle. It is said that the physicians declared it necessary for her life, or reason, that she should obtain the relief of tears; for she had not wept once, either before or after his death—and this relief came to her when she saw her son. At eleven o'clock at night, she left that house of mourning and went to the Duke of Portland's, in Cavendish-square. I never pass that dull and melancholy building, known as Harcourt House, with its dead wall and gloomy courtyard, without figuring to myself the scene of that night, when the heavy gates opened to receive the widow of one whom Genius had so gifted and Ambition had so betrayed.

For some time before he died, Canning's countenance had betrayed the signs of the toil and exhaustion he had undergone. But after death these had vanished—and that beautiful and eloquent countenance seemed in the coffin unutterably serene and hushed. That house is memorable for the death of *two* statesmen. Below, in a little dark chamber, covered with tapestry, Charles Fox breathed his last!—the greatest pupil of his great rival, after tacitly veering towards the main foundations of the same principles Fox had professed,

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came to the same roof to receive the last lesson Ambition can bestow—

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula!"

New Monthly Magazine.

SONNET.—THE KING.

No courtly servant I—yet I admire
The brightness which our free King's soul revealeth.
Let the *paid* poet twang his harp for hire,
Man and "His Rights" for me. Time's cloud concealeth
All, save the present, from the millions' eyes;
But on *our* sleep THE ARMED FUTURE stealeth,
Known by its trampling sounds and awful cries,
Which, while blind earth upon her axis wheeleth,
Talk of another dawn—of changeful, hopeful skies.

Macte virtute! If stern times should come,
And all men stand by merit, Patriot King!
Thou—(unlike those who now their dark deeds rue)—
Thou shalt be foremost still. Trumpet and drum
Shall but call up thy friends, the people true,
And fence thy virtues with a brazen ring

Ibid.

BREVITIES.

FORTUNE is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

He who loses, in the search of fame, that dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer who has exchanged manhood for sound.

Lounging, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump?"

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and trammelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust?

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands.

The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass, is—he can live on thistles.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister: there is the *skin* of office—the sleekness without its claws.

With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps, the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts. —*Monthly Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

BERANGER AND CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE following has recently appeared in the *Globe* newspaper, and appears to merit a place in our columns:—

Each of these gifted men, whose names we have prefixed, may be considered in prose and poetry, as well as in politics, the chief of their class. After the revolution of July, 1830, Chateaubriand followed in voluntary exile to Geneva the compulsory example of his master, Charles X. Beranger, the poet of liberty, addressed in September last a "chanson" to the exile of Geneva, of which we translate, in order to show the spirit, the opening verses:

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"Why leave thy France, Chateaubriand, that
so much prizeth thee—
That weeps because thou art no more one of her
wise and free?
She cries aloud, Oh, back again return thou
unto us,
Heaven seems to have one star less bright while
thou art absent thus.

"Say whither has the truant gone, the tender
mother cries,
While tears are starting round and large into
her weeping eyes;
Like him the ancient Grecian bard, why does a
stranger soil
France (happy otherwise) of him, her noblest
son, despoil?

"Once seeking exile, distant lands returned him
back again,
When, after discords of long date, peace smiled
on every plain:
Rich in his genius' glory, like a conqueror he
came back,
With all the treasures of a virgin world abun-
dant in his track.

"The pilgrim of the happy isles that glad th'
Ionian Sea,
And glorious in th' Alhambra's half-forgotten
pageantry:
We saw him homeward turning his lov'd foot-
steps back to France,
While all he had immortal made were handmaids
in the dance."

* * * * * *

To these verses Chateaubriand has returned a prose answer, of which we give a few extracts:—

"From the place whence I write to you, I behold the rural spot where dwelt Lord Byron, and the roof of the dwelling of Madame de Stael. Where is the author of *Childe Harold?* — where the author of *Corinne?* My lengthened life resembles those romantic views with their borders ornamented with funeral monuments. I have beheld great events and great men. The revolution sleeps in its vast sepulchre, and the giant its son is at rest in his ocean tomb. We no longer live in the days of chivalry.' (*Elle n'est plus l'epoque de la grande epée.*) The swords we wear are so powerless that they can no more protect the heads of our friends." * *

"You request me to rank myself among a people who bore me in their arms after they had achieved the victory of the barricades. Yes! that was the proudest moment of my life! Thus would I serve the people ever. It was for the people, their honour, their prosperity, their liberty, that I gave my vote for the coronation of an infant while I exercised the obligation of my individual liberty. But, alas! where is the people?"

* * * *

"I have pursued the resolution of going to end my life as I commenced it on the wide world (*les chemins du monde;*) for, refusing to give my assent to things as they are, I would be but a helot in Lacedemon. But in order to fully accomplish my wishes, it is necessary that I should give up to a new master some little trees that I have planted. I have exposed to the march of events my children, and they are unprotected. Compelled by this to leave for an instant my solitude, I have revisited France. I have been afflicted by the air of sadness which reigns throughout."

* * * *

"Finally, sir, almost all the journals, the organs of public opinion, have evinced regret at my absence, which do me the greatest honour. Your eloquent prodigal fancy likewise decorates with flowers and diamonds, not my venerable throne, for I have none, but my venerable *baton de pelerin;* how could I be invulnerable to the flattery of a muse who has scorned to flatter kings? When that muse summons me to a speedy return, I feel greatly disposed to follow her into her temple,—that is, into my own country."

ITALIAN BOYS.

THE following curious particulars connected with this tribe of travelling mendicants, and their mode of living, will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers. The haunts of these unfortunate beings are in Vine-street Saffron-hill, Bleeding-heart-yard, Holborn-hill, Coal-yard, in Drury-lane; and in the purlieus of Shoreditch, whole houses are occupied by these wretched boys, who sleep eight and nine in a bed. Each boy's monkey is chained near him every night, on going to rest, and the other curiosities are placed in situations appointed to the owner; so that on starting out in the morning, each boy takes his own companion. On the ground floor reside the men—some Italian and some English—to whom the monkeys, &c., really belong, and they provide each boy with lodging at fourpence a night, with a basin of gruel in the morning upon starting on their peregrinations, having first paid the master for the use of whatever curiosity they may take with them to exhibit. The following are the charges made by the proprietors upon the juvenile crew:—

For a Porcupine (very novel, there being only two) and an Organ 4*s.* per day; being 2*s.* 6*d.* for the Porcupine and 1*s.* 6*d.* for the Organ.

For a monkey (undressed), 2*s.* per day.

For a monkey in uniform, 3*s.* per day.

For a box of white mice, 1*s.* 6*d.* per day.

For a tortoise, 1*s* 6*d.* per day.

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For a dog and monkey (the latter may be frequently seen in the street, riding on the dog's back), 3*s*. per day.

For dancing dogs, four in number, including dresses, spinning wheel, pipe and tabor, &c. 5*s*. per day.

For a box of wax figures of the Siamese Twins, 2*s*. per day.

For an organ, with figures waltzing, 3*s*. 6*d*. per day.

Some of these boys, by their artlessness of manner and gesticulations, it is said, obtain 6*s*. or 7*s*. a day, and some more. One of them, the other day, upon being asked what was the largest sum he ever realized in one day, replied fifteen shillings, which he accounted for in the following manner:—One day he was ambulating about the Marine Parade, at Brighton, with his dog and monkey on his back, when a gentleman offered him 15*s*, to allow him to throw a stone into the sea for the dog to fetch. The boy consented, the stone was thrown, and away jumped the dog with the monkey into the sea; the monkey fastened tight round the dog's neck, and both reaching the beach in safety, the boy received his premium.—*Morning Chronicle*.

POLISH ANECDOTES.

This is a lively little volume upon a very gloomy business—*Poland under the Dominion of Russia*. The author is Harro Harring, late cadet in the Lancer Regiment of the Grand-duke Constantine's Imperial Russian Body Guard. He is a known hand, the present being the twenty-third volume of his writings. It is divided into Sketches of Warsaw, Journey to Warsaw, and the Political System of Warsaw—and, we should not be surprised if all was written on horseback, it being in the genuine *keep-moving* style. Altogether, the book is one of the pleasantest that we have yet read on Poland: a few extracts will show its amusive character.

Travelling.

I was thirsty and I ordered the postilion to stop at the village inn that I might get a glass of water. Without saying a word the fellow drove up to a miserable hovel, the thatched roof of which had sunk down between the rotten mud walls.

I alighted and asked for something to drink, for I could not venture to infringe the rights of innkeepers so far as to ask for merely a glass of water.

A woman, to describe whom would be a violation of the laws of taste, after a pause, which led me to suspect she was dumb, replied: "You can have some schnapps." "Schnapps!" I repeated, and perhaps some wine—and—for my tongue and lips are parched—a glass of water."

The woman beckoned me to follow her, and conducting me through filth and mire, into the yard adjoining the hovel she said: "There is the well."

I beheld a hole, filled with dirty discoloured water, and surrounded by filth and fungi.—"Is this the well, good woman?" I inquired, shocked at the picture of human misery which here presented itself.—"Yes, that is the well," she replied, and yonder lies the bucket; but the pole is broken, so if you want water we must send to my lord's for it."—"My lord's!" I exclaimed with surprise, "where is that?"—for I had seen nothing in the place which indicated the proximity of a nobleman's abode.—The woman led me to the door, and pointing to a thatched roof which rose a little above the rest, she told me that that was "My lord's." "And does his lordship really reside there?" said I—"Yes, Sir, in summer," replied the woman. An elegant Polish summer palace thought I.—"But is there no clean water to be got nearer than that?" I asked.—"Our well, and that at my lord's, are the only ones in the place," was the answer.—Without waiting for any further information, I hastily brushed past a group of half-naked children, who were playing in the sand, and threw myself into the miserable chaise that was waiting at the door.

Spies.

In Poland the needy are not left unprovided for. There are five classes of spies:

1st. The spies of the Grand-Duke who are either men of high birth, or men who have been raised to high rank by his Highness's favour.

2nd. Spies in the service of this first class, rogues of all conditions, who supply their masters with intelligence for a daily salary varying from two ducats to two Polish florins.

3rd. Spies of the Russian authorities. These are noblemen who insinuate themselves everywhere. They travel abroad and visit the fashionable bathing places. They differ from the first class only in the nature of their employment.

4th. Spies of the Russian secret military police, at the head of which is Colonel Baron von Sass, a man who is by far too good for his office. His assistants, among whom the most distinguished are an old Pole and his four daughters, have

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in their turn their assistants. These latter are low wretches who frequent the coffee houses in search of suspected persons.

5th. The spies of the city police employed by the president and vice-president. These are a set of ruffians most of whom have been arrested for crimes and have purchased their freedom on certain conditions. These like the hirelings of the Russian spies (class 2), keep a watchful eye on the universities. They seek all sorts of pretences for visiting the students in their lodgings, and become panders in order to obtain the more ready access to them. This class includes various ranks and conditions, from the fashionable beau down to the pedlar.

Constantine's Monkey.

THE monkey was the favourite of the Grand-Duke, and the companion of his idle hours. He was an accomplished virtuoso in the art of grimace, and his society was indispensable to his master.

Yet a monkey may be dangerous, and an event took place at the Belvedere which proves that the most petted favourite is not to be trusted.

One day Constantine was busy writing in his own apartment while his favourite monkey was as usual capering about, playing all sorts of tricks, and meddling with everything. At length he fixed his eyes on a loaded gun, and snatching it up unperceived, he deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this moment the Grand-Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction.

The report caused a dreadful consternation in the palace. The individuals in attendance hurried to the apartment of his Highness, and found him, though still agitated by the effects of the fright, caressing the monkey who had thrown the musket on the ground, and was apologizing for his misdemeanour by his very best grimaces.

The forbearance which was evinced towards the monkey who, if he had had the ill luck to be a man would at least have been sent to end his days in the lead works of Siberia, is at least a proof of the Grand-Duke's humanity and as such deserves to be borne in mind.

The only punishment the monkey received was to be banished for a time from the apartment of his master. He was removed to new quarters, and transferred to the friendly care of Mahmud Hassan. He was, however, frequently visited by his master, whom he continued to divert by his tricks and grimaces.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

TRUE PLEASURE.

"WE are affected with delightful sensations, (says Seed) when we see the inanimate parts of the Creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness." W. G. B.

ORIGIN OF THE ROUND ROBIN.

THE round robin, without which the British sailors would be deprived of their right of petition, was first invented in Athens on the occasion of the conspiracy of Aristogiton and Hermonius, against the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ. The Romans in imitation of the Greeks, not to indicate their preference to any, either among their guests or friends, wrote their names in a circle in such a manner that it was impossible to say which was the first, second, or last, in their estimation. Thus they evinced an equality of regard to all, without mortifying any one by an invidious distinction of honour or favour. They generally wrote the names of their slaves in the compass of a round robin, that it might not appear to which they meant to give liberty, or who were their favourites. On the celebration of the Saturnalia, it was customary for the servants and slaves to ridicule the vices and imperfections of their masters through

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the medium of the round robin; and we read that Cicero was once so offended and irritated at the cutting sarcasm and piquant satire with which his slaves in this manner lashed his faults, that he was hurried into an ungovernable rage of choleric passion.

SAILOR'S CURIOUS PETITION.

"To the most Noble Lords and Gentlemen of his Majesty's (God bless him) Treasury. A bit of a petition from C. P., (seaman) a prisoner in the county gaol, Devon, commanded by Mr. Cole, Esq.

"Most Noble Gentlemen.—You will please to excuse your poor petitioner in taking the liberty of sending you this petition; but he is informed by the gentleman magistrate, Mr. Lockyere, Esq., who committed him, that it is to your lordships he must apply to be let out of prison, and let your lordships know for what he was put in there. My most noble gentlemen, your petitioner is by trade a sailor, and has served his Majesty in a man-of-war sixteen years, and lost his larboard arm in fighting for him, on board his Majesty's ship Victory. Your petitioner has been very ill of a fever, and is as thin as a rope-yarn, and cannot work as a sailor for want of his larboard fin, and not being willing to heave to, commenced to sell little books in Plymouth, where your petitioner lives, but not about my master, the King, or any of your lordships. Your petitioner had not long been at this work, when he was boarded by a land shark, (a Jew,) who is a constable at Plymouth, and lugged before Mr. Lockyere, Esq., who inquired into the business, and told your petitioner he must either pay a fine, or go to gaol for three months: pay I could not, and to gaol I was brought; where I am laid up in lavender, like Paddy Ward's pig, for three months; unless your lordships will please to give orders to the contrary, which, please God, I hope you will, and I will praise your lordships all the days of my life."

Signed C. P.

Exeter, High Gaol, April 3, 1824.

SOME time since, a sailor, on his ship being paid off at Portsmouth, hired a post-chaise to convey him to town, and particularly ordered the postilion to keep a look-out a-head, and to be sure to inform him when they touched on Bagshot Heath, for (to use his own expression) he had heard that the coast "was infested with pirates." Jack had provided himself with a quantity of pistols and other deadly weapons, and armed "from top to toe," he crept into the vehicle, bidding the driver "shove off." Nothing occurred till they reached the borders of the piratical province, when the postilion turned round and informed "his honour," they were upon the Heath. "Then," quoth he, thrusting both his feet through the front glasses of the chaise, "down with the bulkheads, and stand prepared for action!" and in this position, with a pistol in each hand, to give the enemy a broadside in case of his appearance, the tar continued to the end of his journey. W. G. C.

THE late Prince Bishop of Wursburg in one of his hunting parties, met a poor boy attending some swine. The prince among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd? "A new suit, and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply. "No more," said the prince, "look at me, I am a shepherd too, but I wear better clothes and look better." "That may be, sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more *swine* to keep than I have."

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.

MONSIEUR Vandeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735, he was worth one million sterling. At the age of 72 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking him tenpence for the operation was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber who at length agreed to undertake the operation for threepence a time; but says the stingy old fellow, "How often will it be requisite to bleed?" Three times answered the barber. "And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?" About eight ounces was the answer. "That will be ninepence—too much—too much," said the miser, "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way; take the whole quantity you design to take at three times, at one, and it will save me sixpence;" this being insisted upon, he lost 24 ounces of blood, which caused his dissolution in a few days, and he left his immense property to the king!

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ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

BEFORE we enter upon the history of this very curious structure—the oldest of the English Round Churches—we request the reader to refer to vol. x. p. 193 of *the Mirror*,* where he will find some explanatory observations on the origin of those edifices. Again, our ingenious correspondent, James Silvester, has illustrated the antiquity of Circular Temples in vol. xii (p. 340) and concludes with observing that "the altar end, the sanctum of our earliest Saxon churches, is circular." There is likewise an interesting chapter on the subject in vol. i. of Mr. Britton's valuable *Architectural Antiquities*, and there are several papers on the same in the *Archæologia* of the Antiquarian Society; the sum and substance of all which inquiries appears to be—that the circular form of these churches has been derived from that being the form in which heathen temples were frequently constructed. But this is the germ of our friend Silvester's paper, and we must not rob a correspondent of his credit.

Mr. Essex, who has amplified these matters in the *Archæologia* observes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or St. Sepulchre's Church, Cambridge, that "it will be easier to ascertain the age than to tell who was the founder." This he endeavours to demonstrate by the style of building; for it happens equally unfortunate, in this instance, as with most ancient structures, that all

* At the above page for *St. Mary, Cambridge*, read ST. SEPULCHRE'S, CAMBRIDGE.

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records relating to their *time* of erection are lost through neglect, or destroyed in those commotions which have so frequently disorganized the civil institutions of this country. Wanting these decisive documents, we must seek for other evidence; and the most satisfactory we can appeal to, in the case of ancient buildings, seems to be those peculiarities of style, which continued to change and improve from the time of erecting the earliest Saxon churches, till the reign of Henry the Eighth. Adopting this criterion, Mr. Essex asserts that the present round church "was built in the reign of Henry the First, or between the first and second croisades, and is, I apprehend, the oldest church of this form in England." (*Archæologia*, vol. vi. p. 173.*) Again, Mr. Essex states "there can be no doubt that they who built this church intended it should resemble the church of the Resurrection, or Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem; and, as far as can be judged from the descriptions given of that church, this is the best copy we have of it in England."

By the engraving we perceive that this church consisted of a semicircular wall, which was originally perforated with six semicircular headed windows, and an ornamented doorway of the same shape. The latter is still very perfect, and apparently in the original style of decoration, but the former have been widened and considerably altered. Within the outer wall is a circular colonnade of eight columns, from which spring as many semicircular arches, besides some groined mouldings, which tend to support the arched roof of the surrounding aisle. Above these arches is a continued arcade, which originally opened into the gallery over the aisle but the apertures are now walled up. Two small semicircular arches, beneath one archivault, opened immediately over the lower arch, and between each of the two arches is a large short column, the diameter of which is nearly equal to its height, and two small three-quarter columns attached to it. These are perhaps the only examples of the kind in England, and are probably the first specimens of *clustered columns*. Over this are two tiers of windows of different character, which were introduced, and the tower raised one story, "for the reception of bells, in the reign of Edward the Second, and all these windows (except one on the east side, just over the junction of the circular part with the other part of the building), were then altered to give more light. The entrance western door constitutes a fine, bold feature: the mouldings and sculptured ornaments are comparatively sharp and square; it appears to have been formerly guarded by a porch. The first story of the tower, above the circular church, as will be seen in the engraving, is octangular, and the upper story is divided into sixteen sides.†

The east end, or chancel, with a northern aisle, were built in the year 1313, as appears by a deed for that purpose.

Mr. Britton observes that much of the original design and pristine character of this church have been altered and injured by, what we should call, tasteless beautifiers. "The masonry of the ancient circular wall, and also of the columns and arches evinces considerable skill, as the stones are all squared and chiselled with mathematical accuracy to suit their respective situations. * * In examining this building, we are struck with its ponderous and durable appearance, as if it was intended for a castellated edifice and calculated to defy the warfare of time and of man."

To conclude, "Who were the possessors of this church prior to the dissolution of the Knights Templars in the year 1313, is unknown, but some few years after that event, the advowson appears to have belonged to Barnwell Priory, about which time it was dedicated to St. Andrew, the second patron of the Priory, in which the presentation continued till the suppression of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII.; it is now in the gift of the Bishop of Ely.‡"

Our Cut represents a north-west view of St. Sepulchre's, from a print well engraved by W. Byrne, F. S. A. after a drawing by Hearne, the distinguished antiquarian.

* Britton's Architectural Antiquities, vol. i.

† Architectural Antiquities vol. i.

‡ Beauties of England and Wales. vol. ii.

THE GARDEN OF THE MIND.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is no hour in which the force and beauty of analogy are felt with so much power and interest as that which we spend in a garden. Few tasks are more agreeable than that of comparing what is natural with what is mental. Possessing such a disposition, a man is as much a student when handling a spade or a pruning-knife, as when using a pen or a book. It is from his own idleness, if thorns and briars spring up in the natural garden instead of flowers and fruits; and it is the same with his intellect, it being his own fault if his mind produces only what is light, trifling, and useless,

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instead of what is elegant, and good and useful. According to his own exertions, he will possess a garden or a wilderness. If the soil be stony ground, the more diligence and culture will be necessary, and even if it be good ground, it will soon become a waste unless it receive his unremitted attention. Colton says, "There are as many kinds of minds as of mosses," we may add too — "as of soils." Is it not astonishing, that in spite of the most assiduous cultivation on the part of teachers, some children are found stubbornly ignorant, making no way, and bearing no blossom? And is it not as remarkable that others with perhaps less of tutoring, keep a-head of their companions in their pursuit and acquirement of knowledge, exhibiting in themselves a fondness and an aptitude for learning, and a mental fertility perfectly marvellous? How much of this may be explained by what is termed *temperament*, and how much may be the result of an innate indolence or activity, is a question to be answered by those who have much experience in education. Much (to keep up my metaphor) may depend upon the gardener, as well as the soil. One may be more competent to the care of a flower-garden, another of an orchard; the one for what is elegant in manners, the other for what is useful in action. If soils require the warmth of sunshine, the gentleness of showers, and the roughness of storms, so do minds, according to their different natures and conditions, need often to be rewarded by smiles, frequently to be assisted by good-nature, and at times to be shaken and awed by punishment. They are only obstinate and sullen natures, however, that want the last, as they are the more hardy and stubborn plants and trees that require to be moved by the tempest to the very roots. As some plants are so tender as to require to be guarded against the weather—one needing the sun, and another the shade, so do delicate minds call for a corresponding attention from the eye and hand of an intelligent tutor to discover each alternation of strength and weakness. Does my garden require weeding? So does my mind of its errors and prejudices, and crude notions. Does my field need to lie in fallow to recover its vigour? so also does the mind ask for recreation and rest. Do my fruit trees require pruning? so must my intellectual faculties be checked and restrained from running waste in speculative and unprofitable pursuits; they must be kept *in* more to themselves to become fruitful. I am pleased to see the blossoms of spring decorating my orchard with their young, bright hues; but if they come out too soon, I feel rather alarmed than pleased with their forwardness. It is the being "*in season*" that pleases us with everything around.—It is so with the garden of the mind. Precocity, however striking, is seldom lasting. It is the sure but steady growth that gives us the promise of a rich autumn. Gardening, as an exercise, brings health to the body. Education, whether it be of others or of ourselves, is an exercise that gives strength to the mind. I am resolved then, from time to time, to examine more attentively than I have done, the state of my mental garden. I would not have it without flowers, nor shall flowers *alone* grow there. It shall in future bring forth fruits both pleasant and wholesome. Go then, my soul, devote thy best powers and faculties to this great culture, nor forget to turn thy "mind's eye" to that Heavenly Eden where thou needest not fear the blights of spring, or the frosts of winter; for there thy garden shall flourish in one eternal summer.

MAJOR CONVOLVULUS.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD YANKEE.

WHEN the New England colonies were first settled, the inhabitants were obliged to fight their way against many nations of Indians. They found but little difficulty in subduing them all except one tribe, who were known by the name of *Yankoos*—which signifies *invincible*. After the waste of much blood and treasure, the Yankoos were at last subdued by the New Englandmen. The remains of this nation (agreeable to the Indian custom) transferred their name to their conquerors. For a while they were called Yankoos; but from a corruption, common to names in all languages, they got through time the name of Yankee.—*New York Gazetteer, June* 1, 1775.

O. P. Q.

COURTSHIPS AND MARRIAGES.

(For the Mirror.)

IN 1559, the people of France were married at the door of the church. When Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry II. was married to Philip II. of Spain, Eustache de Bellay, Bishop of Paris, performed the ceremony at the church door of Notre Dame. It was then thought indecent for them to grant permission in the church itself for a man and woman to lie together. The

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bride and bridegroom were not allowed to get into the bed until the priest had blessed it, which brought him a little additional perquisite.

In some of the Italian states, marriages were not permitted between persons professing different religions. A woman of forty years of age was not allowed to be united to a man under thirty; if she exceeded forty, her husband must at least be thirty-five; a man above sixty was not to marry a woman whose age was less than thirty. A widow was not allowed to alter her condition in less than six months after her widowhood.

The Lacedemonians were very remarkable for their severity against those that deferred marrying, as well as those who wholly abstained therefrom. No man among them could live single beyond the time limited by their lawgiver without incurring several penalties; one of these was, the magistrates commanded such, once every winter, to run round the public forum quite naked, and to increase their shame, they sang a song, the words of which aggravated their crime, and exposed them to ridicule.

The house where the Athenian nuptials were celebrated was decked with garlands, a pestle was tied at the door, a servant carried a sieve, the bride herself carrying a vessel wherein was parched barley, to show her readiness to attend to household affairs. The bride was usually conducted in a chariot from her father's to her husband's house, in the evening, that time being chosen to conceal her blushes: they were attended by singers and dancers, and the axletree of the carriage on which they rode, was burnt, to denote that the bride was not to return.

The Rhodians had a peculiar custom of sending for the bride by the public crier. When they arrived at the bridegroom's house, they found a sumptuous entertainment prepared for them, the intent of which was to make the marriage public, and to show respect to the gods; during the time of their entertainment, a boy, covered with thorn boughs and acorns, brought a basket full of bread, and sang, "I have left the worse and found the better," signifying how much the married state was preferable to the single.

At a town in Crete, adulterers were covered with wool, to denote the effeminacy of their tempers, and in that dress carried through the city to the magistrate's house, who deprived them of all their privileges, and disqualified them from taking any part in public affairs.

The Lacedemonians bathed new born infants in wine, that they might discover those who were healthy; supposing that the weakly would fall into convulsions and die when thus bathed.

The Thessalian women had many practices to procure the affection of their beloved, as magical incantations and potions, in which they used several herbs and insects bred out of putrid matter; lizards, the brains of a calf, the hair from the extremity of a wolf's tail, the bones of the left side of a toad eaten by ants, those of the right side were supposed to generate hatred; blood of doves, bones of snakes; bands of wool twisted upon a wheel, for their resemblance to the soft ties of love were very highly esteemed.

Among the Coreans, if a woman killed her husband she was put into the ground, leaving only her head out, by the side of the highway, and every passenger, by law, must aim a chop at her head with an axe, which was laid by for the purpose, none but those of noble blood being excused from striking the delinquent. When an unmarried man was detected in adultery, they stripped him to the waist, smeared his face with lime, pierced both his ears with an arrow, and a kettle tied upon his back was beat upon as the offender walked through the streets; he then received the bastinado.

The ancient Germans carried their respect for the fair sex so far, that the price for baring the arms of a free woman, against her wish, was fifteen shillings. If a man had the temerity to touch her bosom, he was fined forty shillings, and a kiss snatched from a female was punished with exile.

The Poles, in their marriage contract did not inquire what a girl's portion was, but how many relations she had, it being the custom for all the relations to give the bride something at her wedding; nor was it looked upon discreditable among them for the female to propose a match, which was always done through the medium of relations.

In Russia, the women were very obedient to their husbands, and patient under discipline; they were even said to be fond of correction, which they considered as an infallible mark of their husband's affection. On the wedding-day, the bride presented the bridegroom with a whip of her own making, in token of

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submission. The bride, on her wedding-day was crowned with a garland of wormwood, implying the bitterness of the married state—when the priest had tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk or sexton sprinkled on her head a handful of hops, wishing she might be as fruitful as that plant.

In Lapland, as soon as a child was born, it was washed all over with snow-water, except its head, which must not be touched until after it was baptized, for the performing of which ceremony, the mother, after recovery, was frequently obliged to travel immense forests and wastes covered with snow, before she reached a priest or church.

In Dalmatia, the principal motive of alliance was the ambition of being related to a numerous and powerful family, famous for having produced valiant men; and a story is told of one Janco Vojrod, of Sebigne, who was betrothed to Jagna, of Temeswar, whose brothers not being his friends, when he came to conclude the marriage, engaged him in the punctilio of performing certain feats, upon condition that if he succeeded, he was to have the bride, if not, he was to lose his life. He was to pierce an apple stuck on the point of a spear with his dart; to spring over nine horses placed one beside the other, at one leap, and to discover his future spouse among nine young women, all veiled. Janco's expedient to discover his wife was singular. He spread his mantle on the ground, then a handful of gold rings on it, and addressed the ladies as follows:—"Lovely maid, who art destined to be Janco's wife, do thou pick up these golden rings and wear them, but any other who dares to take them, I will cut off her arm at a blow." The nine young women were afraid, and did not advance; so Janco's bride collected the rings, and thus the nuptial games were finished.

When a Siamese man is divorced from his wife, they divide the children in such a manner, that the first, third, fifth, and so on, go to the wife, the husband taking the second, fourth, sixth, and so on; if there be only one the wife has a right thereto.

On the appointed day for the celebration of the nuptials in China, the bride is put into a sedan, which is magnificently adorned with festoons of artificial flowers, and her baggage of clothes, ornaments, and trinkets are carried after her in chests, by her servants, with lighted flambeaux, though it be noonday; the sedan is preceded by music, and followed by the relations and friends of the bride; the nearest relative carries in his hand the key of the sedan (for the windows of it are grated up and locked) and gives it to the bridegroom, as soon as the procession reaches his house; who waits at his door in order to receive her. As this is the first interview between them, it is easy to conceive with what eager curiosity he opens the door of the sedan. It sometimes happens that he is dissatisfied with his lot, when he immediately shuts the door again, and sends her back to her friends; choosing rather to lose his money than be united to a person he does not like; this, however, is seldom the case.

When a Javanese lady marries, she throws all her dolls, childish trinkets, &c. into the fire, to evince her determination of becoming a woman. The company then congratulate her on her marriage, and make her several valuable presents, to recompense her for those she has destroyed.

Among the Algerines, fond lovers and their tender mistresses explain their several impulses by the manner in which they dispose of a *parterre*, a nosegay, made in a certain form containing as many tender and passionate ideas as a letter of several pages. The flower, gentle, placed by a violet, hopes to meet with a return of love; the orange flower denotes hope; the marigold, despair; the amaranth, constancy; the tulip, reproaches with being unfaithful; the rose is an encomium of beauty, &c.; by which means a tolerable language is formed.

Christening or naming among the Quojas of Guinea is a curious ceremony. When a boy is to be named, the father walks through the village armed with bows and arrows; he keeps continually singing, and as he passes along, the neighbours join him with musical instruments; as soon as the people are assembled they form a ring, and the person appointed to perform the ceremony takes the child from the mother's arms, lays it upon a shield, puts a bow into one hand, and a quiver in the other; he then makes a long harangue to the people, after which he addresses himself to the infant, wishing him to be like his father, industrious, hospitable, and a good husbandman; he then names the child, after which the company retire.

The Ottomaques of South America have a singular custom of always uniting a young man to an old woman, or a

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young woman to an old man. The reason they give for such alliances is, that the discretion of the elder one shall curb the impetuosity of the younger.

The Hindoos regard it as an irrefragable principle, that women were created for no other purpose than man. Not only do the Orientals neither expect nor reverence any virtue in woman, but ascribe to them, without exception, every vice of which the sex is capable, and by which it is most debased. The appetite of a woman, say the laws of the Hindoos, can no more be satiated than a devouring fire by the combustibles that are thrown into it, or the ocean by the rivers which discharge themselves into its bosom, or the empire of death by the men and animals that it swallows up.

It is said to have been a principal amusement among the married ladies of Portugal, on gala or festival days, to sit at their windows, where they display all their finery; and during the Carnival they amuse themselves with pelting the passers by with stones, dirt, and squirting water. One lady had a squirt made large enough to knock down a person with the water discharged therefrom.

SWAINE.

Spirit of Discovery.

COURSE OF THE CHOLERA.

The Editor of the *Lancet* has devoted nearly one hundred columns of his valuable Journal of Saturday last to this very important subject. It presents the best synoptical account that has yet appeared, or, probably, will appear, of the frightful ravages of this epidemic; and, from the number of authorities quoted by the writer, as well as his own professional skill, we anticipate very considerable attention to the *Lancet* report. We shall therefore only abridge a brief portion of "the rise, progress, and ravages" of the pestilence:—

"In the month of August, 1817, the present disease is said to have commenced in Jessore, the capital of the Sunderbands, and distant from Calcutta about sixty English miles. Jessore is a crowded, filthy place, surrounded by impenetrable and marshy jungles, and consequently exposed to all the horrors of a malarious and ill-ventilated atmosphere. On the 28th of August it was reported to the government that a malignant disorder had broken out, attacking all classes of natives promiscuously, and destroying from twenty to thirty inhabitants every day. So destructive was it in mortality, so unexampled in character, that, to use the language of the report, "the inhabitants, astonished and terrified at the unaccountable and very destructive inroads of the pestilence, fled in crowds to the country, as the only means of escaping impending death. So unforeseen and appalling was the attack, that the functionaries, in extreme consternation, closed the civil courts of the district, and business of every description was abandoned for a time." In the course of a few weeks, ten thousand of the inhabitants perished in this single district.

"For some weeks previous to this period, the health of the poor of Calcutta was by no means in a satisfactory state; and in the beginning of September the pestilence commenced its havoc amongst them. It is, however, a matter of doubt whether it extended itself from Jessore, or spontaneously originated in Calcutta. Before the end of September, spreading like radii from a common centre, the disease occurred throughout and beyond the province of Bengal; from Purneak, Dinagpore, and Silhet east, to the confines of Balasore and Cuttack; and from the mouths of the Ganges to its confluence with the Jumna. The territories adjacent to Bengal now began to suffer, but with this difference in the progress of the malady—that while in Bengal it had almost simultaneously burst forth in different localities, or else traversed from place to place with such rapid strides, that the links in the chain of dissemination eluded strict observation, in the other provinces, on the contrary, its effects were at first limited to "particular lines and divisions of the country." This was especially remarkable in the irruptions of the cholera along the banks of the Ganges in a north-westerly direction; while to the east it penetrated no further than Muzufferpore, leaving immense and populous tracts untouched. Pursuing then the course of the Ganges, and its tributary streams, it reached the interior of the country; and on the 6th of November a most remarkable irruption took place in the grand army then stationed in Bundelcund, encamped under the command of the Marquess of Hastings, on the banks of the Sinde, a tributary of the Jumna; the mortality was here appalling, five thousand men perished between the 15th and 20th of November, and the deaths on the whole amounting to nine thousand persons. The invasion was so sudden and violent that the horsemen were stricken from their steeds, and in

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vain attempted to remount, and the roads were covered with the dying and the dead. After the 8th of December no new case occurred in the camp; but the pestilence still pursuing the track of the roads and rivers, every considerable town and village in Bundelcund was attacked, and it spread in succession to the provinces of Behar, Malwah, and Candeish, and eventually to almost the entire of the Deccan. In the month of March ten thousand Indians were cut off in the town of Banda and its environs, and Hutta, Saugur, Ougein, and Kotah, were proportionately afflicted. Kotah is built upon a solid rock along the east side of the Chumbul, yet here one hundred persons perished daily for such a length of time that, struck with dismay, the surviving inhabitants abandoned the city.

"The town of Saugur seemed to have been the point of divergence for two offsets of the epidemic, one of which, already alluded to, pursuing a south-westerly route, arrived at Kotah; the other, proceeding due-south, attacked a force stationed on the Nerbuddah, and extended itself in one direction through the states of Nagpore and Poonah to the presidency of Bombay. Before, however, we proceed to notice its journey to these cities, it is necessary to revert to the consideration of its progress northward from Allahabad, where it broke out in March 1818, and where, in a few months, it swept off ten thousand persons. The pestilence still persevered in its ascent along the Ganges, and it was announced to exist in Cawnpore on the 8th of April. Meerhut, Agra, and Delhi, were soon attacked; and it is especially remarkable, that between the two last cities numerous villages escaped, which were situated in low marshy grounds, and consequently exposed to the effluvia of animal and vegetable matter in a state of putrefaction. From Delhi the disease spread in a south-westerly direction to the principality of Jeypore, the capital of which it reached in the latter end of August. On the 14th of September it appeared in the camp of Major Agnew, at Tityrya, a place twenty-five miles distant from Jeypore. The malady seems to have advanced but little further in this direction. In April and May, 1818, the middle provinces of Hindostan were attacked, places which had escaped the first irruption of the epidemic. Lucknow and Fyzabad, the chief cities of the celebrated territory of Oude, were ravaged with peculiar severity; and in Goruckpore thirty thousand persons became its victims. It was remarked with surprise, that during this horrible devastation not one of the individuals confined in the prisons of that city contracted the disease.

"Such is a brief but accurate sketch of the progress of this virulent pestilence in the presidency of Bengal, during the early months of its existence. Before proceeding to trace its extension to the territories of Bombay and Madras, it is necessary to observe the melancholy truth, that in whatever part of India it broke forth, there it seems to have deposited the seeds of new irruptions of the distemper, of which not less than two hundred instances have occurred up to 1831, in the chief cities already named; while in many cases the second attack exceeded in mortality the first visitation. The very latest advices received from Bengal communicate the intelligence that the twelfth irruption of cholera has taken place this summer in Calcutta.

"During this career of destruction, the folly of the doctrine which attributes the exclusive habitation of cholera to the low jungle and morass, was again fully proved by the propagation of the disease in some remarkably elevated places, especially on the table land of Mysore, at Darwar, Belgaum and Bangalore. The town of Mysore is very nearly as high as Pontarlier, the most elevated town in France, and more so than any of the inhabited high lands of England, Scotland, or Wales. The Gaut mountains were also crossed, which, according to the measurement of Lambton, are equal in altitude to the Carpathians or Pyrenees.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

LACKEY SCHOOL OF AUTHORS.

THE Lackey School has many degrees. The author of *Sayings and Doings* is master of it—we shall ever acknowledge him to be butler—he wears plain clothes, despises commoners, is respectful to those above him, contemptuous to those below, severely quizzical on cold mutton and pickled cabbage, didactic on silver forks; but withal a better sort of person, and of an impertinence regulated by manners. The author of Granby comes next—he is undoubtedly groom of the chambers. His genius, not his birth, has placed him in the Lackey School. This is not unparalleled—we have heard of a lord who made breeches for love of breeches-

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making, and the other day a young gentleman insisted on turning chimney-sweeper, and the distressed mother (apt subject for another tragedy,) publicly protesting her sorrow, bound him apprentice to the ungentle art. In elegant rooms, this aspiring youth had seen, had thought of, nothing but the chimney. Thus, it is not always habits that give the impression to the mind, still less opportunities, which some natures have the knack of slipping, as the duck's feathers turn rain. Besides, it is not a view that makes a painter. Vivian Gray is of the third degree in the Lackey School. He has the flare of the livery, the flippancy of the shoulder-knot, the bustle, the pert smartness of those who stand powdered and bare-headed on the steps of great houses, make sport of that inconsiderable section of the world below the Peerage and above the Servants-hall. Some of the novels of "Fashionable Life" are written by men who have had both the opportunities of observation, and the ability to describe what they have seen: Pelham, the Aylmers, and two or three others; but these have never obtained the credit or authority of the Lackey School, with a large class of would-be fashionable, who read such works for instruction in the conceits. The squeak of the real pig is generally voted unnatural. The sympathies of the vulgar, are best touched by a vulgar writer.—*Westminster Review.*

THE imagination of rare or unknown enjoyments is florid. The king of the Sandwich Islands said, that the most admirable of the British Institutions was the cooks' shops. He would have written, if he could have written, of the joys of bolting lumps of fat beef, mutton, and pork, without fear of danger or interruption, and to the utmost limit of the stomach's capacity.—*Ibid.*

GOLDSMITH'S VANITY.

COLONEL O'MOORE, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told Mr. Croker an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester-square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of pressing, said, "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant: "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jezebels; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?"—"Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?"—"That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Croker's Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

POLISH ANECDOTES. BY HARRO HARRING.

The Pyramid of Bayonets.

The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand-Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand-Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. "Halt!" he exclaimed, and ordered a

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pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand-Duke exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand-Duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—"To the left about!—Forward!"—The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore-legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand-Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honour he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the Grand-Duke, gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place at St. Petersburgh, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses.

Wheel-barrow punishment.

It will readily be supposed that when the Grand-Duke is taking his drives no one is suffered to pass his Highness' carriage, without a servile salutation.

All who meet the imperial carriage on the road must either stop or move on very slowly, at the same time uncovering and bowing profoundly. The omission of this ceremony is a punishable offence.

A nobleman from the country was driving through Warsaw accompanied by his lady, and their coachman not knowing the equipage of the Lord of the Belvedere passed the droski without observing any mark of respect.

A thundering "halt!" startled the Polish boor on the coach box, and a few emphatic imprecations issuing from the imperial droski, no less alarmed the *Szlachoic*, (nobleman) and his wife.

Foaming with rage, his Highness turned to the trembling couple in the carriage and exhausted his whole vocabulary of abuse in the opprobrious titles which he bestowed upon them.

The lady and gentleman having been ordered to alight, were put under arrest; the coachman was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes, and all three were condemned to hurl wheel-barrows at Lazienka, where some buildings were at that time going on.

This punishment was kept up until a relative of the unfortunate lady and gentleman came from their estate in the country, and through the intercession of the Princess of Lowicz obtained their pardon.

The Spy System.

All the clerks of the post-office, wear the Russian uniform of the Grand-Duke's office, which is green with dark red facings whereas the other Polish civil officers wear the blue uniform of the country.

In due conformity with this Russian uniform, is the practice established throughout the whole dominions of the autocrat, which in virtue of a secret instruction, permits no letter to be delivered or forwarded to its address until it has been opened and read. To secure the full and complete execution of this order, there is attached to each post-office, a number of readers conformable to the extent of the correspondence, of which it usually is the medium. If a single letter should cross the frontier or pass from one part of the country to another without undergoing a previous examination of its contents, the readers have neglected their occupation. Perhaps they were playing at whist or perusing the newspapers; in this way only it is possible to account for such an accident.

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If the dexterity of the seal breaker should fail to perform the operation neatly, or if a cover should be torn in opening it, the whole letter is then thrown aside.

Suspected letters are transmitted by the readers to different sections of the secret police, according to the nature of their contents, or the quality of the writers or persons to whom they are addressed. They send those on Russia or Russians to Novosilzov; on foreign affairs to General Fenshaw, on military persons, or military affairs to Baron Sass, who reports either to General Rozniski or to the Grand-Duke through Kuruta. Sass has also the superintendence of the foreign correspondence of spies maintained abroad, of whom there are two at Dresden: one a German,* the other a Russian.

No two friends at a short distance from each other can correspond without being exposed to the risk of having all their secrets, trifling or important, made known to third parties.

In Warsaw there were several hundreds of Russian spies, and throughout the whole of Poland some thousands were maintained. They were of all descriptions, from the apparent gentleman down to the lowest ruffian, and in every company one at least was fastened like a poisonous excrescence. Thus in no social circle, in no family party, could it be certain that some betrayer had not insinuated himself under the mask of friendship.

* I obtained correct information in Warsaw of the secret transactions of this German, who had a yearly salary of 1,000 ducats from the Grand Duke. He visits all the towns of Germany in succession. He passed the winter of 1827 in Munich.

ST. MARTIN'S VAULTS.

THE new vaults under St. Martin's burial-ground are the most capacious structures of the sort, we believe, in London. They were opened a few weeks since for the inspection of the persons present at the consecration of the new burial-ground. They consist of a series of vaults running out of one another in various directions: they are lofty, and when lighted up throughout, really present something of a comfortable appearance, reminding one of the "snug lying" talked of in the "*Rivals*." Some of the vaults having been quite filled with the coffins taken out of the old burial-ground, have been blocked up at both ends—in fact, hermetically sealed—a plan which we learn is to be adopted with the other vaults in succession, when the cold tenants shall be sufficiently numerous. They are of tolerable height, about ten feet to the turn of the arch, twenty in width, and nearly forty in length—capable of holding, we should suppose, almost one thousand coffins each. They are whitewashed around and at top, and the flagging at the bottom keeps them dry beneath the foot. All the leaden coffins removed from the burial-ground are placed in one vault: on the end of one, conspicuously situated beneath a grating through which the light descends, was inscribed the name of "Lady Hannah Gordon." There are arcades or corridors leading to the vaults, which branch off right and left, along which are ranges of head-stones, recording the individuals whose bones, removed from their old resting-place, repose beneath. These have a handsome appearance, lying as they do at either side, close to the wall, and looking somewhat like an artificial balustrade flanking the wall in the centre.—Crowds of ladies perambulated the vaults for some time; and the whole had more the appearance of a fashionable promenade than a grim repository of decomposing mortality.—*Morning Herald.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The Piccaroon.

"FADER was a Corramantee,
Moder was a Mingo,
Black Picaniny Buccra wantee
So dem sell a me Peter, by jingo.
Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery."

"WELL sung, Massa Bungo," exclaimed Mr. Splinter; "where do you hail from my hearty?"

"Hillo! Bungo indeed! free and easy dat any how. Who you yousef, eh?"

"Why, Peter," continued the Lieutenant, "don't you know me?"

"Cannot say dat I do," rejoined the negro, very gravely, without lifting his head, as he sat mending his jacket in one of the embrasures near the watergate of the arsenal—"Have not de honour of your acquaintance, sir."

He then resumed his scream, for song it could not be called:—

"Mammy Sally's daughter
Lose him shoe in an old canoe
Dat lay half full of water,
And den she knew not what to do.
Jiggery, jig"———

"Confound your jiggery, jiggery, sir! But I know you well enough, my man; and you can scarcely have forgotten

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Lieutenant Splinter of the Torch, one would think ?"

However, it was clear that the poor fellow really had not known us; for the name so startled him, that, in his hurry to unlace his legs from under him, as he sat tailor fashion, he fairly capsized out of his perch, and toppled down on his nose—a feature fortunately so flattened by the hand of nature, that I question if it could have been rendered more obtuse had he fallen out of the maintop on a timber-head, or a marine officer's.

"Eh!—no—yes, him sure enough, and who is de Picaniny hofficer—Oh! I see, Massa Tom Cringle; Garamighty, gentlemen, where have you drop from? —Where is de old Torch?—Many a time hab I Peter Mangrove, pilot to Him Britanic Majesty squadron, taken de old brig in and through amongst de keys at Port Royal!"

"Ay, and how often did you scour her copper against the coral reefs, Peter?"

His Majesty's pilot gave a knowing look, and laid his hand on his breast—"No more of dat if you love me massa."

"Well, well, it don't signify now, my boy; she will never give you that trouble again—foundered—all hands lost, Peter, but the two you see before you."

"Werry sorry, Massa Plinter, werry sorry—What! de black cooks, mate and all?—But misfortune can't be help. Stop till I put up my needle, and I will take a turn wid you." Here he drew up himself with a great deal of absurd gravity. "Proper dat British hofficer in distress should assist one anoder—We shall consult togeder.—How can I serve you?"

"Why, Peter, if you could help us to a passage to Port-Royal, it would be serving us most essentially. When we used to be lying there, a week seldom past without one of the squadron arriving from this; but here we have been for more than a month, without a single pennant belonging to the station having looked in: our money is running short, and if we are to hold on in Carthagena for another six weeks, we shall not have a shot left in the locker—not a copper to tinkle on a tombstone."

The negro looked steadfastly at us, then carefully around. There was no one near.

"You see, Massa Plinter, I am desirable to serve you, for one little reason of my own; but, beside dat, it is good for me at present to make some friend wid de hofficer of de squadron, being as how dat I am absent widout leave."

"Oh, I perceive, a large R against your name in the master attendant's books, eh?"

"You have hit it, sir, werry close; besides I long mosh to return to my poor wife, Nancy Cator, dat I leave, wagabone dat I is, just about to be confine."

I could not resist putting in my oar.

"I saw Nancy just before we sailed, Peter,—fine child that; not quite so black as you, though."

"Oh, Massa," said Snowball, grinning and showing his white teeth, "You know I am soch a terrible black fellow—But you are a leetle out at present, Massa—I meant, about to be confine in de workhouse, for stealing de admiral's Muscovy ducks;" and he laughed loud and long.—"However, if you will promise that you will stand my friends, I will put you in de way of getting a shove across to de east end of Jamaica; and I will go wid you, too, for company."

"Thank you," rejoined Mr Splinter: "but how do you mean to manage this? There is no Kingston trader here at present, and you don't mean to make a start of it in an open boat, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't; but, in de first place—as you are a gentleman, will you try and get me off when we get to Jamaica? Secondly, will you promise that you will not seek to know more of the vessel you may go in, nor of her crew, than they are willing to tell you; provided you are landed safe?"

"Why, Peter, I scarcely think you would deceive us, for you know I saved your bacon in that awkward affair, when through drunkenness you plumped the Torch ashore, so——"

"Forget dat, sir,—forget dat!—never shall poor black pilot forget how you saved him from being seized up when de gratings, boatswain's mates and all, were ready at de gangway—never shall poor black rascal forget dat."

"Indeed, I do not think you would wittingly betray us into trouble, Peter; and as I guess you mean one of the forced traders, we will venture in her, rather than kick about here any longer, and pay a moderate sum for our passage."

"Den wait here five minute,"—and so saying he slipt down through the embrasure into a canoe that lay beneath, and in a trice we saw him jump on board of a long low nondescript kind of craft, that lay moored within pistol-shot of the walls.

She was a large shallow vessel, coppered to the bends, of great breadth of beam, with bright sides, like an Ameri-

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can, so painted as to give her a clumsy mercantile sheer externally, but there were many things that belied this to a nautical eye: her copper, for instance, was bright as burnished gold on her very sharp bows, and beautiful run; and we could see from the bastion where we stood, that her decks were flush and level. She had no cannon mounted that were visible, but we distinguished grooves on her well-scrubbed decks, as from the recent traversing of carronade slides, while the bolts and rings in her high and solid bulwarks shone clear and bright in the ardent noontide. There was a tarpawling stretched over a quantity of rubbish, old sails, old junk, and hencoops rather ostentatiously piled up forward, which we conjectured might conceal a long gun.

She was a very taught-rigged hermaphrodite, or brig forward and schooner aft. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong and heavy, and her mainmast was so long and tapering, that the wonder was, how the few shrouds and stays about it could support it: it was the handsomest stick we had ever seen. Her upper spars were on the same scale, tapering away through topmast, top-gallant-mast, royal and sky-sail-masts, until they fined away into slender wands. The sails, that were loose to dry, were old, and patched, and evidently displayed to cloak the character of the vessel, by an ostentatious show of their unserviceable condition, but her rigging was beautifully fitted, every rope lying in the chafe of another, being carefully served with hide. There were several large bushy-whiskered fellows lounging about the deck, with their hair gathered into dirty net bags, like the fishermen of Barcelona; many had red silk sashes round their waist, through which were stuck their long knives, in shark-skin sheaths. Their numbers were not so great as to excite suspicion; but a certain daring reckless manner, would at once have distinguished them independently of any thing else, from the quiet, hardworked, red-shirted merchant seaman.

"That chap is not much to be trusted," said the lieutenant: "his bunting would make a few jackets for Joseph, I take it." But we had little time to be critical before our friend Peter came paddling back with another blackamoor in the stern, of as ungainly an exterior as could well be imagined. He was a very large man, whose weight every now and then, as they breasted the short sea, cocked up the snout of the canoe with Peter Mangrove in it, as if he had been a cork, leaving him to flourish his paddle in the air like the weather-wheel of a steam-boat in a seaway. The new comer was strong and broad-shouldered, with long muscular arms, and a chest like Hercules; but his legs and thighs were, for his bulk, remarkably puny and misshapen. A thick felt of black wool in close tufts, as if his face had been stuck full of cloves, covered his chin and upper lip; and his hair, if hair it could be called, was twisted into a hundred short plaits, that bristled out, and gave his head, when he took his hat off, the appearance of a porcupine. There was a large sabre-cut across his nose, and down his cheek, and he wore two immense gold ear-rings. His dress consisted of short cotton drawers, that did not reach within two inches of his knee, leaving his thin cucumber shanks (on which the small bullet-like calf appeared to have been stuck before, through mistake, in place of abaft), naked to the shoe; a check shirt, and an enormously large Panama hat, made of a sort of cane, split small, and worn shovel-fashion. Notwithstanding, he made his bow by no means ungracefully, and offered his services in choice Spanish, but spoke English as soon as he heard who we were.

"Pray, sir, are you the master of that vessel?" said the lieutenant.

"No, sir, I am the mate, and I learn you are desirous of a passage to Jamaica." This was spoken with a broad Scotch accent.

"Yes, we do," said I, in very great astonishment; "but we will not sail with the devil; and who ever saw a negro Scotchman before, the spirit of Nicol Jarvie conjured into a blackamoor's skin!"

The fellow laughed. "I am black, as you see; so were my father and mother before me." And he looked at me, as much as to say, I have read the book you quote from. "But I was born in the good town of Port-Glasgow, notwithstanding, and many a voyage I have made as cabin-boy and cook, in the good ship the Peggy Bogle, with worthy old Jock Hunter; but that matters not. I was told you wanted to go to Jamaica; I daresay our captain will take you for a moderate passage-money. But here he comes to speak for himself.—Captain Vanderbosh, here are two shipwrecked British officers, who wish to be put on shore on the east end of Jamaica; will you take them, and what will you charge for their passage?

The man he spoke to was nearly as tall as himself; he was a sun-burnt, an-

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gular, raw-boned, iron-visaged veteran, with a nose in shape and colour like the bowl of his own pipe, but not at all, according to the received idea like a Dutchman. His dress was quizzical enough —white trousers, a long-flapped embroidered waistcoat, that might have belonged to a Spanish grandee, with an old-fashioned French-cut coat, showing the frayed marks where the lace had been stripped off, voluminous in the skirts, but very tight in the sleeves, which were so short as to leave his large bony paws, and six inches of his arm above the wrist, exposed; altogether, it fitted him like a purser's shirt on a handspike.

"Vy, for von hondred thaler, I will land dem safe in Mancheoneal Bay; but how shall ve manage, Villiamson? De cabin vas paint yesterday."

The Scotch negro nodded. "Never mind; I daresay the smell of the paint won't signify to the gentlemen."

The bargain was ratified, we agreed to pay the stipulated sum, and that same evening, having dropped down with the last of the sea-breeze, we set sail from Bocca Chica, and began working up under the lee of the headland of Punto Canoa. When off the Sandomingo Gate, we burned a blue light, which was immediately answered by another in shore of us. In the glare, we could perceive two boats, full of men. Any one who has ever played at snapdragon, can imagine the unearthly appearance of objects when seen by this species of firework. In the present instance, it was held aloft on a boathook, and cast a strong spectral light on the band of lawless ruffians, who were so crowded together, that they entirely filled the boats, no part of which could be seen. It seemed as if two clusters of fiends, suddenly vomited forth from hell, were floating on the surface of the midnight sea, in the midst of brimstone flames. In a few moments, our crew was strengthened by about forty as ugly Christians as I ever set eyes on. They were of all ages, countries, complexions, and tongues, and looked as if they had been kidnapped by a pressgang, as they had knocked off from the Tower of Babel. From the moment they came on board, Captain Vanderbosh was shorn of all his glory, and sank into the petty officer, while to our amazement, the Scottish negro took the command, evincing great coolness, energy, and skill. He ordered the ship to be wore, as soon as we had shipped the men, and laid her head off the land, then set all hands to shift the old suit of sails, and to bend new ones.

"Why did you not shift your canvass before we started?" said I, to the Dutch captain, or mate, or whatever he might be.

"Vy von't you be content to take a quiet passage and hax no question?" was the uncivil rejoinder, which I felt inclined to resent, until I remembered that we were in the hands of the Philistines, where a quarrel would have been worse than useless. I was gulping down the insult as well as I could, when the black captain came aft, and, with the air of an equal, invited us into the cabin to take a glass of grog, We had scarcely sat down before we heard a noise like the swaying up of guns, or some other heavy articles from the hold.

I caught Mr. Splinter's eye—he nodded, but said nothing. In half an hour afterwards, when we went on deck, we saw by the light of the moon, twelve eighteen pound carronades mounted, six of a side, with their accompaniments of rammers and sponges, water buckets, boxes of round, grape, and canister, and tubs of wadding, while the combings of the hatchways were thickly studded with round shot. The tarpawling and lumber forward had disappeared, and there lay long Tom ready levelled, grinning on his pivot.

The ropes were all coiled away, and laid down in regular man-of-war fashion; while an ugly gruff beast of a Spanish mulatto, apparently the officer of the watch, walked the weather-side of the quarter-deck, in the true pendulum style. Look-outs were placed aft, and at the gangways and bows, who every now and then passed the word to keep a bright look-out, while the rest of the watch were stretched silent, but evidently broad awake, under the lee of the boat. We noticed that each man had his cutlass buckled round his waist—that the boarding pikes had been cut loose from the main boom, round which they had been strapped, and that about thirty muskets were ranged along a fixed rack, that ran athwart ships, near the main hatchway.

By the time we had reconnoitred thus far, the night became overcast, and a thick bank of clouds piled upon clouds, began to rise to windward; some heavy drops of rain fell, and the thunder grumbled at a distance. The black veil crept gradually on, until it shrouded the whole firmament, and left us in as dark a night as ever poor devils were out in. By and by a narrow streak of bright moonlight appeared under the lower edge of the bank, defining the dark outlines of the tumbling multitudinous billows on the horizon, as distinctly as if they had been pasteboard waves in a theatre.

(To be continued.)

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The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE FAMILY TOPOGRAPHER.

We wish this work success, since we know, by experience, the weight of topographical toil and trouble. A few extracts follow, from Vol. I. :—

Home Circuit—comprising the counties of Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.

Witchcraft.—Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, in the county of Essex, caused no less than *sixty* reputed witches in that county to be hanged within one year: after which, he himself, having been submitted, to one of his own tests, was condemned and executed for witchcraft. This is alluded to by Butler—

"Who after proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech."

The Witches Caldron.—In the vestry of Frensham Church, Surrey, hangs a huge caldron, hammered out of a single piece of copper, supposed by Salmon to be a remain of the ancient parochial hospitality at the wedding of poor maids. Aubrey supposes it to have been used for the church ales. Tradition reports it to have been brought from Borough Hill, about a mile hence. If any one went to borrow any thing, he might have it for a year or longer, provided he kept his word as to the return. On this hill lies a great stone, about six feet long: the party went to this stone, knocked at it, declared what was desired, and when they would return it; and a voice answered, appointing a time when they would find the article wanted. This kettle, with the trivet, it is said, was so borrowed, but not returned at the time fixed; and though afterwards carried, it would not be received, and all subsequent applications have been fruitless. —Another tradition ascribes the place whence it was borrowed to have been the neighbouring cave called Mother Ludlow's Hole.

Insult to Queen Elizabeth in a Court Sermon.—Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, incurred the queen's displeasure for preaching before the Court at Richmond Palace, in 1596, on the infirmities of old age, applying them at the same time personally to her majesty, and observing how it had "*furrowed her face and besprinkled her hair with its meal!*"

Oliver Cromwell and Bushell the philosopher.—In the Lambeth Marsh the philosophical Thomas Bushell concealed himself about the time Cromwell was made protector, during which time he constantly lay in a garret hung with black baize. At one end was painted a skeleton, extended on a mattress; at the other end was a small pallet bed; and the walls were covered with various emblems of mortality. Here he continued above a year, till his friends made his peace with the protector.

Lands held by the tenure of Castle Guard.—Much land in Kent, and other counties, is held of Rochester Castle by the tenure of perfect castle guard. On St. Andrew's Day, old style, a banner is hung out at the house of the receiver of the rents: and every tenant neglecting then to discharge his proper rent, is liable to have it doubled every time the tide passes the adjacent bridge during the time it remains unpaid.

Relics of Charles the First.—In Ashburnham Church, Sussex, are preserved the shirt, stained with some drops of blood, in which Charles I. suffered; his watch, which he gave, at the place of execution, to Mr. John Ashburnham; his white silk knit drawers; and the sheet which was thrown over his body. These relics were left, in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq., to the clerk of the parish and his successors for ever.

Hogarth and Sir Isaac Shard.—Of Rusper, in Sussex, was Sir Isaac Shard, proverbial for his penurious habits. His figure was introduced by Hogarth into a picture representing a miser trying a mastiff for robbing his kitchen: a circumstance which coming to the ears of his son, a high-spirited young man, he called at the artist's to see the picture, and being informed by the servant that the figure was considered to be like Sir Isaac Shard, cut the picture to pieces with his sword.

The Founder of Christianity and his followers.—The shrine in which were deposited the bones of Thomas-à-Becket, at Canterbury Cathedral, was of gold, ornamented with the most valuable jewels. In one year, whilst the offerings at the altar of Christ were 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*, at the altar of the Virgin only 4*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*, those at the shrine of this saint were 954*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* In the south transept of Chichester Cathedral is the tomb of St. Richard, bishop of this see, who is reported to have fed *three thousand* people with the bread intended for *ninety* only!

Nine Husbands.—At Birdbroke was buried, in May, 1681, Martha Blewitt, who was the wife of nine husbands successively. The text to her funeral sermon was—"Last of all, the woman died also." The ninth survived her.

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MANUFACTURES IN IRON AND STEEL.

THE 24th volume of the *Useful Arts* division of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* is occupied with these interesting and important branches of industry; and is intended to be the first volume of "A Treatise on the Present Improvement and Present State of the Manufactures in Metal." The subject is well arranged in chapters exhibiting the origin, history, and progress — as Iron Works in England—Smelting — Cast Iron Foundry, &c. &c.; in short, the work before us is a lucid exposition of the multiform adaptations of iron to all the arts and conveniences of life. The volume abounds with quotable passages, as the following:

Smelting and making Iron.

A late iron-master, to whose notes the present treatise is much indebted, justly observes, that it is one of the interesting characteristics of chemistry, when pursued as an amusement, that it is ever exciting curiosity and genius by exhibiting its wonderful changes and effects, yet frequently withholding every apparent cause for these effects; this is peculiarly the case in smelting and making iron. The few chemists who have pursued their inquiries into the nature of iron, have lamented the almost impossibility of accurately discovering its component parts. In the dry way, that is, the way in which iron is manufactured, the heat is too intense to collect what flies off, and in the humid way, viz. with acids, the same results cannot be obtained; on this account there are few subjects in which chemistry has really made so little progress as in the smelting and conversion of iron. Dr. Colquhoun, in the treatise already referred to, has entered with great minuteness into the assay of iron-stones, both in the dry and the humid methods.

The best fuel is undoubtedly charcoal; and this is known to consist almost entirely of carbon: but since it can no longer be furnished in supplies adequate to the consumption, pit coal that contains the greatest quantity of carbon, and the least amount of sulphur, is the best adapted substitute. The component parts of pit coal are argillaceous earth, bitumen, carbon, and pyrites, or sulphurets of iron: the proportions of these vary considerably in different kinds of coals, and but few of them are applicable to the smelting of iron. Iron ore consists of a great proportion of argillaceous earth, sulphur, iron, oxygen, arsenic, and frequently various other impurities. Limestone is principally calcareous earth, and although some kinds are more suitable than others on account of a less quantity answering the purpose, yet the quality of the metal is rarely affected by that of the lime, its sole use being as flux, to facilitate the melting of the ore, and protect the iron from the action of the blast when in the hearth.

As these materials approach the middle of the furnace, in all probability the fusion commences; the lime and the earthy part of the ore unite, and form a glassy cinder; the iron receives a due proportion of carbon from the coke, and descends to the bottom, and when it has passed through the cinder, little or no change can take place, as it is not found to differ, whether it remain six or twelve hours in the hearth. The presence of sulphur in the furnace, whether from imperfectly preparing the coke or iron-stone, or from a defective kind of coal, is certainly injurious to the metal; it not only impregnates it, but deprives it of its portion of carbon.

Good metal is of a strong dark grey colour, considerably granulated, runs fluid when melted, and is understood to be highly carbonated. Bad metal is tender, light coloured, has the appearance of bell-metal, and runs thick and sluggish. The best metal is most suitable to foundery goods; but it is found by experience that metal of rather inferior quality will make as good malleable iron as the best.

Iron Bridges.

The credit of having first suggested the practicability of constructing bridges of iron, has been claimed for the too notorious Thomas Paine, who is said to have conceived the idea from contemplating the fabrication of a spider's web in America. Whatever may be thought of this assertion, it is certain that, in 1787, Paine presented to the academy of sciences at Paris the model of a bridge which he had invented; and it is equally a fact, that during a greater part of the year following he resided at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, where a bridge, chiefly of wrought iron, was constructed under his direction, by the Messrs. Walker. Whatever may have been the precise principle of this pattern bridge, it was taken to London; exhibited there for a time; returned again to Rotherham, and there broken up. Pieces of this fabric were not long since to be seen on the premises of Messrs. Walker; some of which pieces were occasionally carried away as curiosities, by persons preferring a fragment of the handiwork to a relic of the osseous system of the famous

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author of the "Rights of Man!" It appears, however, from designs now or lately in the possession of Mr. White of Devonshire Place, that Mr. Pritchard, an architect of Eyton Turret, Shropshire, so early as the year 1773, suggested the practicability of constructing wide iron arches, capable of admitting the passage of the water of such a river as the Severn; and, in fact, the first practical exhibition of the plan, on a large scale, was the construction of the bridge at Colebrook Dale, chiefly in accordance with Mr. Pritchard's plans.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

WONDERFUL CABBAGE.

MR. George Wilkin of Rockliffe Cross, near the city of Carlisle, cut a cabbage in his garden, a few weeks since, which measured 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and weighed upwards of *two stone*

G. W.

IN the year 1791, died Jonathan Hartop of the village of Aldborough in Yorkshire, aged 148; his father and mother died of the plague at their house in the Minories, 1666, and he perfectly well remembered the great fire of London. He had been married five times and had seven children, twenty-six grand children, seventy-four great grandchildren, and one hundred and forty great, great, grand children.

He could read to the last without spectacles, and played at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas day 1789, he walked nine miles to dine with one of his great grand children.

A SOVEREIGN TRUMPETER.

A GENTLEMAN holding a plate for contributions at a public meeting, was observed after the collection, to take away a sovereign. When charged with the theft, he replied that *he* had put it into the plate as a *decoy* or *trap*; and also said, "You know *trumpeters never fight.*" P. T. W.

SINGULAR METHODS OF STUDY.

IT is recorded of Anthony Magliabechi, that his attention was continually absorbed day and night among his books. An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he generally remained fixed, in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers, until he was overpowered with sleep. With all this intense application to reading, his knowledge was well estimated in the observation applied to him—that he was a learned man among booksellers, and a bookseller among the learned.

DAVID BLONDELL, a Protestant minister in the 17th century, was esteemed one of those who had the greatest knowledge of ecclesiastical and civil history. He had a very singular way of studying: he lay on the ground, and had round about him the books which he wanted for the work he was upon.

DESCARTES used to lie in bed sixteen hours every day, with the curtains drawn and windows shut. He imagined that in that easy and undisturbed situation he had more command over his mind than when it was interrupted by external objects. And Malebranche used to meditate with his windows shut, as the light was a disturbance to him.

MEZERAI, the famous historian, used to study and write by candle-light, even at noonday in summer; and, as if there was no sun in the world, he always waited upon his company to the door with a candle in his hand. SWAINS.

WEALTH.

AN Arab, wandering in the deserts, and having eaten nothing for two days, was ready to expire with hunger. As he passed by one of the wells used by the caravans to water their camels, he perceived on the sand a little leathern bag. He took it up; and feeling something within, "Thanks be to Allah!" said he, "these are, I doubt not, either dates or nuts." Elated with this expectation, he hastened to open his bag, but as soon as he saw what it really contained, "Alas!" said he, in an agony of distress, "here are only pearls!"

IBID.

LEVITY CORRECTED.

AN English Ambassador having to inform Frederick the Great of a victory achieved by our soldiers, began with, "It has pleased Divine Providence."—"What!" said the king, "is God Almighty one of your allies?"—"Yes, sire," replied the Englishman, "and the only one who demands no *subsidies.*"

IBID.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 521.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.

PERSIA.

STREET IN ISPAHAN.

PERSIA is fairy-land. There is luxury in the name, and its history is fraught with romance. Its enchanting landscapes, "odorous shades," and balmy clime, seduce one into a train of ideal enjoyment and voluptuous ease. ISPAHAN, the capital, was long celebrated as one of the most splendid cities of the east. It flourished greatly under the caliphs of Bagdad: being situated in the centre of the province, and surrounded by its most fertile territories, it soon became a place of great population, wealth, and trade. That illustrious villain of history, Timour, severely checked the prosperity of this city: for, in 1387, he not only levied extortionately from the inhabitants, but upon suspicion of insurrection, he gave them up to indiscriminate massacre, in which 79,000 are said to have perished; and by way of a bloody pastime he piled the heads of the slain in heaps on the city walls.

Towards the beginning of the last century, when Chardin visited Ispahan, its magnificence among the cities of the east, was only eclipsed by the capitals of Hindostan and China. According to this traveller, Ispahan was 24 miles in circumference, and contained 172 mosques, 48 colleges, 1,800 caravanseras, and 273 public baths. In 1722, it was taken by the Afghans, who despoiled its most superb edifices. In 1727, it was retaken by Nadir Shah; but he did not restore the ravages of former attacks. Since that time, Ispahan has never been a royal residence, the more northern cities being preferred as more convenient for the almost continual wars of Persia with Russia. Ispahan, therefore, instead of being repaired, has gone to decay, and presents only the wreck of its former greatness. We gather thus much from the ingenious and enterprising Mr. Buckingham, who lately visited the place: he describes the ruined outskirts of Ispahan as a melancholy picture of desertion and devastation. Long streets, and large buildings, the interior of which, preserved all their original freshness, some indeed seeming scarcely to have been ever inhabited, were now abandoned to utter desolation and were the haunts only of the solitary raven.

Mr. Buckingham describes the gate

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by which he entered "the restricted city of Ispahan," as of very mean appearance, and exceedingly small. There was also great poverty in the aspect of the few first streets through which he passed, though the space of wall between the shops was whitewashed, and painted with the most grotesque figures, in combat, in the chase, at athletic games, &c. all very gaudily coloured and badly drawn. After a few winding passages he reached some noble ranges of bazaars, wider, more lofty, and better lighted than any similar places that he had seen, and where the shops were larger and better furnished than those either of Cairo or Damascus. Our traveller passed his time pleasantly enough in Ispahan; he describes his stay as "one unbroken succession of pleasures," during which he was "so highly honoured, so constantly delighted, and, in short, so completely surrounded by gratifications of every kind, that he neither had, nor wished to have, a moment of leisure or seclusion." The ancient bath of Shah Abbas the Great was prepared for him by express order from Assad Ullah Khan: in short, he received "all the proper honours due to a subject of so distinguished a nation as England."

We proceed to quote a few of Mr. Buckingham's descriptive passages.

"Ispahan is thought by Major Rennell to be one of the places to which the Jews were carried in their first captivity, when the ten tribes were taken captive to Nineveh; for tradition says, that during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, many Jews settled in the quarter called, to the present time, 'Yahoudeeah.' Abulfeda says also, that Bochtanser, (or Nebuchadnezzar,) when he destroyed Jerusalem, sent the Jews here, who built a town which they called 'Yahoudia;' that Gajjong was the most ancient of the villages on which Ispahan was built, and that Yahoudia was built at the distance of two miles from it. Also, that though Gajjong decreased, Yahoudia flourished by the accession of Mohammedan tribes, and its name still remained."

Mr. Buckingham confirms this illustration by Major Rennell. He subsequently "traversed nearly the whole of the central parts of the town, coming through long lines of bazaars, wide, lofty, well-aired and lighted, and filled with excellent shops of every description. They were as much superior to those of Turkey in their construction, as the shops that composed them were larger and better filled; and all the mechanical arts, whether in metal, wood, or other materials, were more neatly, ingeniously, and durably executed.

"At the close of our ride, we came out at the Maidan Shah, one of the largest public squares perhaps in the East; and more extensive than any which I remember to have seen, whether in Europe or elsewhere.* This Maidan is of an oblong form. On one side is a portion of the palace of Tamasp Shah, or, as some say, of Shah Abbas, in which we now lived, with a lofty gallery, supported by pillars, forming a sort of upper portico, on which the monarchs usually sat when they received any crowded processions of embassies, &c. in the Maidan below. Opposite to this is the small but elegant mosque of Lootf Ali Shah. At the southern end is the splendid mosque of the Shah Abbas; and at the northern extremity are the remains of an establishment, founded by the same king, for the Europeans settled in the city, of whom he was a distinguished patron during his reign.

"The country had now been two successive years without its accustomed supply of rain, so that the fountains and canals which usually refreshed and adorned this grand square were now mostly empty. The arched recesses going all around it, which had been formerly used as shops, and filled with the richest merchandize, were now entirely unoccupied; and the chambers of the upper gallery, above these, which had once formed the quarters of the monarch's body-guard, were now falling fast into ruin. The splendid parade of horsemen, and the train of royalty which once filled this noble space, were now replaced by a few solitary Moollahs coming and going to and from the mosques near, and some poor and ragged tents of fruit sellers which were scattered over its surface."

Among what may be called the street amusements of Ispahan are the performances of Dramatic Story-tellers and Singers, which Mr. Buckingham describes very circumstantially. The audience gathered in a circle about the performers, and money was thrown into the ring by those whose approbation the story had won: and, a note worthy of observation is that "no money was at any time demanded," and the performers appeared to be liberally rewarded. Mr. Buckingham calls the story a dramatic representation; "for although but one person appeared on the stage, there were as great a variety of characters

* It is at least four times as large as either Grosvenor-square, Russell-square, or Lincoln's inn.

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personated by this one as appears in any of our best plays.†" Now, we have seen and heard an histrionic wight rant and strut through a scene from Richard III. in a street of our Metropolis, without receiving a penny from *his* "crowded audience."

OLD BRITISH KINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE are a few songs sung in the present day which have a reference to the old kings of Britain—of Brennus and Belinus (the latter name is retained in Billingsgate), whose statues are at Bristol. Dryden has remarked—

From Brennus and Belinus is our line,
Who gave to sovereign Rome such dread alarms.

After sacking Rome, some accounts mention that they retired on payment of a large sum of money; Livy asserts that they were defeated in battle.

Respecting Arthur, who gained so many battles against the Saxons, and whose memory the Welsh idolize, there is a song, beginning—

In good King Arthur's golden days
The bells did merrily ring.

There is another respecting old King Coel—

Old King Coel
Was a merry old soul,
And he was a very good king;
And three of his sons
He turned out of doors
Because they could not sing.

The last King of Britain was Cadwallader the Blessed, who was so harassed by the Saxons, that he crossed over to Armorica for refuge, about 680.

Shakspeare appears to have been fond of the old British kings, by his introducing King Lear and Cymbeline.—W.

BEQUEATHING THE BODY FOR DISSECTION.

(To the Editor.)

THE underwritten is an extract of a gentleman's will, lately proved at Doctors' Commons:—

"Seeing the melancholy and unexpected termination of my brother George, in India, I am induced to take warning by his case (from several motives) to leave something behind me, stating my wishes as to how my body and trifling effects should be disposed of after death. My motives are, to save to my relations the trouble that attended the division of my brother's estate, in the first place; and the next, to advance the study of anatomy and my profession, for which I have the proudest notions and highest honour; thirdly, and principally, to remove from the minds of the foolish prejudiced, the absurd notion that exists against prosecuting the most beautiful of all studies—the investigation of Nature's handiworks. I therefore leave my body to Doctor ———, Professor of Anatomy at Trinity College, Dublin, to be dissected thoroughly, for the advantage of all the students that may then be attending his lectures, and which I consider will be conferring on me the greatest of all honours;—after which, that my skeleton be placed in the most conspicuous place, for all the future students of that school to take example by; unless, indeed, Dr. ——— may choose to present it to the Royal College of Surgeons in London, of which I am a member."

(The deceased requests his brother will overcome any prejudices that may exist with his relations about giving him up for dissection, and see the requests carried into effect.)

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE MIRROR.

*** After this, who will say, with Shakspeare—

———What can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?—ED.

AN OLD MAN'S ADDRESS TO A FLY IN AUTUMN.

I MARK thy silent, lonely way,
Poor solitary fly!
Thou'st almost spent thy little day—
The vernal months—the summer day;
Alas! and so have I.

And, tho' my day may longer seem,
Short is the life of man;
Now chilling blast, then gilded beam,
Await the ever-changing scene—
The transitory span!

My emblem true;—now here alone
I see thee crawl and pine:
Thy busy race no longer known,
Thy mate and old companions gone
For ever!—so are mine.

Thou seem'st to court my fleecy hose,
To nestle with a sigh—
Then, take a temporary doze:
A welcome, but a short repose,—
We both are doomed to die!

Like thee, I fail in vital heat,
And never to regain,
For, soon another's eye shall meet
Thee stretch'd in death on window-seat,
And me—on bed of pain. J. J.

MORLAND'S PALETTE.

(To the Editor.)

SEEING in Number 512 of the *Mirror* a print of Sir Joshua Reynolds's palette,

† Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia. By J. S. Buckingham. 2 vols. 8vo., whence the annexed Engraving is copied.

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I thought you would admit of a description of George Morland's. It is in my possession, and was given me by his brother, Mr. Henry Morland. In shape it is quite round, and about three inches and a half in diameter, with a small hole near one side. M. L. E.

The Novelist.

A TALE OF GALWAY.

In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and crossbones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "the crossbones," and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway, Ireland lay?" After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude. It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the

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increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed? and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met her's, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humorsome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion: and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation; and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the

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condition of a still accountable creature. On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him, —the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,— that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness, — for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine, —when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaltering voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled

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the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it." While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.—*Tour of a German Prince.*

Fine Arts.

THE STUDENTS OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE last school closed in November, 1829. The exhibition of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, in the autumn of last year, unfortunately prevented the directors from complying with the desire of the students to open a school at that period; but the loss is fully compensated by the splendid examples of art left in the Gallery *this* season for the advantage of the students, who have undertaken their arduous tasks with alacrity. Twenty-five new pupils have been introduced since the autumn of 1829. Many of these persons are very young, and deserve praise; but as our notice will be short, we can only commend them in general terms, exhorting them at the same time to persevere in their interesting and delightful pursuits.

The present school opened on Monday, the 17th ult.; and the industry of the students is evident from the number of copies produced since that date.

The Field of Battle, by *Borgognone*, is a most spirited performance, and well calculated as an example of *claro obscuro*. The attempts made to imitate it have been numerous; but the most successful are those of Messrs. Foster, Watts, &c. The grand landscape by *G. Poussin* has been pleasingly imitated by Mr. Marks; and Messrs. Simpson and Howell, in their studies from the Portrait of Rembrandt's Wife, have displayed considerable talent. Mr. Sargeant's attempt from *Claude's* Sunset is likewise highly creditable.

Cattle in a Landscape, by *Cuyp*. This is one of the master's best pictures, and is peculiar for its depth and mellowness of colour. The warm glow of summer pervades the scene, and the cattle, which are delightfully portrayed, appear to be refreshing themselves in a piece of transparent water, in which their forms are faintly reflected. Mr. Earl's copy from this work is considered to be the best; the efforts, however, of Messrs. Seaforth, Sargeant, Dujardin, Fussell, Fowler, and Andrews, ought not to be passed without notice. Mr. Seaforth's study from the *Vander Capella* is extremely delicate in colour, and free in the execution.

Miss Fanny Corbaux' water-colour drawing from the Musical Party, by *Metzu*, is remarkably clever. The inimitable *chef d'œuvre* has also been copied, in oil, by Miss Alabaster, in a fine style; and by Messrs. Fussell and Vickers. Miss Dujardin is a young lady of merit, and considerably improves: her copy from *Vanderneer's* Moonlight is very pleasingly painted.

The Infant Don Balthazar on Horseback, attended by the Conde Duke d'Olivarez, painted by *Velasquez*, is a noble picture, from which Miss Alabaster has executed a beautiful study; many other attempts have been made to imitate it, but not with equal success. Mr. Watts has produced an extremely bold copy from the View on the Grand Canal at Venice, by *Canaletti*; and the Cow's Head, the size of life, by *Berghem*, has employed the pencils of Messrs. Seaforth, Watts, and Fowler, who have all exerted their abilities to excel. We cannot in justice omit the name of Master Pasmore, who has ingeniously copied the same work.

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The Snake in the Grass *(Sir J. Reynolds)*, a Recumbent Venus *(Titian)*, and the Triumph of Silenus *(Rubens)*, are truly magnificent pictures, and have been studied by several gentlemen, whose exertions, if not altogether crowned with success, are nevertheless very commendable, and deserve encouragement.

Before concluding this notice, we must advert to the polite attention of Mr. Barnard, the keeper, to the various students, who have received every possible assistance from that gentleman.

G. W. N.

The Naturalist.

CURIOUS FUNGUS.

At the first meeting of the Medico-Botanical society for the Session, on Tuesday last, a paper was read from Dr. Walsh, describing the *Fungus Melitensis* growing in the Isle of Gozo, and once held in such reputation by the Knights of Malta that a particular guardian was appointed for its preservation. The narrative of the difficulties and the perils attendant on procuring it, with the graphic delineation of the romantic spot on which it grows, excited great attention. Specimens of the rock, of the alluvial soil, and of the fungus itself, were exhibited.

THE RHINOCEROS.

A huge specimen of this animal has been shipped at Calcutta, and is on its passage to this country. It is described as a very furious animal, stands 8 feet high, and is about 11 feet long. It was for several years in the possession of one of the Rajahs of India, who would only part with it on condition of having in exchange a full pack of English hounds, which were taken out last year. It has been insured for 1,500*l.* and is destined for the Zoological Society. According to the *Morning Herald*, there has not been a rhinoceros in England for 15 years. We remember to have read an interesting paper on the economy of this animal in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The writer was Dr. Parsons. The rhinoceros, a male, arrived in England in the year 1739, and was exhibited in Eagle-street, Red Lion Square. Dr. Parsons often visited it, and Dr. Douglas, on June 24 of that year, exhibited before the Royal Society a drawing, with a collection of figures of the animal taken from several authors; but Dr. Parsons completed what Dr. Douglas began, and a very interesting memoir have the two doctors produced.

STUPENDOUS OX.

An ox of extraordinary size has been fattened by the Duke of Devonshire, and is called "the Chatsworth Ox," from being grazed on that luxuriant estate. This ox is now 4½ years old, and weighs 220 stone of 14lb. or 3,080 pounds; and is allowed by the best judges of stock to be the largest and best of his age ever grazed in England. He would make a good Christmas acquaintance.

SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.

A patent was granted in February last to a tea-dealer, "for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant for producing a healthy beverage by infusion." The specification states the plant to be *Hawthorn*, from which the leaves may be taken from April to September inclusive: they are first to be carefully picked and cleansed, and next to be well rinsed in cold water and drained; and whilst in the damp state, they are to be put into a common culinary steamer, and thus steamed until they change from a green to an olive colour; the leaves are then to be taken out and dried "upon a hot plate well heated," and to be continually stirred up and turned over until they are thoroughly dry, in which state they may be preserved for use. When required for this purpose, an infusion is to be made.

ATTACKS ON PHRENOLOGY.

Dr. Elliotson, at the meeting of the Phrenological Society, Nov. 7, read a paper in reply to the Attacks on Phrenology made during the current year;—when the ingenious lecturer pointed out the errors into which the abusers of Phrenology have fallen. It appears that certain barbarous experiments attributed to phrenologists have been made by anti-phrenologists. Dr. Elliotson has explained that "all phrenologists condemn such experiments, and moreover never made them; that Gall, throughout his work condemned them, and urged his disciples not to attempt cultivating phrenology by such unsatisfactory means or barbarous mutilations, but to cultivate it by observing the facts of nature, and to investigate the results of those mutilations which nature herself has established,—by observing what deficiency in intellect or feeling corresponds with natural deficiency of individual parts of the brain."

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TOADS.

THE Toad is truly a venomous reptile, but its venom lies all in its skin, in the protuberances on its back. When provoked or hurt, it will discharge at these protuberances small particles of white poison: hence there are few dogs that will worry a toad; but a good dog will fasten upon any thing. I have seen the mouths of dogs swelled fearfully from worrying toads.—*Corresp. Mag. Nat. Hist.*

WHIRLS OF THE TUMBLER PIGEON.

A Correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History* suspects this movement to be practised only by the male pigeon; but a friend who has closely observed the habits of the pigeon assures us that the *tumbling* is practised both by male and female, though not so often by the latter. The young birds, when they get strong on the wing, begin to *back* or half tumble; they improve as they grow older, and some adepts will whirl over twice. The impression of the Correspondent is that the movement is indicative of pleasure or excitement. The catbird of Wilson throws itself into grotesque attitudes. The male of the yellow-breasted chat, while the female is sitting will sometimes mount up into the air, almost perpendicularly, to the height of 30 or 40 feet with his legs hanging; descending as he rose, by repeated jerks, as if highly irritated; or, as is vulgarly said, dancing mad. These unusual motions in the air, practised by a few other birds, during the season of incubation only, seem to be analagous to that of the tumbler pigeon.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

THIS magnificent lake, besides being the largest, is the highest of all the Canadian lakes. The greatest breadth of it in a north and south direction, is 140, while its length from east to west, is 360 geographic miles. Its coasts contain an extent of 1,500 geographic miles. The surface of the lake has been determined, by American engineers, to be 623 feet above the sea. The water is remarkable for its purity, as well as its coldness, which latter is supposed to be occasioned by its great depth. The centre of the lake has never yet been sounded, but the depth is known to vary from 80 to 150 fathoms at a short distance from the shore.—*Athenæum.*

WILD COTTON.

AMONG the various plants which nature in her Canadian wildness produces in profusion, few have perhaps been considered of less value than that which by the Canadians is called Cottonier. Cart-loads, nay ship-loads, of its seed are blown away by the wind yearly, and yet that seed (as we learn from the *Montreal Herald*) has now been ascertained to be convertible to a most useful and even important purpose. For this discovery, the public are indebted to the observation and perseverance of the lady of Dr. Stewart Chisholm, of Glengary, in Upper Canada, who resolved upon making the attempt to spin some of the wild cotton, heretofore lost to any good purpose. This attempt has so entirely succeeded, that not only has Mrs. Chisholm spun a very large quantity of the material, but has caused it to be wove into a sort of etoffe most valuable, in that rude climate, for many purposes, in the habitant's and cottager's establishment.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The Piccaroon.

(Concluded from page 381.)

"Is that a sail to windward, in the clear, think you?" said Mr. Spliuter to me in a whisper. At this moment it lightened vividly. "I am sure it is," continued he—"I could see her white sails in the glance just now."

I looked steadily, and, at last, caught the small dark speck against the bright background, rising and falling on the swell of the sea like a feather.

As we stood on, she was seen more distinctly, but, to all appearance, nobody was aware of her proximity. We were mistaken in this, however, for the captain suddenly jumped on a gun, and gave his orders with a fiery energy that startled us.

"Leroux!" A small French boy was at his side in a moment. "Forward, and call all hands to shorten sail; but, *doucement*, you land crab!—Man the fore clew garnets.—Hands by the top-gallant clew lines—peak and throat halyards—jib down-haul—rise tacks and sheets—let go—clew up—settle away the main-gaff there!"

In almost as short a space as I have taken to write it, every inch of canvass was close furled—every light, except the one in the binnacle, carefully extinguished—a hundred and twenty men at quarters, and the ship under bare poles. The head yards were then squared, and we bore up before the wind. The stratagem

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proved successful; the strange sail could be seen through the night glasses, cracking on close to the wind, evidently under the impression that we had tacked.

"Dere she goes, chasing de Gobel," said the Dutchman. She now burned a blue light, by which we saw she was a heavy cutter—without doubt our old fellow-cruiser the Spark. The Dutchman had come to the same conclusion. "My eye, captain, no use to doge from her, it is only dat footy little King's cutter on de Jamaica station."

"It is her, true enough," answered Williamson; "and she is from Santa Martha with a freight of specie, I know. I will try a brush with her, by"——

Splinter struck in before he could finish his irreverent exclamation. "If your conjecture be true, I know the craft—a heavy vessel of her class, and you may depend on hard knocks and small profit, if you do take her; while, if she takes you"——

"I'll be hanged if she does"—and he grinned at the conceit—then setting his teeth hard, "or rather, I will blow the schooner up with my own hand before I strike; better that than have one's bones bleached in chains on a key at Port-Royal.—But, you see you cannot control us, gentlemen; so get down into the cable tier, and take Peter Mangrove with you. I would not willingly see those come to harm who have trusted me."

However, there was no shot flying as yet, we therefore staid on deck. All sail was once more made; the carronades were cast loose on both sides, and double shotted; the long gun slewed round; the tack of the fore and aft foresail hauled up, and we kept by the wind, and stood after the cutter, whose white canvass we could still see through the gloom like a snow-wreath.

As soon as she saw us she tacked and stood towards us, and came gallantly bowling along, with the water roaring and flashing at her bows. As the vessels neared each other, they both shortened sail, and finding that we could not weather her, we steered close under her lee.

As we crossed on opposite tacks her commander hailed, "Ho, the Brigantine ahoy!"

"Hillo!" sung out Blackie, as he backed his maintop-sail.

"What schooner is that?"

"The Spanish schooner, Caridad."

"Whence, and whither bound?"

"Carthagena, to Porto Rico."

"Heave to, and send your boat on board."

"We have none that will swim, sir."

"Very well—bring to, and I will send mine."

"Call away the boarders," said our captain, in a low stern tone, "let them crouch out of sight behind the boat."

The cutter wore, and hove to under our lee quarter, within pistol shot; we heard the rattle of the ropes running through the davit blocks, and the splash of the jolly boat touching the water, then the measured stroke of the oars, as they glanced like silver in the sparkling sea, and a voice calling out "Give way, my lads."

The character of the vessel we were on board of was now evident; and the bitter reflection that we were chained to the stake on board of a pirate, on the eve of a fierce contest with one of our own cruisers, was aggravated by the consideration that the cutter had fallen into a snare, by which a whole boat's crew would be sacrificed before a shot was fired.

I watched my opportunity as she pulled up alongside, and called out, leaning well over the nettings, "Get back to your ship!—treachery! get back to your ship." The little French serpent was at my side with the speed of thought, his long clear knife glancing in one hand, while the fingers of the other were laid on his lips. He could not have said more plainly, "Hold your tongue, or I'll cut your throat." The officer in the boat had heard me imperfectly; he rose up—"I won't go back, my good man, until I see what you are made of;" and as he spoke he sprung on board, but the instant he got over the bulwarks he was caught by two strong hands, gagged and thrown bodily down the main hatchway. "Heave," cried a voice, "and with a will!" and four cold 32 lb. shot were hove at once into the boat alongside, and crashing through her bottom, swamped her in a moment, precipitating the miserable crew into the boiling sea. Their shrieks still ring in my ears as they clung to the oars, and some loose planks of the boat. "Bring up the officer, and take out the gag," said Williamson. Poor Walcolm, who had been an old messmate of mine, was dragged to the gangway half naked, his face bleeding, and heavily ironed, when the blackamoor, clapping a pistol to his head, bid him, as he feared instant death, hail "that the boat had swamped under the counter, and to send another." The poor fellow who appeared stunned and confused, did so, but without seeming to know what he said. "Good God," said Mr. Splinter, "don't you mean to pick up the boat's crew?" The blood curdled to my heart

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as the black savage answered in a voice of thunder, "Let them drown and be damned! fill and stand on!"

But the clouds by this time broke away, and the mild moon shone clear and bright once more, upon this scene of most atrocious villany. By her light the cutter's people could see that there was no one struggling in the water now, and that the people must either have been saved, or were past all earthly aid; but the infamous deception was not entirely at an end.

The captain of the cutter seeing we were making sail, hailed once more. "Mr. Walcolm, run to leeward, and heave to." "Answer him instantly, and hail again for another boat," said the sable fiend, and cocked his pistol. The click went to my heart. The young midshipman turned his pale mild countenance, laced with his blood, upwards towards the moon and stars, as one who had looked his last look on earth; the large tears were flowing down his cheeks, and mingling with the crimson streaks, and a flood of silver light fell on the fine features of the poor boy, as he said, firmly, "Never." The miscreant fired, and he fell dead. "Up with the helm, and wear across her stern." The order was obeyed. "Fire!" The whole broadside was poured in, and we could hear the shot rattle and tear along the cutter's deck, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded, while the white splinters glanced away in all directions.

We now ranged alongside, and close action commenced, and never do I expect to see such an infernal scene again. Up to this moment there had been neither confusion nor noise on board the pirate—all had been coolness and order; but when the yards locked, the crew broke loose from all control—they ceased to be men—they were demons, for they threw their own dead and wounded, as they were mown down like grass by the cutter's grape, indiscriminately down the hatchways to get clear of them. They stript themselves almost naked; and although they fought with the most desperate courage, yelling and cursing, each in his own tongue, yet their very numbers, pent up in a small vessel, were against them. Amidst the fire, and smoke, and hellish uproar, we could see that the deck had become a very shambles; and unless they soon carried the cutter by boarding, it was clear that the coolness and discipline of my own glorious service must prevail, even against such fearful odds, the superior size of the vessel, greater number of guns, and heavier metal. The pirates seemed aware of this, for they now made a desperate attempt forward to carry their antagonist by boarding, led on by the black captain. Just at this moment, the cutter's main-boom fell across the schooner's deck, close to where we were sheltering ourselves from the shot the best way we could; and while the rush forward was being made, by a sudden impulse Splinter and I, followed by Peter, scrambled along it as the cutter's people were repelling the attack on her bow, and all three of us in our haste jumped down on the poor Irishman at the wheel.

"Murder, fire, rape, and robbery! it is capsized, stove in, and destroyed I am! Captain, Captain, we are carried aft here—Och, hubbaboo for Patrick Donnally!"

There was no time to be lost; if any of the crew came aft, we were dead men, so we tumbled down through the cabin skylight, the hatch having been knocked off by a shot, and stowed ourselves away in the side berths. The noise on deck soon ceased—the cannon were again plied—gradually the fire slackened, and we could hear that the pirate had scraped clear and escaped. Some time after this, the Lieutenant commanding the cutter came down. Poor Mr. Douglas! we both knew him well. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the blood oozed down between his fingers. He had received a cutlass wound on the head in the attack. His right arm was bound up with his neckcloth, and he was very pale. "Steward, bring me a light—Ask the doctor how many are killed and wounded; and, do you hear, tell him to come to me when he is done forward, but not a moment sooner. To have been so mauled and duped by a cursed Buccaneer; and my poor boat's crew"——

Splinter groaned. He started—but at this moment the man returned again. "Thirteen killed, your honour, and fifteen wounded, scarcely one of us untouched." The poor fellow's own scull was bound round with a bloody cloth.

"God help me! God help me! but they have died the death of men. Who knows what death the poor fellows in the boat have died!"—Here he was cut short by a tremendous scuffle on the ladder, down which an old quarter-master was trundled neck and crop into the cabin. "How now, Jones?"

"Please your honour," said the man, as soon as he had gathered himself up, and had time to turn his quid, and smooth down his hair; but again the uproar was renewed, and Donnally was lugged

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in, scrambling and struggling, between two seamen. "This here Irish chap, your honour, has lost his wits, if so be he ever had any, your honour. He has gone mad through fright."

"Fright be d—d!" roared Donnally; "no man ever frightened me: but as your honour was skewering them bloody thieves forward, I was boarded and carried aft by the devil, your honour—pooped by Belzeebub, by——," and he rapped his fist on the table until every thing on it danced again. "There were three of them, your honour—a black one and two blue ones—a long one and two short ones—each with two horns on his head, for all the world like those on Father M'Cleary's red cow—no, she was humbled—it is Father Clannachan's I mane—no, not his neither, for his was the parish bull; fait, I don't know what I mane, except that they had horns on their heads, and vomited fire, and had each of them a tail at his stern, twisting and twining like a conger eel, with a blue light at the end on't."

"And dat's a lie, if ever dere was one," exclaimed Peter Mangrove, jumping from the berth. "Look at me, you Irish tief, and tell me if I have a blue light or a conger eel at my stern?"

This was too much for poor Donnally. He yelled out, "You'll believe your own eyes now, your honour, when you see one o'dem bodily before you! Let me go—let me go!" and, rushing up the ladder, he would have ended his earthly career in the salt sea, had his bullet head not encountered the broadest part of the purser, who was in the act of descending, with such violence, that he shot him out of the companion-ladder several feet above the deck, as if he had been discharged from a culverin; but the recoil sent poor Donnally, stunned and senseless, to the bottom of the ladder. There was no standing all this; we laughed outright, and made ourselves known to Mr. Douglas, who received us cordially, and in a week we were landed at Port-Royal. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Spirit of Discovery.

COURSE OF THE CHOLERA.

(Concluded from page 375.)

"THE Cholera prevailed at Madras in October, 1818; and from the Coromandel coast, it possibly may have been transported by sea to Ceylon, in the capital of which island, Candy, it broke out with dreadful severity in December of the same year. It commenced on the coast, and spread itself gradually over the interior, and was stated to have been imported from Pulamcotah, a town on the opposite side of the strait, which was infected at the time. The town of Candy is situated at a great elevation above the sea.

"About this time—namely, at the end of November, 1819—the disease began to rage in the island of Mauritius, a short time after the arrival of the *Topaze* frigate, several of the crew of which vessel died of cholera on the passage from Calcutta, and the officers of which vessel refused to submit to quarantine rules. The island of Bourbon, close to Mauritius, immediately established a strict system of sanatory regulations; and for a length of time it continued uninfected. On the 7th of January, however, a ship, named the *Pic-Var*, held a contraband communication with the shore; and on the 14th the cholera broke out at St. Dennis. Immediate measures were now resorted to, on the hypothesis that the disease spread by contagion. Part of the population was withdrawn, a lazaretto was established, and a double cordon was drawn around the infected spot. The disease spread no further in this island.

"From the Delta of the Ganges the disease extended itself, in a few months after its first irruption, along the eastern coast of the gulf of Bengal, and from Arracan, which it entered in 1819, it proceeded gradually to the peninsula of Malacca. In 1820 the kingdom of Siam was attacked, and forty thousand inhabitants perished in its capital, Bankok. In 1823, coincident with the Burmese war, and the march of our troops from sick districts in British India, the Birman empire became affected. Coincident again with the general or particular periods of the arrival of individual vessels or trading flotillas, we find the malady in Achem, the capital of Sumatra; at Banca, Java, and Borneo, in the Phillippine islands; at Amboyna, in the Moluccas; and at length in Macao and Canton, on the west coast of China. In the Philippine islands the malady was marked by one of those terrific outbursts of barbarian despair which have more than once signalized the progress of this pestilence. The Chinese and Europeans were accused of magic by the superstitious crowd and numbers of them were massacred on the shore within sight of an English vessel. Amongst the victims of assassination was the celebrated Godfrey, whose collection of reptiles and insects lent especial countenance to their

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insane accusations. Into the interior of these vast regions it penetrated, we are informed, by the itinerary lines, running from the harbours where it first found footing. The rivers especially led the malady to their sources, as in the case of the Irrouaddy, which it followed for 230 leagues into the Birman empire. By the Menan, again, it penetrated Siam and by the Cambogia, a pathway was opened into the kingdom of Laos, while the extensive system of inland navigation in China permitted its rapid propagation through the population of that immense empire. In a space of two years and a half it thus travelled from Macao to Pekin. No certain data have ever been obtained concerning its ulterior progress in this extraordinary country. All that is known satisfactorily is, that it continued to ravage China in various places, from 1820 to the present time; that in 1825 Kiachta, the great emporium of the Russo Chinese commerce, was reduced to a state of inactivity by the desolation occasioned in the interior; and that in 1827, according to the statement of the Russian Director of Customs, the great wall of China was traversed, and the inhabitants of Cocu-Coton, a town in the great desert of Cobi, were attacked.

"Returning to the peninsula of Hindostan, other offsets of the disease require to be noticed: one, for example, which, proceeding to the north, reached Laore in 1827, and extended through the various intermediate districts to the north till it reached Caboul, in the desert, beyond which no concatenation in its progress has been detected, though from the chains of caravans which pass in that direction through the country of the Kirghis-Kaïssacks, to Orenburg, it will presently be seen, that the occurrence of cholera in that city in the year 1830 has been attributed, with some appearance of plausibility, to this kind of communication.

"We have already alluded to the progress of the cholera eastward to Bahar, and from Bahar northward to Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Delhi. It then directed its course southward to Agra, Hussingabad, and Nagpore.—From Nagpore it again struck off in a south-east direction to Aurungabad, and then to Panwell and Poonah. Finally, in the second week of September, 1818, it broke out in Bombay."

The Editor's "Geographical Summary" is likewise as interesting as it is concise:—

"We have now cautiously and closely pursued this pestilence from its root, through its branches and minute ramifications. Though we may be deemed to have dwelt on this itinerary with superfluous minuteness, we might show that, of all the extraordinary features in this most singular affection, its geographical history is perhaps the most peculiar. We are thus enabled to understand how, originating in the Delta and the Ganges, 23 deg. N. lat., it partook of the character peculiar to all infectious epidemics, which have ever emanated from tropical climates, and from the alluvial districts bounding the mouths of mighty rivers. We have seen, as we followed it from clime to clime, how contemptuously it braved the opposing power of every atmospheric condition—how the burning heat of a Bengal or Molucca sun influenced its violence not more than the cold of a Moscow winter. We have found that extreme moisture and excessive dryness were alike unconnected with its maintenance, and still less essential to its existence, for we watched it desolating the dry and calcareous plains of Persia and the parched sands of Arabia, with the same fury that it manifested in the isles of the Indian Ocean and the swampy Deltas of the Ganges, Euphrates, the Volga, and the Dnieper. Again, the preceding itinerary has more than once pointed out the remarkable fact of elevation of region affording no immunity against its rage; great chains of mountains, the Gauts, the Caucasus, Mount Ararat and the Himalayas, having been traversed with the same violence that the malady swept the low jungle and the morass. Again, the route has shown the independence of the pestilence on any geological formation or terrestrial peculiarity, as it has traversed with equal ease the sandy plains of the Yemen, the basaltic declivities of the Mauritius and Bourbon, the steppes of Tartary, and the banks of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and Burrampooter. Neither have varieties in the human race, nor differences in human rank, had the least influence on its extension or diminution. We have seen it striking down its victims in every grade,—the nabob, the Brahmin, and the Paria; the planter and his slaves, the general and his soldiers, the magistrate and the beggar, alike falling beneath its wrath. We have marked it ravaging camps and fleets, routing entire armies, changing the fate of battles, and wresting the palm of hard-earned victories from the conquering Persians and the gallant Poles. We have seen the iron precepts of eastern superstition scoffed at by its powers; and the

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idol of Juggernaut, which was wont to drive over the prostrate bodies of multitudes of devoted pilgrims, left to moulder in its temple for the want of a sufficient number of devotees to move its colossal car. We have traced the pestilence through 700 irruptions, and shown it ravaging nearly 2,000 towns. We have seen it cutting off in Hindostan one-sixth of the whole population, in the cities of Arabia a third, in Persia a sixth, in Mesopotamia a fourth, in Armenia a fifth, in Syria a tenth; and in Russia, Poland, and Germany, a number not yet estimated with sufficient accuracy. Lastly, in the geographical route we have described we have been able to contemplate the enormous area of the disease, from the Mauritius, 20 deg. S. lat., to Archangel, 68 N.; and again, from the Yellow Sea to the meridian of Greenwich."

By the way, there is appended to this *Lancet* a quarto lithographic Map of the Progress of the Cholera, in which the places visited by the malady are perspicuously denoted.

Comparative Mortality of Cholera.

THE mortality of cholera has been very different in different places. According to an account given in the Russian State Gazette, the number cut off by the disease out of every 1,000 inhabitants, during the first 48 days of its visit, has been:—at Lemberg, 51; Mittau, 34; Riga, 31; Posen, 16½; Petersburgh, 12½; Konigsburgh, 11½; Elbing, 9½; Dantzic, 8½; Stettin, 5½; Berlin, 4.—*Medical Gazette.*

Cholera at Berlin.

IF it be recollected that the capital of Prussia contains 225,000 inhabitants, besides a strong garrison, the ravages of cholera in that city will not seem to be so very frightful. From the 31st of August to the 10th of October, the daily number of persons attacked was from 35 to 40; and the whole number during that period amounted to 1,100, of whom 233 were cured, and 665 died—the rest still remaining under cure. Of the garrison, no more than ten soldiers were attacked; but eight of them died. The physicians and hospital attendants have been generally safe.—*French Paper.*

Premature Interment in Cholera.

THE bodies of persons, apparently dead of cholera, have been in some instances observed to move. M. Londe, President of the late Warsaw Commission, has expressed his belief that many have been buried alive in the complaint.

Singularities.

AMONG the correspondence read at a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, were the following singular items:—1. A cure for the cholera, by a M. Dutertre, who offers to lose his head at the Place de Grêve if his remedy be not found superior to all that has ever yet been tried;—2. A letter from M. Garnier, announcing his discovery of the quadrature of the circle;—3. A letter, accompanied by a pretended *head of a flying dragon*, which M. Cuvier at once recognised to be the *head of a pig*; 4. A copy of verses on a new remedy for cholera!—*Medical Gazette.*

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LACONICS.
By L. E. L.

THE editor of the *Literary Gazette* has compiled the following passages from the long-expected novel, *Romance and Reality*, by Miss Landon, whom he considers equal, in this kind of writing, to Rochefoucauld. Our experience will scarcely warrant such praise, much as we always admire female laconism: the quotations are, however, entertaining, if not among the "beautiful thoughts" and "brilliant ideas, which enrich and brighten every page" of this "most striking production since Waverley." The book is scarcely published: but after reading it, we shall be happy to accord with every syllable of our critic's chivalrous enthusiasm.

The course of life is like the child's game—"here we go round by the rule of contrary"—and youth, above all others, is the season of united opposites, with all its freshness and buoyancy.

The attention of a superior is too flattering to our vanity not to call it forth.

A great change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection.

What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy.

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Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.

The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other.

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies.

Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!

Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forwards.

There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure.

We are reproached with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately: not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of all our faculties.

The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances.

What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write; but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colours, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?

Knowledge, when only the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single.

Habits are the petrifactions of the feelings.

Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth.

Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.

Inclination never wants an excuse—and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.

Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other.

The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones: it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.

The difference between good and bad intentions is this:—that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.

The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey.

Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous.

We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.

A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection.

Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken.

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How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

HONESTY.

"GOING with some gentlemen to a play at Salisbury Court," says Mr. Owen Feltham, "I cast into the woman's box who sate at the door to receive the pay, as I thought, so many shillings as we were persons in number; so we passed away, went in, and sate out the play. Returning out the same way, the woman that held the box as we went in, was there again as we went out. Neither I nor any of my company knew her, or she us; but, as she had observed us going in, she addresses to me, and says, 'Sir, do you remember what money you gave me when you went in?'—'Sure, said I, as I take it, I gave you twelvepence a-piece for myself and these of my company.'—'Aye, sir,' replies she, 'that you did, and something more, for here is an eleven-shilling piece of gold, that you gave me instead of a shilling; and if you please to give me twelvepence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand."

W. G. C.

A NICE LITTLE WORD.

AMONG the dramatic library at Messrs. Sotheby's is a musical comedy, composed by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq., entitled—The Baron *Kinkvervankotsdorsprakingatchdern*. The meaning of this word would make a famous prize essay for the young students at the King's College.

P. T. W.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is nothing that so sensibly affects the susceptible heart (both of giver and receiver) as gratitude: an impression which is chiefly produced by the very rare occurrence of this cheap virtue.—T.

EPITAPH ON RICHARD GROOMBRIDGE, IN HORSHAM CHURCHYARD.

He Was.

NO MISTAKE.

AN Irish pig-merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, took an inside place in one of our stage-coaches. A dandy, who was a fellow-passenger, was much annoyed at the presence of Pat; and having missed his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket, threatening to have him taken before a magistrate at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the exquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made an awkward kind of apology upon the occasion; but Pat stopped him short with this remark, "Make yourself aisy, darling, there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman, and we are both mistaken, that's all, honey."

GEORGE SELWYN once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G——. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when, after her signature, stood—"P.S. Who was right now, you or I?"

A YOUNG student, showing the Museum at Oxford to a party, produced a rusty sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the company observed that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," said the student, "and this is the very sword he wished for!"

CHARLES THE SECOND playing at tennis with a dignified prebend, who had struck the ball well, he exclaimed—"That's a good stroke for a dean."—"I'll give it the stroke of a bishop," said the dean, "if your majesty pleases."

WHEN Cibber was within a few days of 84, a friend told him he was glad to see him look so well. "Faith," said he, "it is very well that I look at all."

LAW OF LOVE.

A YOUNG lawyer being very assiduous in his attentions to a lady, a wit observed that he never heard of people making love by *attorney*. "Very true," replied the other, "but you should remember that all Cupid's votaries are *solicitors*."

WHEN George the Third pensioned Dr. Johnson, he also pensioned Shebeare. Some one remarked that the latter did not merit it."—"Pooh!" said Foote, "when his majesty pensioned the *hebear*, he could not avoid doing the same by the *she-bear* also!"

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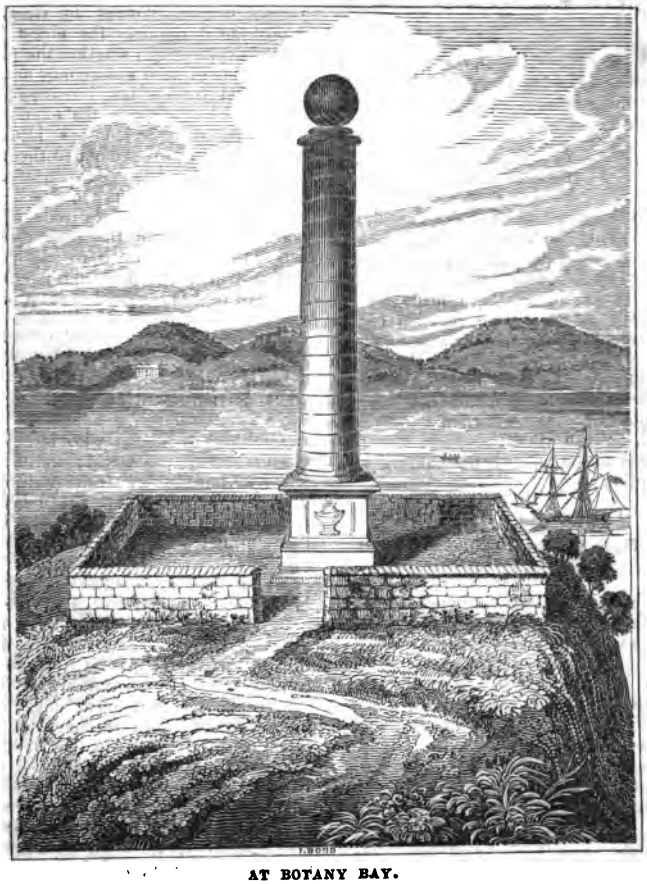
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 522.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1831. [Price 2d.

LA PEROUSE'S COLUMN,



AT BOTANY BAY.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

On a spot near the entrance to Botany Bay the French government have caused to be erected the above column, to the memory of La Perouse: it is situated on a little elevation, not far distant from the place at which Captain Cook landed.* The column is circular, standing on a pedestal, and surmounted by a sphere. Its elevation may be about fifteen feet. This was the last place whence intelligence was received from the indefatigable, but unfortunate navigator.

The inscriptions on the pedestal of the column are in English and French, and as follow:—

This place, visited by Monsr. de la Perouse, in 1788, is the last whence any accounts of him were received.

* See Cook's First Voyage, vol i. p. 18—Limbird's edition. On the discovery of Botany Bay, it suggested itself as a good place for founding a colony with convicts, and it was determined to send some out. The first convicts that sailed arrived Jan 20, 1788, with Governor Philip.

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Erected, in the name of France,
by
M.M. de Bougainville and Ducampier,
commanding the frigate La Thetis,
and the corvette L'Esperance,
lying in
Port Jackson. Ann. 1825.

About one hundred yards distant inland from this column, near a red-gum tree, are interred the remains of Pere le Receveur, one of the naturalists attached to Perouse's expedition, who died at Botany Bay, in 1788. On the red-gum tree, was the following inscription, carved by one of the officers attached to Bougainville's expedition :—

Prés de cet arbre
Reposent les restes
Du P. Le Receveur
Visité en Mars, 1824.

During the time that the French discovery ships La Thetis and L'Esperance lay at Port Jackson, this place was also visited by their commanders and officers; and search having been made for the exact spot where the remains of the naturalist were deposited, some of his bones were found; and over that spot a monument has been directed by them to be erected to his memory, and which had been commenced when I visited the spot, on the 13th February, 1829: on it was to be placed the following inscription :—

Hic Jacet
Le Receveur Ex. F. F. Minoribus
Gallia Sacerdos
Physicus in Circumnavigatione Mundi
Duce de la Perouse
Obiit die 17 Feb. Anno 1788.

There is the following mention of the death of Le Receveur in Philipp's Voyage to Botany Bay, &c.:—"During the stay of M. de la Perouse in Botany Bay, Father Le Receveur, who came out in the Astrolabe, as a naturalist, died. His death was occasioned by wounds which he received in the unfortunate rencontre at the Navigator's Island. A slight monument was erected to his memory, and an inscription was placed on it similar to the preceding." *G. B.'s Journal*, 1829.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE question "whether the character of Napoleon deserves the admiration of mankind" has been so often started and canvassed, without our arriving at any satisfactory result as to preponderance of opinion, that we may at any rate regard the subject as highly worth our consideration. The question is not indeed without its difficulties :—In the first place, all investigations into character are in themselves necessarily difficult; but more particularly those contradictory characters where we find virtues counterbalanced by vices, and where too it requires the nicest judgment to distinguish, whether the plausible actions of such a man may not have proceeded from a bad intention; and, on the contrary, where the effects produced by any action are injurious, whether the will that dictated them may not nevertheless have been sincere. In addition to this, we are not yet sufficiently removed from the time of Napoleon to estimate the effects of his career;—not that we have any lack of information respecting him; but the stamp of time is required to set a proper value even on truth itself. The difficulty I here allude to consists in separating the grain from the chaff—in detecting what is false, and retaining what is true—in distinguishing the mere speculation of a bookseller from the writings of a man who is desirous of enlightening the world; and further, when we have before us the writings of a man of genius like Scott, to bear in mind his political opinions, and observe as we go on, whether he has treated his subject fairly and impartially.

There have been extraordinary men in all times—master-spirits of the age in which they lived—who have overtopped their fellows, and surpassed the ordinary stature of mankind. Such men as these have ever sprung up at intervals, especially in ancient days; and, indeed, as we devour the pages of Plutarch or of Homer—as we read the actions of such men, varnished over with the magic of their style, we might well suppose that heroism was in those days carried to the utmost verge of human possibility. We might have thought thus a century ago; but now, even such names as Cæsar and Alexander, that before bespoke admiration with their very accents, have the veil of obscurity thrown over them by the magic of the name of Napoleon. In the energetic language of Byron, we are now tracing the career of

——"that modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car!"

—that darling of a nation, the bravest, the most intellectual, and the most civilized (with the exception of one, which may stand on equal ground) that has

* We print this paper from our accomplished correspondent F.; but we wish to be understood as not coinciding with all his opinions. He has submitted them to our judgment, requesting us to "keep with" some—"the rest banish;" but we had rather leave the entire merits to the candour of the reader.

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adorned the age of the moderns. His memory is idolized there even now;—with the rest of her heroes, his actions are enrolled in her annals; but they are also written in more indelible characters on the tablets of the mind: his spirit yet hovers in imagination on the shores of that country he loved so well, and his wild name will prove a stimulus to her sons as long as she remains a nation.

I shall endeavour first to lay before my readers some defence of the dark points of Napoleon's character; and I shall afterwards venture an eulogium on him, which I feel, however, will as little express my admiration as it will equal his merit.

The great characteristic fault of Napoleon was—his ambition: not that I charge it upon him as a fault, but that I would defend it as an alleged fault. I consider ambition and ambitious men, so far from being injurious, to be beneficial in a state. What is it but ambition that excites the arts and calls forth ingenuity?—and that spirits up the scholar, as well as the soldier, to great and noble undertakings? That man is beneath regard, who has not some seeds of it in his nature; and he that is totally devoid of it, is little better than a fool. Unhappily, crimes of military and political life have ever been overlooked by society, or at least not regarded as crimes; and therefore some degree of guilt must be detracted from the offenders. Society gives birth to these crimes, or at least contributes to their growth, and therefore too it is in some measure answerable for the consequences and the miseries it entails on itself. When ambition is carried beyond the bounds of moderation (as, it must be owned, was the case with Napoleon), it is undoubtedly a great evil; but when we speak of character and good intention, however wrong a man's conduct may be, it may at the same time not be altogether culpable. In Napoleon, ambition was the propensity of his nature;—that propensity was nourished and increased by circumstances, and must therefore be looked upon as extenuated by circumstances. The future conqueror of Europe sprung up at a time when the minds of men were heated and torn by convulsions, when ambition was everywhere the order of the day, and when, in the most remote provinces of France, the minds of its people were inflamed by mutual sympathy. In addition to these troublous times, Napoleon was educated within the walls of a military college—a school the least likely of any to subdue a temperament like his. It has been well said, "that as the twig is bent, so too it must grow." Now Napoleon was taught in his youth to obey the orders of his officer, not the dictates of his conscience, and to attempt the execution of those orders without considering whether they were either practicable or just.

But it has been said, that if Napoleon had remained merely ambitious, he might have been forgiven; and that his ambition afterwards degenerated into cruelty and tyranny. This however is an assertion that facts scarcely bear out his enemies in charging against him. If there are any grounds for such an imputation, if he was ever slightly cruel, it was from policy, for by nature he was benevolent and just. But there seems a degree of absurdity in men who have no access to the secrets of a cabinet, sitting in judgment even upon the policy of such a man as Napoleon! If we are not prejudiced against him—if we are willing to judge him fairly, we must not overlook the natural effects, on a temper so fiery and ardent, of that sudden transition from obedience to power—from poverty to independence. It was truly said by Dr. Johnson, "that every man who becomes invested with authority and influence will in a very short time be convinced, that as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced."

One of the heaviest charges against Napoleon is the treatment of his own troops at Jaffa. Every one knows that story; and it is as unnecessary for me to enter into a detail of it, as it would be idle to bring forward any arguments in conviction of his innocence, because I conceive every one must be left to form his own opinion as to the degree of guilt that attaches under the circumstances of the case. For my own part, I look upon this as one of those gross falsehoods, of which so many were circulated during the continuance of his power. I shall, however, lay before my readers a short extract from Sir W. Scott's work, in his defence:—"That the motives of Napoleon were cruel, no one who considers the temper and situation of the man will ever believe; he doubtless designed, by shortening the lives of these men, to do them the best service in his power." This, it must be remembered, proceeds from the pen of a man, both by principle and feeling, his enemy—from an author who has had the latest and most authentic information on this point, and who would hardly have acquitted him if facts had

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not been in his favour. But if Jaffa was the scene of an alleged cruelty, it was also the scene of a positive act of heroism. We read that there was a plague at Jaffa, that the plague spread through the French camp, and that the healthy trembling to administer to the sick, left them to fall alone in their misery;—we read further, that Napoleon went in person through the camp, that he breathed hope into the minds of the sufferers, and that he even relieved with his own hands those ulcers that others would neither dare to touch nor could endure to look upon! Whose breast does not thrill with enthusiasm at the recital of such magnanimity as this? Let it be remembered that Napoleon was the last man in the camp upon whom such a duty as this should have devolved—that he had the most to lose, and that therefore the sacrifice was the greater—and, lastly, that being an ambitious man, it would have been more natural for him to have turned aside from anything that would have checked him in his career. However, it was an act of true heroism; and it is needless for me to dilate upon it any further, for it speaks its own excellence.

With regard to the treatment of the Empress Josephine, this may be looked upon as a grievous charge by weak and ignorant minds; but every intelligent person is aware, that in royal contracts the ties of domestic life must be sacrificed to those political advantages which have so often before dissolved, and must again dissolve, the marriages of princes. It was for these considerations that Napoleon consented to sacrifice his own personal feelings for the good of the state; yet we find that it was a long time ere he could reconcile himself to the separation, for he loved Josephine as passionately as she served him well. He was not a mere man of pleasure; he was not a Henry VIII., to set aside his tried consort for the gratification of a new bride;—and knowing as we do his undoubted magnanimity, we can hardly suppose him so selfish as voluntarily to desert the wife of his youth, and the woman who had been his faithful partner through the course of an eventful life.

I come now to the death of the Duke d'Enghien. This, it must be owned, is the darkest and most mysterious spot on the memory of this great man. I shall not attempt any defence of him on this point, because I am afraid facts and arguments are against him; but it may at least be said in his favour, that the statement of facts, as given in most histories, is allowed to be grossly exaggerated. The remembrance of this tragedy embittered many an hour during his exile; and he more than once expressed indirectly his contrition for the share he took in that unhappy affair. If then we will allow something for the frailty of poor human nature, that man, may surely be excused for one error, who has cancelled it by such great and important benefits to mankind.

I now turn with pleasure from the task of defence, to pay the tribute of praise.

Whether we look to the public or private virtues of Napoleon—whether we consider his genius or his heroism—whether we call to mind his remarkable sayings and speeches, or his yet more unparalleled deeds—the mind is so whelmed in admiration, that the memory loses itself in the recollection of his glory, and the judgment pauses, not knowing where to begin. Shall I first direct your attention to his great public works, the great and numberless improvements he made throughout France, or the edifices with which he adorned its capital? One of his works alone, that inimitable code of laws which he has left as an invaluable legacy to the French nation, is sufficient of itself to entitle him both to the praise and gratitude of posterity. Notwithstanding the immense care of a vast empire that devolved upon him, he yet contrived to bestow a great portion of his time and thought on the completion of this great work; and if it is urged that it was his ambition, and not his philanthropy, incited him to this also, and that his vanity dictated to entwine the laurels of the conqueror with the more classical wreath of the legislator and statesman, it may be answered that we must not quarrel with ambition when it is content to employ itself for the good of mankind.

In his private life, Napoleon ever practised the Christian virtues of temperance, soberness, and chastity. He knew well that the habits of temperance recommended in the schools were quite as necessary in the discipline of a camp; and though he might have allowed himself, with the rest of his officers, in the license of a military life, he never indulged beyond moderation in the pleasures of the wine-cup, and he could satisfy his appetite with the coarse fare allotted to the common soldier. Whether he was ennobling the arms of France on the plains of Italy, or extending his conquests in Egypt, he must surely have had the most beautiful captives constantly within his reach;—yet Napoleon was as fastidious

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as a Scipio, and the husband of Josephine was never known to trespass on the rules of conjugal fidelity. During his longest campaigns, the Emperor was in the habit of undergoing more fatigue in the course of the day than the meanest soldier in the ranks; yet he was the last to lie down in his cloak at night, and the first to rise in the morning. Neither winter nor summer were seasons of repose for him; a few hours of rest sufficed; and, to the surprise of his drowsy attendants, he was accustomed to walk or study till the dawn of day. He had indeed bestowed upon him by nature a frame of iron, as firm and invincible as the soul within that directed its movements. When the army of France was traversing the burning plains of Libya—when such spirits as Ney and Murat resigned themselves to despair, and in the agony of the moment trampled underfoot in the sand the cockades of their country—it was then the marble-like countenance of their commander betrayed no change: no sweat stood on his brow; and, in addition to the composure of himself, he undertook the more difficult task of cheering his men. His intellect was particularly distinguished by rapidity of thought, for he could see at a glance what others arrived at only by dint of study. He had such a wonderful sagacity in diving into the characters of mankind, that whereever there were men whose particular talents fitted them for any particular station, he could search out and secure them to his interests; and his ambassadors, judges, and admirals were all of them men who contributed in their respective spheres to the security of their master, and the welfare of the nation.

To conclude. Can we refrain from yielding that respect which is ever due to superior power?—or, who is there that can follow the movements of a Napoleon without feeling the blood circulate through his veins with a more quickened impulse? To see him first patiently serving in the ranks, and afterwards, at the head of a devoted and victorious army;—to see him adopted as a brother to the gods of the earth, and holding the lives and estates of thousands as much at his disposal as would have been his little patrimony, had he remained in obscurity in the island of Corsica;—to see him here overturning thrones, there re-composing others with their ruins;—hurrying from shore to shore, like Cæsar, conquering as he went, and only remaining a sufficient time to inscribe his name in the annals of every nation;—throwing crowns as he runs to his soldiers on the one hand, to his family on the other;—and lastly (for there is no end to the particulars of his glory), to die as heroically as he had lived: leaving behind him a name, at whose wild accents mankind even now grow pale—a name to be extinguished but with the whole world!

F.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A PARTICULARLY pretty custom prevails in the lower provinces, and particularly in the vicinity of Frejus and Antibes. About four weeks previous to Christmas, the youths of the village serenade all the young women, usually on the Saturday evening; in return for which honour, each is obliged to present to the oldest of the youths, called Aba, a cake at Christmas, marked with her name. As no one ever neglects to fulfil the obligation, the second day of Christmas brings a splendid collection of the whole village, and the cakes are sold by auction in the following manner:—The Aba having mounted a small stage, on which the cakes are placed, in baskets elegantly decorated, he commences—"A fine, light, sweet, delicious, charming plum-cake, number one, Maria Coutelon." The orator then, taking the cake in his hand, proceeds to expatiate on the beauty, notability, and other perfections of the maker. The bidding then commences, and the cake is finally consigned to the richest, or most persevering among the bidders. In the same manner one number follows another, until all the cakes are sold; and the money thus produced is applied to a dancing fund.

Mr. Coxe, in his "Tour through France," gives the following description of the manner in which Christmas is kept there: "When Christmas draws near, every family in easy circumstances sends for a cask of wine, and lays in a stock of southern fruits, which, as they arrive, may be seen on the quay in large quantities. In the flower-market, orange branches, with fruit or blossoms, in elegant tubs; as also all kinds of toys for children, and laurel-trees, hung with various kinds of southern fruits; rose-trees in beautiful pots, &c., are set out for sale. The Christmas evening is devoted to universal joy and festivity;—every booth, cellar, coffee-house, &c., is illuminated, and the table of the poor chestnut-roaster has an additional lamp.

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ESHER PLACE.

Esher Place, Surrey, was originally a Palace of the Prelates of Winchester, being built by Bishop Wainfleete, and greatly improved by Cardinal Wolsey, when he held that see in conjunction with those of York and Durham. The whole was re-built by the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, brother to the late Duke of Newcastle, in the same style as the original, and after the design of Kent, except the two towers in the body of the house, which belonged to the old structure. In one of these towers was a curious winding staircase, which gained the admiration of many eminent architects.

To Esher Place, formerly called *Asher*, Wolsey retired after he had perceived, for the first time, that he had for ever lost the favour of his sovereign. The grounds, which were also laid out by Kent, are beautifully picturesque.

Thomson calls them

> Esher's groves,
> Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
> By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
> From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.

Pope, in the Epilogue to the Satires, sings of

> Esher's peaceful grove,
> Where Kent and Nature join for Pelham's love.

Dodsley, too, sings of

> the lovely vale of
> Esher, where the Mole glides lingering; loth
> To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.

The mansion afterwards became the property of Miss Pelham; and at her decease was sold to John Spicer, Esq., who pulled down the old mansion, except one of the towers, and erected an elegant mansion nearly on the same spot.

The Cut represents Esher Place in Mr. Pelham's time, the middle tower, with the vane, being the only portion then remaining of the original building. We find one of Wolsey's letters to Cromwell, and now in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, dated "from Asher."*

* See *Mirror*, vol. xi., p. 216, for view and description of "Wolsey's Well," in the grounds of Esher Place.

The Sketch-Book.

JEAN PREVOST; OR, THE ARM OF THE DEVIL.

It is of little importance, gentle and judicious reader, whether thou ever wert across the channel of the waters, which flow betwixt the chalky cliffs of Dover, and the sandy beach of Calais:—I mean in so far as regardeth thy capacity to understand my tale; seeing that it formeth no part of my intention to quote French phrases, or hinge the interest of my narration on customs exclusively Gallic; although I must, as a faithful historian, apprize thee that the circumstances I shall relate, took place in the commune of Beauvais, in the department of Brest, in the kingdom of France, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and seventeen.

Jean Prevost was as honest a man, and his family of children and grandchildren, who all dwelt under his roof, were as well provided for, as any in the whole parish. He had the best cured bacon, and the finest flavoured cheeses in the district, and, on holidays, he could indulge himself and his guests, with a rasher of the one, and dressed lentils; a slice of the other, and, to wash all over, a draught of wine, superior to the small beer sort of stuff, the poorer folks swallowed, under the fine name of *vin du pays*.

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But Jean was old:—"he had been a soldier in his youth," and that did not make him a whit younger, for a soldier's life is a rough one, and wears a man sadly. But, though old, he was as brave in spirit as he had ever been; and, except when the weather changed, and his old wounds, barometer-like, felt it, he was vastly good-natured and happy. And so he might—for he was above want, and in comfort himself, and knew that he had wherewithal to make those he cared for equally so; for he owed no man anything, and was the owner of a snug little corner of land which he had bought from the Commissionaires of confiscated domains six and twenty years before, with a little money he had saved when quartered for two years in the house of one rich widow in the Fauxbourg, St. Antoine, in Paris, and twelve months and a half with another in the Rue de Provence in Lyons, for, though now bent and weak, he was once tall, comely and strong. He also received a pension from the State for the wounds he had gotten in its service.

At the time my tale begins Jean *was* old, however, and even ill. He had caught a cold after dancing at the wedding of his eldest grandson. The Apothecary of a neighbouring village in passing, having heard that Jean was sick, called to see him, and brought from out his saddle bags a goodly store of gallipots and pill boxes, papers of brickdust, and other medicines; but Jean, who had never been so ill before, said he would have none of them, and told the man of Glysters to go "*au diable.*" Whether he took this advice or not I cannot, for a certainty, state; though I deem it improbable that he did, seeing that he left the house muttering "*Mon Dieu*"—not a very likely way of talking, when about making a call on the Devil.

Jean ate, or tried to eat, fat bacon, and drank, or tried to drink, some of his best wine—but all would not do. When honest Jean Prevost, sometime ploughboy, and cultivator at the farm of Clos-Giraud, next grenadier in Biron's Chasseurs, and lastly *proprietaire* in the department of Brest,—was born, it was decreed that sixty-eight years should be the term of his lease of life;—and Nature had fulfilled the contract. Now the time of expiry had arrived, and Jean *felt*, and his children *saw*, that he was dying. The veteran had always been a good Catholic, and had not missed hearing mass, and keeping lent and fast days, as strictly as his love of bacon, when cured after his own fashion, would let him,—at least for the last dozen years. But his old friend, the Curate, who had visited, and married, and buried, and eaten with every family in the parish in turn, had died lately of a surfeit, from disposing of the greater part of a young pig, the half of a turkey, and six "*omelettes a la Fermière,*" at a merrymaking, on the marriage of the young woman whom *he* called his niece, and the *world* called his daughter; and he had been succeeded by some zealous lenten-faced, soupmaigre eating, but plotting and avaricious Jesuits, called in modern parlance Missionaries, who settled themselves in an old Monastery, and undertook the cure of all the souls in the parish.

Jean had a mortal dislike to these fellows, who were always preaching about the lost property of the church,—the propriety of refunding it, and the blessedness of tithepaying. But how could the old fellow act, when he saw himself dying? No other priest was to be had, and what good Catholic would die sans absolution? So he even sent for one of these lean-faced gentry, on purpose to receive his certificate of discharge from the army of this world, that he might the more readily get admission into one of the standing regiments of heaven. A member of the scarecrow tribe soon arrived, for they knew Jean to be a man who could pay, and proceeded without delay to his bedside. He was fast approaching to the grave, but the friar would not let him get quietly into it, by easing his soul, and by giving him extreme unction, till he confessed and did penance. Did penance—why old Jean could not turn on his side!—yet he was obliged to own that he had flirted with the widows—had liked wine too well, and had eaten too much bacon in his lifetime—even on Fridays. "Now," thinks he, "he'll surely dismiss me!"—but no:—Jean Prevost was told he could not have absolution till he restored to the church the lands which had once been its property, but which he had fairly bought and paid for! At this startling proposition, Prevost, weak as he was, raised himself up and stared—as well he might. He then, by looks, declined to acquiesce in this modest demand.—It was reiterated with threats.—Jean recovered speech—cursed the old Monk—made signs to his son to kick him down stairs—was eagerly obeyed—shook hands with his children—blessed their offspring—said an ave—and gave his spirit to its Giver. The priest, with an aching breech, hastened to communicate this bad success to his brethren, and they swore to be revenged. This, they thought

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they would do by sending word to Jean's family, that they would not permit him Christian burial, "even if he came to the churchyard—which he would never do;"—(true, dead men don't walk far,) "for," said they, "the Devil, and three of his servants, would carry him to hell the same night."

Jean's friends were dreadfully frightened at all this; but an old fellow-soldier of his, who happened to be a guest in the house at the time, smelt the rat beneath the cassock, and answered them "that his old friend's bones would lie in the churchyard, and devil a bit of the Devil would touch them, *till they got there.*"—How shall we secure them?" they inquired.—"Leave that to me," answered the old boy—"Give me a bottle of brandy—a slice of your bacon—leave your doors on the latch, and I'll dare all the devils that come, to touch the coffin of Jean Prevost, my old and worthy comrade!" Night arrived—Jean's friends crept fearfully to bed—the old soldier had his brandy and bacon; and, having primed himself with a dose of both, and sharpened a massy hanger which hung at his side, he sat down by his friend's corpse and sang old songs, and smoked from old pipes, till twelve o'clock. A few minutes after that hour, strange noises were audible without, screams were echoed by howls, and grunts by groans;—footsteps were heard on the ground floor of Prevost's cottage, and, above all, a strong smell of sulphur was perceptible. Pierre Jaquemont—that was the old Soldier's name—began to feel queerish at the sulphur; but, recollecting it was used in manufacturing gunpowder, he took another *petite verre* of brandy, and was quite ready for the nocturnal visiters, who soon floundered into the dead man's chamber, and began to unscrew his coffin. "What d'ye want with my old friend, you rogues?" cried Pierre,—but he got no answer. They began to lift the body—"Come, come," said he, "let him alone, will ye?" No reply. "Then have at ye you old humbugs!" bawled Pierre, and with one swing of his hanger he cut off the hand of the most forward devil of the party. If devils don't feel pain, they at least cry when they appear to be hurt, for this one roared unmercifully. He was, however, carried off; Jean Prevost was replaced in his coffin—next day was quietly buried in it—his friend Pierre Jaquemont got well paid for his sentinelship; and it was remarked for ever afterwards that the Prior of the neighbouring Monastery held his Missal during service in his left hand, and kept his right, if he had one, under the sleeve of his cassock!*

(From an attractive volume entitled *The Chameleon;* the contents of which are equal in merit to those of the more costly Annuals.)

* This story was written nine years ago. From the following extract from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, (No. XII. pp. 428-9.) it would appear that such tricks as it describes are not unusual—or the writer must have had the gift of second sight! Which is the more probable conclusion, is left to the sagacious reader to decide.

"In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting to come and administer the sacraments. The curate refused, saying, 'Your brother is a Constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is therefore useless for me to confess him.' 'But who told you that my brother was damned?' 'God himself told me during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils.' It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties, the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused, alleging, 'the soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate.' The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, 'I command you to open in the name of the living God: open, if not, your instant ruin is at hand.' The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window, three able-bodied devils, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body; upon this the guardian fired and shot one devil dead, the others took to flight, he fired after them and wounded both, one of whom died in a few minutes, the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate, and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two defunct devils, that the one was the curate and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal at Barcelona."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PESTILENCE.

Earth shook at its coming!

I HEAR thy feet, like a storm of thunder
Leaping along an Alpine hill,
Beating a thousand pine-trees under,
On each wind-shaken pinnacle.

Art thou a warrior, riding by
Eternity's tempestuous river?—
Thy plume of black clouds tossing high—
Thy death-darts sounding in thy quiver?

Art thou a friend to human kind,
A Russian Howard, come to dry
The "bloody sorrow" of the mind,
To smooth the pillow, clear the eye?

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But hush!—upon my listening ear
A wild and fearful cry is breaking;
Like an arrow of God its pathway sere
In a crowded city making.

And art thou he whose name doth fall
Like the darkness of eclipse,
Startling the chieftain in his hall,
With the wine-cup at his lips?

The light of ancient years is red
With thy foamy plume of fear;
The battle bow'd its crested head
At the lifting of thy spear.

Chariot and war-horse—on they came,
Flinging their death-shout to the sky,
Like a mighty rushing flame—
Io! the Persian chivalry!

On they came—a living blast!
Lyre and banner, band by band—
A tempest of rich plumes—they pass'd
At the shadow of thy hand.

The sultan sat on his ivory throne,
In a mist of emerald light,
With his satraps round him like a zone
Of stars upon an eastern night.

Lift the voice of the cymbals up—
The flower-crown'd dancers bring!
Why quivers thy hand on the crystal cup?
Where art thou, mighty king?

In sooth it were a pleasant dream
Some summer day to trace
Thy wanderings by field and stream,
Thou pilgrim of all space.

Art thou a demon-birth, descended
From him on whom the cursing fell?*
Thy path of misery never ended,
Thy feet on earth, thy heart in hell?

How strange thou art! and wilt thou pass
With joy and laughter on thy way,
Dancing along the summer grass,
Like Hope upon a holyday?

O spirit! to have seen thee ride
From Tiflis through the Persian sand,
With terror mounted by thy side—
Thy firman in thy hand.

How the words of coming doom
Through each trembling village ran,
When thou stoodst a Pillar'd Gloom
In the plains of Astrakhan.

Then thy pale horse neigh'd aloud,
Terror! when thy trumpet blew,
And Asia's thousand princes bow'd
As the summons flew.

Put the watchers at thy gates,
Round about thy bulwarks go—
What stranger at the portal waits?
Who that blast of wrath doth blow?

Watchman, watchman, what of the night?
Still the stranger bloweth on!
Up, from thy rose-bed of delight—
Up, Island-Babylon.

Heard ye that bitter burst of weeping?—
Heard ye that far-off thunder-tramp,
Like the wind of the Lord at midnight sweeping
The tents of the Assyrian camp.

Demon archer, spread thy wing,
Now thy poison'd arrow throw.
Is the storm of heaven thy string?—
Is the firmament thy bow?

I wander out—each man I meet
Hath a ghastly hue on his face;
The shops are shut in every street,
Not a voice in the market-place.

Each eye hath a dim and sickly glare,
As its path it did not know;
The father calls, from the topmost stair,
To the child who weeps below.

Listen, listen,—it is the tread
Of a watcher on the floor;
She leapeth up from the sick man's bed,
At the startling cry, "Bring out your dead"—
The cart is at the door.

Steadily, steadily—now take breath—
The bier of genius and of pride,
Reform doth sleep the sleep of death,
With the Cholera by its side.

I see the agony of prayer,
St. Paul's! within thy glorious fane;
While the soft balmy summer air
Is gliding through that broken pane;—

And lifted eyes and linked hands
Forgot all hatred, rage, and strife:
One pulse throughout those thousand bands,
That solitude of life.

But o'er the troubled heart doth creep
Some pleasant song, some gentle thought,
Some dream of childhood's golden sleep,
Some word by the departed taught.

The prodigal is thinking now
Of tender love flung idly by,
And a fond father's wrinkled brow
Is rising to his misty eye;—

And o'er that panic-stricken crowd
The clear blue summer heaven he sees,
And the rich sunset evening cloud
Doth glimmer through the trees;—

And the green leaves rustle round him,
Calming all his grief and fear;
The peace of early days hath found him—
His mother's voice is in his ear.

Remember not our bygone years,
Great God! before thy mercy seat
Behold a universe in tears—
A nation at thy feet.

Fraser's Magazine.

* The Wandering Jew.

POLITICAL FABLE.

The Ourang-Outangs and the Nuts.

In the island of Borneo, in the shade of a banyan tree which covered five or six acres of ground, an Ourang-Outang family of grave aspect, enormous size, and imposing dignity of mien, was born and domiciliated. The members were sole masters of their leafy empire, and their sway was tacitly confessed by some hundreds of the monkey tribes, who were begotten in and inhabited the same umbrageous dwelling. Together with their difference in size, the breed of the Ourangs was remarkable for the length of their arms. For many years their authority was uncontested. They decided quarrels among the whole community, and, by the superior extent of their reach, were enabled to gather nuts, which would not otherwise have been easily attainable by the other monkeys of the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this length of reach however, they were, after all, obliged to get on the shoulders of the other monkeys to reach the nuts, or were supported by them with their paws, or held by their tails with one hand, while they plucked the fruit with the other. For a great while no community could thrive better.

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The Ourang family divided with the commonalty of monkeys whatever they obtained through their assistance. Thus, though taking especial care of themselves, the Ourangs always acknowledged by more than words the bond of mutual obligation: the nuts were shared between them. At length the Ourangs ceased to communicate a reciprocity of benefits; they got on the shoulders or held by the tails of the other monkeys when clambering as usual, but grown bold from long habit, arrogant from the deference paid them, and considering custom as right, they put on airs of more than aristocratic assumption. Still the Ourangs were suffered to proceed as usual. At length nuts grew scarce; discontent arose. "Why," said the inferior apes, "should we contribute to the support of those who keep back our right—our share of what is obtained by making footstools of ourselves?" Thus chattered the great body of the baboon-featured gentry—"Since they have forgotten the right we have to a share of the nuts, and keep our property for their own use, though obtained by our instrumentality, we will no longer remain passive, but claim our own." Thus symptoms of dissatisfaction, at first slight, grew in extent, and portended the approach of others more violent. They remonstrated. "Do we not gather the nuts ourselves?" haughtily answered the Ourang-Outangs; "may we not do what we will with our own?" One of the community replied—"If you will not act justly, you shall not gather nuts again through our instrumentality. You have violated the tacit compact which existed between us for our mutual benefit; you have taken what is ours for your own uses—you shall continue the practice no longer Messieurs Ourangs. We will not permit any monkeys to be first among us who do not yield us back some benefit. We claim a restoration of our nuts, or we are strong enough to refuse you our assistance." The Ourangs consulted together—they shuffled and snuffled, and twisted and turned, and chattered, and vapoured, and showed their teeth, and looked big and haughty; but at length they saw that the law of justice was with the other monkeys, that they must become insignificant animals in the nation of apes if they resisted longer. They bowed to irresistible necessity; and the banyan-tree population thrived lustily, and grew more formidable than ever to the other Simian empires in the Bornean forests.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

TALES OF MY LANDLORD—FOURTH SERIES.

It is pleasant to turn from the sicklied sentimentalities of the herd of contemporary novelists to the evergreen freshness of two such Romances as these volumes contain. The reader need not be told that throughout these four tomes, by the author of Waverley, there is no false feeling—no base hero dragging his slow length through scores of pages—provoking "what next?" and "what next?" till the patient reader loses himself by a fortunate hiatus, or a "skip" of some forty or fifty pages. No: this is neither novel political, court, city, royal, patrician, high life, or low life, warrior, or villain, improbable, or common-place;—but it is a combination of all these characters and qualities, and one that needs but be seen to be enjoyed by "the forward child—understanding."

The present Series, the fourth *and last*, contains Two Romances, *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. The scene of the first is laid in Constantinople—a glittering area—in the time of the Second Crusade. Hence the introduction of national portraits and manners is adroitly managed, and the interest is kept up by their variety: a point of excellence, by the way, which every reader must have enjoyed in the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott. The spirit of the story is not, therefore, entirely foreign; and the English reader will not in vain look for a heroic specimen of his own ancestry. This jewel of the tale is Hereward of Hampton, a valiant Saxon, who, to avenge himself on the iron sway of William the Norman, becomes a soldier of fortune, and joins the Varangian Guards of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. The precise scene of the commencement is the court, where the Princess Anna Comnena, daughter of Alexis, and a queen of wisdom, is interrupted in her commemoration of the repulse of the Saracens at Laodicea, by the arrival of Nicephorus Briennius, announcing the approach of the passage of the Crusaders, under Godfrey of Bouillon, and their dreaded occupation of Constantinople, on their way to the Holy Land. Alexius, the emperor, to make matters agreeable, proposes to receive the Crusaders as guests; but

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Count Robert of Paris, one of their leaders, with an ambition beyond his religious enthusiasm, slips into the imperial chair while Alexius is working his stratagem. Count Robert is attended by his Amazonian spouse Brinhelda, the lady of Aspramonte, who married the knight that alone could unhorse her in a tilting match. In these unchivalric times, the reader need scarcely be told that Brinhelda is of the novelist's creation, or rather drawn from a female warrior, who often figures in the narratives of Anna Comnena. Alexius conceals his rage, but puts in practice a serpent-like cunning, and by appealing to the holy zeal of the crusaders, and tempting them with what no men are proof against—gold—contrives to get the host on their expedition, leaving Count Robert and Brinhelda with the imperial family. They entrap the strangers to a festival, whence the Count is carried to a dungeon, and his Amazonian spouse is importuned by the enamoured Nicephorus Briennius, the son-in-law of the Emperor, and husband of Anna Comnena; the effeminate Nicephorus has, however, but a weak penchant for the bookish princess, and cares still less for her father, whose throne he aspires to by plotting against his life. Meanwhile Hereward of Hampton is a silent, though not inattentive, observer;—he aids the Count, upon promise of his future services; he then detects the treason of Nicephorus, who is otherwise in no quiet position; for Brinhelda, to get rid of his love, challenges him to fight her on horseback. With the purest gallantry he accepts; but, calculating on Robert's confinement in the dungeon (guarded by a chained tiger—a fine hint to M. Martin and his lions), he inserts her husband's name in the challenge in place of her own. Count Robert therefore appears in the lists, dight and eager for the fray; Nicephorus quails; and the valiant Hereward claims the right of battle for the empire. This being admitted, the Count dismounts, and with a Varangian battle-axe combats with Hereward on foot. The Count has the advantage; but the contest soon ends in the reconciliation and friendship of both combatants. Hereward then marries a British maiden, and, by the friendly interest of Count Robert, becomes established in England;—and so ends the Romance.

All we propose to add to this sketchy outline of the story are two whole-length portraits of the personages we have named—they will best speak for themselves:—

Hereward of Hampton.

"One individual, however, seemed to indulge more wonder and curiosity than could have been expected from a native of the city, and looked upon the rarities around with a quick and startled eye, that marked an imagination awakened by sights that were new and strange. The appearance of this person bespoke a foreigner of military habits, who seemed from his complexion, to have his birthplace far from the Grecian metropolis, whatever chance had at present brought him to the Golden Gate, or whatever place he filled in the Emperor's service.

"This young man was about two-and-twenty years old, remarkably finely-formed and athletic—qualities well understood by the citizens of Constantinople, whose habits of frequenting the public games had taught them at least an acquaintance with the human person, and where, in the select of their own countrymen, they saw the handsomest specimens of the human race.

"These were, however, not generally so tall as the stranger at the Golden Gate, whilst his piercing blue eyes, and the fair hair which descended from under a light helmet gaily ornamented with silver, bearing on its summit a crest resembling a dragon in the act of expanding its terrible jaws, intimated a northern descent, to which the extreme purity of his complexion also bore witness. His beauty, however, though he was eminently distinguished both in features and in person, was not liable to the charge of effeminacy. From this it was rescued, both by his strength, and by the air of confidence and self-possession with which the youth seemed to regard the wonders around him, not indicating the stupid and helpless gaze of a mind equally inexperienced and incapable of receiving instruction, but expressing the bold intellect which at once understands the greater part of the information which it receives, and commands the spirit to toil in search of the meaning of that which it has not comprehended, or may fear it has misinterpreted. This look of awakened attention and intelligence gave interest to the young barbarian; and while the bystanders were amazed that a savage from some unknown or remote corner of the universe should possess a noble countenance bespeaking a mind so elevated, they respected him for the composure with which he witnessed so many things, the fashion, the splendour, nay, the very use of which, must have been recently new to him.

"The young man's personal equipments exhibited a singular mixture of

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"Accident, at length, seemed about to decide what had been hitherto an equal combat. Count Robert, making a feint on one side of his antagonist, struck him on the other, which was uncovered, with the edge of his weapon, so that the Varangian reeled, and seemed in the act of falling to the earth. The usual sound made by spectators at the sight of any painful or unpleasant circumstance, by drawing the breath between the teeth, was suddenly heard to pass through the assembly, while a female voice loud and eagerly exclaimed,—'Count Robert of Paris!—forget not this day that thou owest a life to Heaven and me.' The Count was in the act of again seconding his blow, with what effect could hardly be judged, when this cry reached his ears, and apparently took away his disposition for farther combat.

"'I acknowledge the debt,' he said, sinking his battle-axe, and retreating two steps from his antagonist, who stood in astonishment, scarcely recovered from the stunning effect of the blow by which he was so nearly prostrated. He sunk the blade of his battle-axe in imitation of his antagonist, and seemed to wait in suspense what was to be the next process of the combat. 'I acknowledge my debt,' said the valiant Count of Paris, 'alike to Bertha of Britain and to the Almighty, who has preserved me from the crime of ungrateful bloodguiltiness.—You have seen the fight, gentlemen,' turning to Tancred and his chivalry, 'and can testify, on your honour, that it has been maintained fairly on both sides, and without advantage on either. I presume my honourable antagonist has by this time satisfied the desire which brought me under his challenge, and which certainly had no taste in it of personal or private quarrel. On my part, I retain towards him such a sense of personal obligation, as would render my continuing this combat, unless compelled to it by self-defence, a shameful and sinful action.'"

We shall return to these volumes: meanwhile, it is safe to leave "Castle Dangerous" for a week.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

MOZART, who never wrote anything superfluous, compliments, in a letter, one of his acquaintance for *composing with his own ideas*—as if this were a singular virtue in musical authors. — *Foreign Quarterly Review.*

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT, &c.

DAVIES, in his account of Achen, says, "That the women there are the king's councillors; and that a *woman* was his *admiral*. Among the Lysians, the relations by the mother's side were esteemed more honourable than those by the father; and, for that reason, the children took the mother's name.

P. T. W.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

In the Old Church, near Christ Church, Bristol, was the following epitaph:

"HERE lieth Tho. Turar, and Mary, his wife. He was twice Master of the Company of Bakers, and twice Churchwarden of this parish. He died March 6th, 1654. She died May 8th, 1643.

"Like to the baker's *oven*, is the grave,
Wherein the bodyes of the faithful have
A *setting in*, and where they do remain
In hopes to rise, and to be *drawn* again;
Blessed are they, who in the Lord are dead,
Though set like *dough*, they shall be drawn like *bread*."

P. T. W.

ANAGRAMS.

Anagram	A ragman.
Administration ...	It is not I ran mad.
Reformation.....	More far into.
Constitution.....	I cut it not son.
General.....	Enlarge.
Captain.....	A tin cap.
Journey.....	Ye run Jo.
Auction Marts	Smart caution.
Articles bought ..	Hog tub salt rise.
Shoe	Hose.
Instrument	Ten rum tins.
Laughable	A huge ball.
Stafford Gaol.....	A rod flogs fat.
Diamonds	Didos man.
Theatres	He treats.
Spectators	Actors pest.
Devil	Vide L.

W. Hampton. W. S. NIAGE.

A CAPTAIN Frederick Thomas of the Royal Navy, having lost two ponies which had been tied up in the stable; in advertising a reward, he offered ten pounds for the apprehension of the fellow who entered his stables and cut adrift two ponies. W. G. C.

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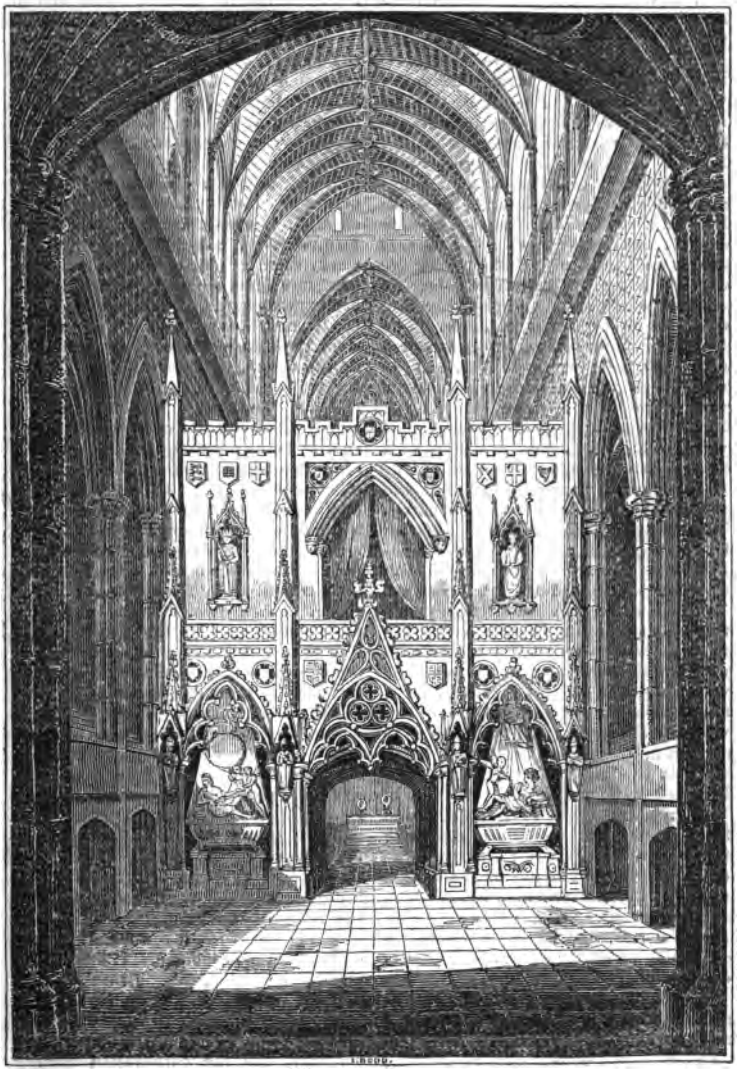
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 523.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.

SCREEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,



AT THE LATE CORONATION.

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SCREEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE annexed Engraving represents the beautiful Gothic Screen which separates the nave and the choir of Westminster Abbey: with the temporary addition made to the same at the recent Coronation of their Majesties.* The Screen itself is of stone, and was executed under the immediate direction of Mr. Blore, the eminent architect. At the Coronation it was deemed advisable to raise this Screen at the back of the organ; the addition being for the double purpose of a sounding-board to the choristers and musicians in the organ-loft within the choir, and of a *back* to their seats, which were ranged on each side of the organ, reaching nearly to its full height. This addition was of wood, and painted by Mr. Parris, from a design by Mr. Sydney Smirke, so as to form an exact continuation of the stone screen; and we learn that the highest compliment paid to the artist was in the addition not being known or detected; and the whole elevation being therefore supposed to be wholly of *stone*. The height of both screens, together, was nearly 50 feet; width 40 feet. In the wood work the divisions corresponded with those in the stone screen; viz. three equal compartments: in the centre was a Gothic arch, merely filled in with a crimson curtain, so as to allow the free passage of the music to the nave of the cathedral and the admission of air. The springing of the arch was supported by two angels as corbels; in the spandrils were two shields emblazoned with the united roses of York and Lancaster. The compartments were divided by buttresses terminating in pinnacles: the two sides were occupied by niches with rich Gothic canopies: in the left niche was painted the effigies of Henry III.; and in the right niche, the effigies of Edward the Confessor: these figures were six feet in height, and above their heads were six shields, (three over each,) emblazoned with the arms of the City of Westminster; Lions of England; and St. Andrew—and the City of London; the Harp of St. Patrick; and the Cross of St. George. The top of the Screen was a line of richly ornamented embattlements, the centre being somewhat larger than the rest, and having a quatrefoil containing an heater shield with the arms of Edward the Confessor.

As we have elsewhere noticed this ingenious work, it is unnecessary to add more than our object in causing it to be engraved in these pages is to preserve it from oblivion as a relic of the late Coronation, and as too meritorious a work of art to be allowed to pass away with the pageant occasion for which it was designed. Mr. Parris's labour deserves a prouder record than our pages can afford; but so far as we can advance it to perpetuity, we do most cheerfully.

* See Coronation Number (568) page 178 of the present volume of the *Mirror*.

THE BRISTOL CHARTER.

THE last charter granted to the city of Bristol is dated the 24th of July 1710, by which former grants and privileges are confirmed, and the mayor and other officers of the Corporation allowed to execute their respective offices without the approval of the Lord Chancellor, which by the charter of Charles II. was ordered to be first obtained. The Corporation, in which the civil government of the city is vested, consists of a high steward, the mayor, a recorder, aldermen, sheriffs, common council, town-clerk, chamberlain, and some other subordinate functionaries. In the list of her high stewards, Bristol reckons Oliver Cromwell, who filled the office with a salary of five pounds annexed, in addition to which, as a gratuity, the Corporation presented to the Protector a pipe of Canary and half a tun of Gascoigne wine. The election of the mayor and sheriffs takes place annually, on the 15th of September, and refusal to serve these offices subjects to fine; but this is seldom levied, as courtesy generally avoids a choice which is known to be disagreeable. The sheriffs are elected from the members of the common council, which body is limited, by the charter of Queen Anne, to forty-two. There are twelve aldermen chosen by the twelve wards into which the city is divided. They are constituted preservers of the public tranquillity, with the power of justices of the peace, and enjoy all the privileges and authority of the aldermen of London. In point of opulence, the corporation of Bristol is supposed to rank amongst the most wealthy bodies corporate of the kingdom. In 1778, Mr. Barrett estimated the annual income of the corporation at 14,000*l.*, arising from the several estates they possess, from those for which they act in trust, with the rents of the several markets, the profits arising from town duties, and other sources of income. It has subsequently increased, Mr. Evans conjectures, in his history of Bristol, to 18,000*l.* There is little doubt, it is a great deal more from the augmented value of the property, and the corporation having abandoned, without the city, the former

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practice of letting their estates on lives, with merely fines for renewals. A considerable portion of the city estate is derived from the charter of John, and claimed by them under the title of "lords of the waste," and including what is now Queen-square, Princes-street, King-street, and part of St. Augustine's Back, the Key, Grove, and the Back. Out of the corporation income 1,500*l.* is annually given to the mayor for the better support of the dignity of his office, and 500*l.* to each of the sheriffs. Between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* are expended in salaries and other expenses incidental to the municipal government of the city. The finances of the corporation are managed by the chamberlain of the city, which office is one of considerable trust and importance. He gives a bond of 3,000*l.* for the execution of his duties with care and fidelity, and is obliged, by the statute, to render an account of the revenues of the corporation, together with their application, in one month after the feast of St. Luke. W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

A COTTAGE ANECDOTE.

From Real Life.

(For the Mirror.)

"I tell the tale, as 'twas told to me."

"MOTHER," cried little Ellen, "you are melancholy; and ought not, you know, to be so, on your birthday night. For my part, I make it a rule to be as merry as I can on my birthday, since, if I were sad, I should think it a sign that I was going to be unlucky all the next year."

"My dear child," replied the widow Simmons, "may you never have occasion to be otherwise than happy on your birthday; but, do you suppose, Ellen, love, that I am melancholy without a reason?"

"Don't know, mother, I'm sure," returned the child, doubtfully, "but what should make you so? we have pigs and cows, plenty of milk, eggs, butter, bacon, and cheese; potatoes, cabbages, sweet herbs, sweet garden flowers, and fine fruit too, to sell; Nancy is gone to a good service, and Willy to sea."

"True, Ellen, true, and thank God for his bounty; but I could wish, dear, that Willy, your brother, my heart's darling, Willy, was not gone to sea."

"Why, mother?" inquired the little girl, "he loves the great rolling sea, and is making money for himself and us by going upon it. Our king was a sailor once, was he not? and his name is William; father too, was a sailor, and his name was William; so why should not our William go to sea? All Williams I'm sure must be meant for sailors."

"Ellen, dear, do you recollect your father?"

"No—yes—; wasn't he a tall man, with a handsome, goodnatured face, very red, smiling lips, white teeth, and short black hair that curled all over his head?"

"Ay, love, ay."

"And didn't he wear a dark blue jacket, striped trousers, and a black handkerchief tied loosely about his neck? O, I do recollect him now!"

"Very perfectly, Ellen, considering how young you were when you last saw him. And do you remember what day this is?"

"Why, mother, your birthday to be, sure."

"Ay, and the day too on which your poor father died."

"O, I did not remember that," returned the child, doing her best to look sorrowful, in spite of the characteristic mirth and *bon-hommie* of her pretty innocent face, "and I don't wonder to see you melancholy now, since I dare say your birthday never comes but what you think of my father."

"Never, my dear child, and never will I believe, because there were circumstances connected with his death, too curious to allow it ever to escape my memory."

"Eh, mother, curious did you say? O, tell them, pray tell them to me, you know I do so love to hear curious things."

The widow smiled *malgre* her sorrow, when her little curious daughter enforced this request by creeping close up to her, lounging upon her lap, and peering with most irresistible bright cunning eyes, into her face. "Well, then, Ellen," replied she, "if I tell you, you are not to believe in ghosts, you know, and to frighten yourself out of your senses as you lie alone at night, when, may be, I'm gone to drink tea with a neighbour; promise me that."

"No, mother—yes mother; and indeed, indeed, I'm not a bit frightened though I've heard, over and over again, old Sarah's ghost stories, which she is ready to take her Bible oath, are all true."

"Old Sarah, poor creature, she's childish, my dear, and doesn't know what she's talking about."

"And I don't believe in ghosts,

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though I did see the carriage and horses, and coachman, all, 'tis true as life, mother, coming without their heads through the old haunted abbey gate, which nobody goes near, if they can help it, night or day. So do tell me what happened when father died."

"It was an evening like this," said Mrs. Simmons, "that my poor William was suddenly obliged to leave me, to join his ship, then lying in Yarmouth Roads, I say suddenly, for he had not expected to be called away for some days, but 'wind and tide wait for no man,' and these things always do come suddenly upon the sailor. I think I never before beheld your poor father so unwilling to depart, and fearing that his delay might injure his prospects, and even cause the ship to sail without him, I own I was exceedingly vexed. Again and again would he just step to the garden gate, return, kiss me, and say farewell, once more; and again and again did I urge him even with tears, to be more manly, and depart to his duty."

"'Anne,' said he at last, 'because you desire it, I will go, but I fear that if I do, we two shall never meet again. I wish to heaven I could give up the sea and come and live here as a small farmer, with you and the children.'

"Dear William, said I, 'tis too late to think of such a thing now, when the ship is just going to sail, and you, one of her crew; and as to our never meeting more, you've often thought so when leaving home, and will lose this superstitious fear amongst your messmates. So, Ellen, at last he went, and then down I sat and had a hearty cry, for my heart misgave me respecting your poor father, in spite of what I had said to keep up his spirits. An hour had not elapsed, ere William was back again: he had forgotten a pair of boots, or some such trifle, and returned for them; when, seeing how I took on for his loss, he threw himself into a chair protesting that he could not, and would not go. Hereupon we had nearly a violent quarrel, since, becoming quite vexed at my earnest entreaties that he would depart without further loss of time, he was pleased to say that he saw I wished to get rid of him. Poor fellow? I excused him, for I saw that he was quite overcome, and when at last he did in earnest go, saying in a mournful particular tone, as he shut the garden gate after him."

"'Yes, I will see you all again.'"

"I felt as if my heart must break. You, my dear Ellen, were then too young to remember now, exactly, what happened four years ago, but the third day after your father's departure, the 9th of March, was my birthday. Upon this occasion, I gave you all, as usual, a little treat of tea, and hot buttered buns, and determined that you should sit up with me, rather longer than usual, both because of the day, and that I also felt very lonesome and sad. It was, did I say, just such a night as this, if anything, I think, more stormy, and as I paused every now and then, between the stories I was telling you, to listen to the wind and rain, shivering and shuddering beside our bright fire to hear them, there came on a sudden such an awful blast, that I thought it would have fairly carried off the roof of the cottage; nothing remained at rest within it; doors slammed to, and bounced open as if they were mad, the casements rattled till I fancied not a pane of glass was in them that would not be shivered to atoms, our house-dog, (Carlo, poor fellow, your father's great pet,) howled and barked as if he knew more than we did, and such a volume of smoke rolled down this chimney and filled the room, that we couldn't see each other's faces for it; Lord preserve us, said I, what a night is this. And God Almighty be merciful to sailors! Hardly had these words passed my lips, Ellen, when near yon door, there glimmered a faint, hazy, light through the smoke, whiter than that of the fire, and in the midst of it I saw your father standing, dressed as usual, and smiling upon us, though looking melancholy as he did when we parted. You all saw him, for each of you called out, 'Look mother, look! there's father!' Bless me, William, said I, not thinking at the moment of what it was, and how came you here again so soon? He made no answer, how should he? for at that precise moment I lost him, and at that moment too, ceased the dreadful hurly of the wintry storm. Then was I sensible that I had received a strange and awful visitation; and then, in the midst of all bewildered thoughts, did I clearly comprehend that I had lost, for ever lost, my poor, poor William!

"Alas! news arrived indeed, not many days afterwards, of the wreck of his vessel, amongst many others, in the dreadful night and gale of the 9th of March, when he, and several of his unfortunate messmates perished. Have I not reason then, Ellen, to be melancholy upon my birthday? Go, dear, fetch your new book, and read to me whilst I knit, for the wind moans drea-

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rily, the rain and hail fall heavily, and I don't like to hear them. May God preserve your darling brother! and may the Lord be merciful to all poor sailors on such a night as this." M. L. B.

Great Marlow, Bucks.

Notes of a Reader.

A FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND.

We are happy to perceive that a critic of character has at length exposed a few of the fallacies and inaccuracies contained in "The Celebrated Tour of a German Prince in England," &c., which, from its being "celebrated," must, we presume be known to most of our readers. This critical chastisement will be found ably inflicted in the *New Monthly Magazine* for the present month; the punishment is, however, sparingly meted out, when the multiplicity of the sins is considered. We intend to quote a few of the Reviewer's notes, just as a set-off to the unqualified encomiums of some critics who appear to run and read. Tour-writing, we know, affords many favourable opportunities for the display of style, and the indulgence of embellishment; but "facts are stubborn things," though, in this case prejudices seem to be nearly as obstinate. To proceed:

"There are few persons mixing generally with the world, who did not know something of the supposed author (Prince Pückler Muskau) of these volumes, during his stay in this country. We remember that it was a great dispute at the time, whether or not he was 'clever;' that dispute this work will, we think, effectually set at rest; other questions respecting himself, the Prince still leaves undetermined. We do not find the Book, indeed, deserving of any high eulogium; and Göthe's opinion prefixed by the very able Translator to his version of the Tour, must be received with some suspicion and reserve. For Göthe is warmly (*too* warmly were impossible,) panegyrised throughout the work, and that illustrious Author is known to share the weakness of his no less illustrious contemporary of Scotland, and to be a little unduly affected with respect for those external titles and appliances which the writer of the Tour brings in addition to his literary claims to attention. Yet, without being very acute, or very profound, or very original, or even very amusing, the Author before us possesses, nevertheless, a sufficient combination of all those qualities to make his work (*accuracy apart*) one of the best Sketch Books of Travel that late years have produced."

(What a parlous state must this class of literature be in. We remember that about three years since, the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* confessed himself unable to recommend to a reader any well-written Tour in Great Britain.)

"His criticisms on individuals are not very graphic, and often not very faithful; and upon the mass in general, though he is pretty accurate when he speaks of the higher classes, he is utterly out when he descends to the lower. For instance, speaking of the latter in page 4, vol. I. he tells us that—

'The distress consists in this: that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beef-steaks, or roast meat, were *now* obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes.'

And a little afterwards, he adds, that—

'So intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it.'

Now, unfortunately, all of us who have lived a little in the rural districts, and know how far nine and ten shillings go in this country of indirect taxation, and how often, for want of employment, our labourers in the prime of life come to the parish, could contradict our visiter in this flourishing description of rural sturdiness and overflow of comfort. 'Two meals of meat and potatoes!' Why, in few parts of the country does the peasant see meat on his trencher more than once, or at most, twice a-week.

We are told that 'Byron is our second poet, (for after Shakspeare, the palm is surely his);' by informing Prince Pückler Muskau, that in English literature there is yet extant one John Milton whom we are not quite disposed to see thus suddenly thrust down—will his Highness tell us to what grade of celebrity?

Passing from the critic to the statesman, our Tourist, (in page 305, vol. I. of his work,) who is very much displeased with the ignorance of Germans about our political situation, obligingly enlightens them with the intelligence, that 'in England, almost the whole soil belongs either to *the Government*, the Church, or the powerful Aristocracy.' This is something like the man who never having been out of Stony Stratford, and being asked which were the chief

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cities of England, replied, 'London, York, and Stony Stratford.' What Stony Stratford is in comparison to York and London, the property of soil vested in Government is to that vested in the Church and the Aristocracy. This is a blunder of somewhat a serious description, for to a German reader it must convey a notion of the power of our Government wholly distinct from the truth. In the same page occurs, however, an acute and just remark—

'That contracts of leases, in this country so exceedingly common, obviate many of the inconveniences of the distribution of landed property, without diminishing its great utility to the State.'

We pass over some little errors, which betray, however, either an inexact or a credulous mind; such as the information he gives us as to the salary of the Irish Viceroy, and the exaggerating assurance that Mr. Beckford paid fifty guineas a week to the owner of a nursery garden for permission to gather what flowers he liked—we will only content ourselves with observing that the following anecdote is not 'a characteristic trait of England,' as our vivacious Tourist is pleased to inform us:—

'The (mail) coachman who drove us had lost two hundred pounds in this same unlucky match, (a boxing-match,) and only laughed at it, giving us significantly to understand that he should soon find another dupe, who should pay it him back with interest. What advances must the march of intellect make on the Continent before the postilions of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, or the Eilwagen drivers of the Herr von Nagler, will be able to lay such bets with their passengers!'

Now would not all this give the German people to understand that our mail-coachmen were in *the habit* of betting two hundred pounds upon boxing-matches; an accidental occurrence, if indeed, as is most probable, the coachman was not hoaxing the 'foren gemmen,' is not allow us to suggest to your Highness, 'a characteristic trait.'—We would lay a wager that we could reckon up in these two thin volumes at least a hundred mistakes of one sort or the other. Not even a church is described but there are half a dozen errors in the description,—not even an anecdote recited but there are so many exaggerations that the anecdote is suddenly swelled into a romance; and yet, with all this amplitude of error, we repeat that Prince Pückler Muskau has *(accuracy apart!)* made his work one of the best sketch-books of travel that has lately appeared. In what a delightful state then must be that class of literature!

The traveller also notes in us that miserable want of a vigorous independence in opinion, which undoubtedly contaminates and degrades our national character, and is at once the cause of fashion and its consequence. 'An Englishman,' says he justly, 'is much less guided by his own observation than is generally imagined; he always attaches himself to some party, with whose eyes he sees.' Hence, as the tourist remarks in the same part of his work, 'character means (in a country where *appearance* has more weight than in any other) not the result or sum of a man's moral and intellectual qualities, but his *reputation*.' That is to say, that we think well or ill of a person, not from what he is, but from what is said of him. We ourself, the writer of the present article, in other places than this, have constantly dinned this truth into our countrymen's ears—we hope with some success; and now that they see how much it not only tends to diminish their respectability in the eyes of foreigners, but also to belie that fancied sturdy, manly *character* of which they affect to be proud; perhaps they will begin seriously and earnestly to judge for themselves—not seek to know what Mr. So-and-so says of a book, or Lady Such-an-one of a person—but out with the truth, and shame the devil 'Fashion!' Our Tourist also observes on the mechanical nature of our religion, and says, very justly, that with us it is not a matter of feeling but of 'good taste.' We think it *mauvais ton* to affect the deist, and in the words of the author, 'we regard a man who neglects church just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife.' Here, as men deem it insincerity, and women indelicacy, to show affection, so both sexes unite in deeming it hypocrisy to be fervent. We are a regular people, not a devout one.

Real thorough-bred people never regard these minutiæ of the table, in which according to some writers, they are supposed 'to dwell in decencies for ever.' The 'Yes and No' of Lord Normanby (now Lord Mulgrave) is perhaps the best and most faithful picture of 'Good Society' which our circulating libraries afford. Lord Mulgrave, besides being a very clever man, is likely to be an excellent judge of the habits and train of thought existent in the circle he describes, and in which he himself is not only a nobleman, but an influential and distinguished person; and we were the more particularly pleased to perceive that in that novel he strikes dumb the Lackey

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School, and makes *his* 'fine gentleman' scorn all the little vulgarities of convention—take ale at his pleasure, and publicly connect himself with cheese. The fact is, that the great proof of the true gentleman in all countries and in all grades of life, is INDEPENDENCE!"

(By the way, the "Tale of Galway" quoted from this work in our Number, 521, has been claimed by another writer.)

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC.

WE can imagine the truth of the confession of an amateur, that the opening of one of Beethoven's symphonies at the commencement of a concert will often so much excite him, that he becomes dead to all further impressions from music for the evening — incapable of feeling anything more. The *scherzo* is not less removed from the ordinary course of experience, and is as different from the minuet and trio of Mozart, as Haydn's manner from that of Emanuel Bach. In its grotesque employment of the minor key with alternate major, we seem to be present at a village festival, witnessing the voluntary pranks and comic dances of some half-drunken clown—thunder is heard in the distance, and the sports are for a time suspended, till the *finale* bursts in it, as it were, in a flood of sunshine and of joy. The association with rural scenes and sounds is common in Beethoven—it is not only in his pastoral symphony that we hear the rich monotony of the cuckoo and the simple note of the quail, and according to the ancient mariner:—

> "A noise like that of a hidden brook,
> In the leafy month of June,
> Which to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Beethoven most easily found the elevation of his ideas in the country, and he sought materials for his art in the silence and remoteness of forests and caves, by day and night, in storm and sunshine, more like a Caspar under demoniacal influence than one who haunted those shades to commune with the awfulness of nature and his own thoughts. He loved too, to paint the emotions with which we view the obsequies of heroes, and appears himself the last loiterer at evening in the dim cathedral cloister. Seriousness, energy, and sublimity, are the characteristics of this author in the symphony, and in our opinion he has left no more perfect combination of them, and no more durable monument of his genius, than in the one in C minor. In Germany they make an affecting use of these compositions, in performing them as preludes to public solemnities, such as the annual commemoration of their great poets and other illustrious men; here we allow the spirit of them to evaporate in one vague sentiment of admiration.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE CHARMS OF THEATRICAL PROPRIETORSHIP.

A PARAGRAPH appears in the *Chester Courant*, imperatively calling for explanation; it is perfectly frightful. There must be some aggravating facts connected with the case that are suppressed, otherwise the punishment is so infinitely disproportioned to the offence, that it will excite alarm throughout the whole country. The statement is,—"that the late manager of a minor theatre in Manchester, a Mr. Neville, is now in prison, and actually on the tread-mill (!), for his inability to pay a fine of £50. imposed on him for allowing an Italian opera to be performed in that house, when no other place could be obtained for the purpose! His family are starving!!" If this be true, for *Manchester* we ought to read *Morocco:* such an exertion of power is more in character with the vilest despotism under the sun, than with a government that professes to be regulated by the laws of justice and humanity.—*Dilettante in Harmonicon.*

PRECOCIOUS MUSICIANS.

JUVENILE virtuosi are much in fashion at Berlin just now. They have a clever pianist, Theodore Stein, from Hamburg, eleven years old, and two brothers, Adolph and Julius Stalknecht, the one ten, the other only six, playing the violin and violoncello, and giving concerts; while Maurer, only twelve, performed some of Mayseder's variations at his father's concerts.—*Ibid.*

The Naturalist.

THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow was so great a favourite among the Greeks, that her first appearance made a holiday for the Greek boys, and a song has been preserved by which the young mendicants used to levy contributions on the good nature of their fellow-citizens. It is remarkable that most countries have a similar proverb relating to the swallow's accidental appearance before its usual time. The French have, Une Hirondelle ne fait pas

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le printems; the Germans, Eine Sheval bemacht keinen Fruhling; the Dutch, Een swallaw maakt geen Zomer; the Swedes, En Svala gor ingen Sommar; the Italians, Una Rondine non fa Primevera; which may all be literally translated by the English proverb, "One swallow doth not make a summer." The story is well known of a thin brass plate fixed on a swallow with this inscription, "Prithee, swallow, whither goest thou in winter?" The bird returned next spring, with the answer subjoined. "To Antony of Athens; why dost thou inquire?"

"The swallow (says Mr. G. Bennett) is found an inhabitant of the tropical regions of the globe, visits the northern climates during the warm months of the year, and is regarded as the harbinger of summer; emigrating, however, with their young, to a more congenial climate on the approach of winter. It is then that they are met with at sea, perching, in an exhausted condition, on the rigging and decks of ships. Being interrupted by adverse winds, they waver in their course, spent with famine and fatigue, until the ship affords them a temporary resting-place; from which, refreshed by a few hours' rest, they renew their flight. They are said to arrive in Africa about the commencement of October, having performed their fatiguing journey in the space of seven days. During a passage from England to New South Wales, on the 27th of September, 1828, several of these birds alighted in an exhausted condition on the rigging and deck of the ship, and were readily captured; we were at that time in latitude 13 deg. 40 min. north, and longitude 23 deg. 20 min. west; they were the *hirundo rustica* of Linnæus. During a voyage from India to England on the 2nd of December, 1822, I captured one of these little feathery emigrants in latitude 2 deg. 18 min. north, longitude 23 deg. 11 min. west. I am not aware whether they emigrate from one tropical country to another, but during a passage from Manilla to Singapore, through the China sea, on the 20th of October, 1830, for several days a number of these birds were flying about the ship; and I am inclined to suppose derived at that period sustenance from the flies which infested the ship, as soon afterwards but few of those insects remained. In the evening they would roost on the rigging, and some even took refuge for the night in the chief officer's cabin, which opened upon the deck, and were again set at liberty in the morning. They became after a few days exhausted; several were found dead, and others became so tame from fatigue and hunger as to be easily caught, and would afterwards remain perched on the hand, without making any effort to regain their liberty. These were also of the species *hirundo rustica* of Linnæus, which is widely distributed over the globe. We first observed them in latitude 15 deg. 29 min. north, and longitude 117 deg. 40 min. east; and we lost them, most having perished, in latitude 13 deg. 30 min. north, longitude 110 deg. 45 min. east, having been about the ship for thirteen days. The question that arises is, whether in the latter instances they were emigrating, or had been blown off the land by the westerly gales we had experienced since leaving Manilla bay. It may be mentioned, that as we had at the same time numerous other land birds about the ship, the latter supposition is not improbable."

W. G. C.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BYRON AND NAPOLEON: OR, THEY MET IN HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

I.

THROUGH realms of ice my journey lay, beneath
The wafture of two pinions black and vast,
That shook o'er boundless snows the dust of death,
While over-head thick, starless, Midnight cast
Gloom on sad forms, that ever onward pass'd.
But whither pass they? Oh, Eternity,
Thou answerest not! Yet still thy sable wings,
Silently, silently, bow silently,
Are sweeping worlds away, with all their Kings!—
And still I wander'd with forgotten things,
In pilgrimage with Death, an age-long day,
A year of anxious ages—so methought—
Till rose a living world in morning grey,
And light seem'd born of darkness—light, which brought
Before my soul the coasts of land remote.
"Hail, holy light, offspring of heav'n, first-born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam!"
Through worlds of darkness led, and travel-worn,
Again I felt thy glowing, brightening gleam,
Again I greeted thine ethereal stream,
And bless'd the fountain whence thy glories flow.

II.

I waked not then, methought, but wander'd slow,
Where dwell the great, whom death hath free'd from pain.
Trembling, I gazed on Hampden's thoughtful brow,
While Strafford smiled upon me in disdain,
And turn'd away from Hutchison and Vane.
There, some whom criminals disdain'd; and all
Who, battling for the right, had nobly died:—
And some whom justest men deem'd criminal,
Wond'ring, I saw! the flatter'd, the belied!
And Muir, and Saville, walking side by side!
They wept—ev'n Strafford melted, when I told
Of Britain's woes—of toil that earned not bread,
And hands that found not work; but Fairfax scowl'd,

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While Cromwell laugh'd, and Russell's cheek grew red,
When, pale, I spake of satraps breadtax-fed.
Lo! as I ceas'd, from earth a Stranger came,
With hurried step—a presence heavenly fair!
Yet grief and anger, pride, contempt, and shame,
Were strangely mingled in his troubled stare:
And thus he spoke, with timid, haughty air,
To Russell, Fairfax, in tones low, but sweet—
"I too am noble. England's magnates rank
Me with themselves; and when, beneath their feet
Fate's low-born despot, hope-deserted, sank—
When torrid noon his sweat of horror drank—
I join'd his name for ever with my own!"

III.

Him then to answer, one who sate alone,
Like a maim'd lion, mateless in his lair,
Rose from his savage couch of barren stone,
His Kingly features wither'd by despair,
And heart-worn till the tortur'd nerve was bare.
With looks that seem'd to scorn ev'n scorn of less
Than demigods, the Army-Scatterer came;
An awful shadow of the mightiness
That once was his; the gloom, but not the flame
Of waning storms, when winds and seas grow tame.
The stranger, sinking from the warrior's eye,
On his own hands his beauteous visage bow'd,
Sobbing; but soon he rais'd it mournfully,
And met th' accusing look, and on the crowd
Smil'd, while the stern accuser spake aloud.

IV.

"Yet, Lordling*—though 'but yesterday a King,
Throneless, I died,'—yet nations sobb'd my knell!
And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing!
I fell, 'tis true—I failed; and thou canst tell
That any wretch alive may say I fell.
Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin
That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,
To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,
Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay
That won the flatteries of an abject day.
When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,
Because the breaker of their bonds was gone;
Didst thou, too join, magnanimous and loud,
The yell of million's o'er the prostrate one?
What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Helicon?
Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,
When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,
And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.
Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling
A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King;
When fall'n, deserted, blasted, and alone,
Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,
What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,
Th' immortal shaft that pierc'd Prometheus there?
Cat, and not vulture! could'st not thou refrain,
The laureate vile of viler things to be?
When 'Timour's Captive's' cage was rock and main,
What was 'proud Austria's mournful flower' to thee,
Thou soulless torturer of Captivity?
And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,
The sleepless pang that stung him till he died
Tortur'd, he perish'd, but who heard his groans?
Chain'd through the soul, the 'throneless homicide,'
Mantled his agony in stoic pride.

* If it be objected to these lines that the great bard is dead, so, I answer, is also the great warrior; and he who has honest and useful thoughts to express of either, or both of them, should do his duty Briton-like.

While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with other's eyes,
And from afar, with other's feet, repair'd
To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—
Like Phidian marble he endur'd, and dared
The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.
How fare the lands he lov'd, and fought to save?
Oh, Hun and Goth! your new-born hope is gone!
Thou, Italy, art glory's spacious grave,
Through which the stream of my renown flows on,
Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon!
What gain'd my gaolers by my wrongs and fall?
Laws, prais'd in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse;
A mournful page, which history writes in gall;
A table without food—an empty purse:
A name, become a byword and a curse,
O'er every sea, to warn all nations borne!"

V.

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,
Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow?
Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,
Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble flow?
He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,
But shed no tear, not e'en a burning tear.
The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,
He gaz'd on Milton with an eye severe,
On tranquil Pymm a look of sternness bent,
Then, smiling on the humble stranger, went
To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE PAGANINI MYSTERY.

In that popular Journal of Music the *Harmonicon* we find the following letter from this illustrious Lion of the South. It is, as the reader will perceive, translated from a Parisian Journal:—

To the Editor of the Revue Musicale.
Paris, 21st April, 1831.

Sir,—So many marks of kindness have been lavished upon me by the French public, so decided has been the applause I have received from it, that I cannot but believe in the celebrity which is said to have preceded me in Paris, and also that my performance in the several concerts I have given there has not been entirely unworthy my reputation. But if I could entertain any doubt on this subject, it would be at once dispelled when I observe the pains your artists take to represent my figure, and the multitude of portraits of Paganini with which the very walls of your vast capital are hung. Mere portraits, however, likenesses or not, are insufficient to satisfy these speculators. It was only yesterday that, walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, I saw in a print-shop a lithograph of *Paganini in Prison*.—"Good!" said I to myself, "here are some honest fellows now who, like Basile, are making money of a calumny which has pursued my steps for these fifteen years past." However, I looked on good-humouredly, and amused myself with the various little details with which

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the genius of the artist had illustrated this mystification, when I found a crowd assembled round me, every one occupied in comparing my appearance and figure with that of the young man in the print, and satisfying himself how much I was altered since my imprisonment. I now found that these cocknies, I think you call them, took the matter in earnest, and I saw that the speculation was no bad one. It came into my head that, since all the world must live, I might as well furnish the gentlemen, who are so good as to trouble themselves about me, with some more anecdotes, which would afford subjects for prints, just as good, and just as true, as the one I was then looking at. It is in order to make these anecdotes public that I beg the favour of you, sir, to insert my letter in your Review.

These gentlemen represent me in prison; but they do not know what sent me there, and in that point they are about as wise as myself, or as those who first circulated the anecdote. There are many versions of the story, each of which might furnish a good story for an engraving. For instance—one version is, that finding a rival in company with my mistress, I bravely stabbed him in the back, at a moment when he was unable to defend himself; another makes my mistress, instead of my rival, the victim of my jealous fury. How I put her to death is again a point on which the relations do not agree: some contending for the dagger, while others insist that it was by poison. In short, every one relates the story his own way, and the lithographists are welcome to take the same freedom. Let me tell you what happened to myself in Padua, about fifteen years ago, on this very subject. I had given a concert with some success; the next day I went to a table-d'hôte; I entered the room late; was, perhaps, the sixtieth guest, and took my seat unnoticed. One of the company expressed himself in flattering terms of the effect produced by my performance the evening before. His next neighbour agreed in the praises bestowed on me, but added—"Nobody ought to be surprised at Paganini's ability: he owes it all to an eight years' solitary imprisonment in a dungeon, with nothing but his violin to occupy his time, or soften the rigours of his confinement. He was condemned to this long incarceration for having assassinated a friend of *mine*, who was unfortunate enough to be his rival."

As you may easily believe, every one was loud in denouncing the enormity of my crime; when I addressed myself to the speaker, begging him to inform me where and when this tragical adventure had occurred. All eyes were in an instant turned upon me, and you may judge the astonishment of the company at finding the hero of this tale of murder and imprisonment one amongst them. The relater of the story was not a little embarrassed: "it was not a friend of his own that had fallen—he had heard—he had been told—he believed—but after all it was very possible he might have been deceived," &c.

Now see, sir, how easy it is to play with the reputation of an artist, merely because men, inclined to indulge in idleness themselves, cannot conceive it possible that he may have studied as closely in his own chamber, and in full possession of his liberty, as he would if he had been chained up in a dungeon.

At Vienna, a report still more ridiculous got into circulation, and served to show how boundless is the credulity of some enthusiasts. I had been playing the variations called *Le Streghe* (the Witches). A gentleman, who was represented to me as having a pale complexion, a melancholy air, and eyes full of inspiration, said to some who were admiring my performance, that, for his part, he saw nothing astonishing in my playing, for that, whilst I was executing the variations, he had distinctly seen the devil close to me, guiding my fingers and directing my bow; that the said devil was dressed in red; had horns and a tail; and moreover, that the striking likeness of our countenances plainly proved the relationship between us. It was impossible to refuse credence to so circumstantial and minute a description, and from that time many really believed that they had detected the true origin of what are called my *tours de force*.

For a long time I was seriously annoyed by all these reports thus circulated about me. I endeavoured to prove to demonstration the absurdity of them. I represented that, from the age of fourteen years, I had been constantly before the eyes of the public and giving concerts; that for sixteen years I had been employed as leader of the band, and director of music to the court; that, if I had really suffered eight years imprisonment, for the murder either of mistress or rival, it must have been before I became known to the public; or, in other words, I must have had a mistress and rival at seven years of age. I called on the ambassador of my own country resident in Vienna, to testify that he had known me for nearly twenty years, during all which time my conduct

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had been that of an honest man. By these means I succeeded in silencing calumny for the moment; but calumny is never totally extinguished, and I was not surprised to find it revive in this city. What is to be done, sir? For my part I see nothing else for it but to leave malignity at liberty to disport itself at my expense. Before I close my letter, however, it may be as well to put you in possession of the occurrence which has given rise to all these unfavourable reports of me.

A violin-player, named D....i, who was at Milan in 1798, associated himself with two other men of bad character, and engaged with them in a plot to assassinate, by night, the curate of a neighbouring village, supposed to be in possession of much wealth. Luckily for the curate, the heart of one of the conspirators failed him, and he denounced his companions. The gendarmes watched the spot, and took D....i and his accomplices into custody at the moment they arrived at the curate's dwelling.—They were condemned to twenty years' confinement in irons; but Gen. Menou, having been appointed Governor of Milan, set the violin-player at liberty at the end of two.

Would you believe it, sir? this is the sole foundation upon which the whole history of my incarceration has been erected. A violin-player, whose name ended in *i*, had been engaged in a murder and imprisoned—it could be only *Paganini*;—the assassinated party was converted into either my rival or my mistress;—and it was I, *Paganini*, who had been so many years loaded with chains, and immured in a dungeon.—Solely with the view of wringing from me the secret of my new system have they complimented me with fetters, whose only effect would have been to paralyze my arms.

Once more, if people will continue obstinate in a belief which contradicts all likelihood, nothing remains for me but submission. I retain still, however, one hope: it is that, when I am no more, calumny will, at length, consent to abandon her prey; and that those even who have so cruelly revenged themselves on my success during life, will at least allow my ashes to repose in peace.

Accept, &c., PAGANINI.

A young student having one day dazzled the eyes of Dr. Barrett of Trinity College, Dublin, with a looking glass, the doctor fined him ten shillings "*for casting reflections on the Heads of the College.*"

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

HERE is a column from Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1832. The reader if he like this specimen, may find more of the same order, with *Cuts*, in a Supplementary Sheet, published with the present Number.

JOHN DAY.—A PATHETIC BALLAD.

A Day after the fair.—OLD PROVERB.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he woo'd, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"Oh, Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf:
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half."

Alas! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link:
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

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The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown—
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

We quote the following from the first portion of the Rev. Mr. Gleig's *Lives of the British Commanders*, or the 25th vol. of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. When it is known that it comprises the Lives of Sir Walter Manny, (one of the chivalrous age,) Sir Francis de Vere, (of the Elizabethan age,) Oliver Cromwell, and John Duke of Marlborough —we need not add that the present volume teems with interest.

"There are many curious anecdotes on record relative both to the childhood and early youth of Oliver Cromwell. It is stated that on one occasion, when his uncle sir Henry Cromwell sent for him, he being then an infant, a monkey snatched him from the cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads. The utmost alarm was of course excited, and a variety of devices proposed, with the desperate hope of relieving him from his perilous situation. But the monkey, as if conscious that she bore the fortune of England in her paws, treated him very gently. After amusing herself for a time, she carried the infant back, and laid him safely on the bed from whence she had removed him. Some time later, the waters had well nigh quenched his aspiring genius. He fell into a deep pond, from which a clergyman, named Johnson, rescued him. Many years afterwards the loyal curate, then an old man, was recognised by the republican general, when marching at the head of a victorious army through Huntingdon. "Do you remember that day when you saved me from drowning?" said Cromwell. "I do," replied the clergyman; "and I wish with all my soul that I had put you in, rather than see you in arms against your sovereign." A third story we cannot refuse to give, because it made a more than common impression at the time.

"There was a rumour prevalent in Huntingdon, that Oliver Cromwell and Charles I., when children nearly of the same age, met at Hinchinbrooke House, the seat of sir Oliver Cromwell, the uncle and godfather of the former. "The youths had not been long together," says Noble, "before Charles and Oliver disagreed; and as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; and Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignities, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. This," adds the same author, "was looked upon as a bad presage for that king, when the civil wars commenced."*

"It seems to have been the wish of his mother, by whom he was greatly beloved to bestow upon Oliver an education strictly domestic; and a Mr. Long, a clergyman of the established church, was accordingly engaged to act as his private tutor. Mr. Long, however, who possessed little influence over his pupil, soon resigned his charge; upon which Oliver was placed in the free grammar school at Huntingdon, then taught by Dr. Thomas Beard. Very various and contradictory accounts are given of his progress under his new master. A foreign writer, who delights in the marvellous, has represented the future protector as a prodigy of learning; while of his countrymen not a few speak of him as an incorrigible dunce, as well as a rebellious and headstrong reprobate. The truth appears to be, that with a more than ordinary share of quickness, Oliver took no particular delight in the routine of his scholastic studies, though he was ever foremost in the performance of such exploits as required the exercise of reckless daring or patient courage. There was not an orchard within seven miles of the town which failed to receive from him periodical visits; while the dovecotes of the neighbouring gentry were likewise laid under contribution as often as a marauding party could be arranged. For these misdeeds, as well as for other delinquencies, he received, when detected, the most savage chastisement; Dr. Beard's reputation standing very high, not more, on account of his great learning, than on account of the severe discipline which he maintained among his scholars. Nevertheless, such excessive harshness produced no good effect upon Cromwell. Of a bold and obstinate temper, he endured these merciless floggings without the utterance of a complaint, and returned to his former habits, not only with indifference, but with a dogged, and, as it appeared, a triumphant hardihood.

* The account of this pugilistic encounter between Charles and Cromwell is, to say the least of it, by no means improbable. It is well known that Sir Oliver, a true and loyal knight, sumptuously entertained King James on more than one occasion; and the young prince being twice, at least, of the party, such a falling out is not unlikely to have occurred.

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"While a pupil at this school, two circumstances are related to have taken place, to one of which, after he rose to his high estate, Cromwell himself frequently reverted. "On a certain night, as he lay awake in his bed, he beheld, or imagined that he beheld, a gigantic figure, which, drawing aside the curtains, told him that he should become the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not employ the word king." Cromwell mentioned the circumstance both to his father and his uncle; the former of whom caused Dr. Beard to reward the communication with a sound flogging; while the latter rebuked his nephew for stating that "which it was too traitorous to relate." Nevertheless, the dream or vision adhered to Oliver's memory, and was, as we have just said, often reverted to, after events had worked out its exact accomplishment. On another occasion, whether prior to the occurrence of the vision or the reverse authorities are not agreed, a play called "Lingua, or the Combat of the Five Senses for Superiority," was enacted in the school. In this quaint but striking masque, of which the author remains unknown, though the comedy itself was printed in 1607, it fell to the lot of Cromwell to perform the part of Tactus, a personification of the sense of touch, who coming forth from his tiring-room with a chaplet of flowers on his head, stumbled over a crown and royal robe, cast purposely in the way. The soliloquy into which Tactus breaks forth is certainly very striking:—

Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?
Roses and bays, pack hence! this crown and robe,
My brows and body circles and invests.
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
They lie that say complexions cannot change;
My blood's ennobled, and I'm transform'd
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar or great Alexander.
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment.——How my pace is mended,
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten:
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars;
Ye earth-bred worms!—O for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this change.
Where's my attendants? Come hither, sirrah, quickly,
Or by the wings of Hermes, &c. &c.

"We cannot wonder if, in an age remarkably prone to superstition, this scene should have been regarded both by the friends and enemies of the protector as affording a palpable prognostication of his after fortunes. Had Cromwell lived and died on his brewery, doubtless the whole matter would have been forgotten; but his ultimate rise to more than kingly power, gave to an incident, in itself purely accidental, an air of mysterious, we had almost said of prophetic, import."

CASTLE DANGEROUS.

Tales of my Landlord, 4th Series.

THE origin of this Romance is an historical tradition of the Castle of Douglas, which, during the Scottish war of independence, was so often taken and retaken, as to be named "*Castle Dangerous.*" Sir John Walton, one of its possessors, being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him that when he had kept the castle seven years, then he might think himself worthy of being a suitor to her. Walton undertakes the suit, but loses the castle, by a stratagem of Sir James Douglas, and with all his followers is slain. Sir Walter Scott changes the catastrophe to a heroic combat between Walton and Douglas, in the presence of his mistress; he wins the lady's heart and even the esteem of his conqueror, who allows him to depart ransom free. This is in the right heroic vein of romance, and delightful it is. The characters are very various—Bertram, a minstrel guide, and Turnbull, a follower of the Douglas—are among the best of them. The whole scene is in the native country of the author, whose pen proves it to be his own true ground. In short, seldom, if ever, has he excelled certain descriptive portions of this Romance. Take, for example, the following exquisite evening scene:—

"The landscape was still illuminated by the reflection of the evening sun, sometimes thrown back from pool or stream; sometimes resting on grey rocks, huge cumberers of the soil, which labour and agriculture have since removed, and sometimes contenting itself with gilding the banks of the stream, tinged alternately grey, green, or ruddy, as the ground itself consisted of rock, or grassy turf, or bare earthen mound, or looked at a distance like a rampart of dark red porphyry. Occasionally, too, the eye rested on the steep brown extent of moorland, as the sunbeam glanced back from the little tarn or mountain pool, whose lustre, like that of the eye in the human countenance, gives a life and vivacity to every feature around."

Then the almost deserted town of Douglas:—

"This almost deserted place was de-

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fended by a rude palisade, and a ruder drawbridge, which gave entrance into streets so narrow, as to admit with difficulty three horses abreast, and evincing with what strictness the ancient lords of the village adhered to their prejudice against fortifications, and their opinion in favour of keeping the field, so quaintly expressed in the well-known proverb of the family,—"It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." The streets or rather the lanes, were dark, but for a shifting gleam of moonlight, which, as that planet began to rise, was now and then visible upon some steep and narrow gable. No sound of domestic industry, or domestic festivity, was heard, and no ray of candle or firelight glanced from the windows of the houses; the ancient ordinance called the curfew, which the Conqueror had introduced into England, was at this time in full force in such parts of Scotland as were thought doubtful, and likely to rebel; under which description it need not be said the ancient possessions of the Douglas were most especially regarded. The Church, whose Gothic monuments were of a magnificent character, had been, as far as possible, destroyed by fire; but the ruins, held together by the weight of the massive stones of which they were composed, still sufficiently evinced the greatness of the family at whose cost it had been raised, and whose bones, from immemorial time, had been entombed in its crypts."

Next the portrait of Lazarus Powheid—and the visit of Sir Aymer de Valence:—

"He opened a lowly door, which was fitted, though irregularly, to serve as the entrance of a vaulted apartment, where it appeared that the old man held apart from the living world, his wretched and solitary dwelling. The floor, composed of paving stones, laid together with some accuracy, and here and there inscribed with letters and hieroglyphics, as if they had once upon a time served to distinguish sepulchres, was indifferently well swept, and a fire at the upper end directed its smoke into a hole which served for a chimney. The spade and pick-axe (with other tools,) which the chamberlain of mortality makes use of, lay scattered about the apartment, and, with a rude stool or two, and a table, where some inexperienced hand had unquestionably supplied the labours of the joiner, were nearly the only furniture, if we include the old man's bed of straw, lying in a corner, and discomposed, as if he had been just raised from it. At the lower end of the apartment the wall was almost entirely covered by a large escutcheon, such as is usually hung over the graves of men of very high rank, having the appropriate quarters, to the number of sixteen, each properly blazoned and distinct, placed as ornaments around the principal armorial coat itself.

"'Let us sit,' said the old man; 'the posture will better enable my failing ears to apprehend your meaning, and the asthma will deal with me more mercifully in permitting me to make you understand mine.'

"A peal of short asthmatic coughs attested the violence of the disorder which he had last named, and the young knight followed his host's example, in sitting down on one of the rickety stools by the side of the fire. The old man brought from one corner of the apartment an apron, which he occasionally wore, full of broken boards in irregular pieces, some of which were covered with black cloth, or driven full of nails, black, as it might happen, or gilded.

"'You will find this fresh fuel necessary,' said the old man, 'to keep some degree of heat within this waste apartment; nor are the vapours of mortality, with which this vault is apt to be filled, if the fire is permitted to become extinct, indifferent to the lungs of the dainty and the healthy, like your worship, though to me they are become habitual. The wood will catch fire, although it is some time ere the damps of the grave are overcome by the drier air and the warmth of the chimney.'

"Accordingly, the relics of mortality with which the old man had heaped his fireplace, began by degrees to send forth a thick unctuous vapour, which at length leaped to light, and blazing up the aperture, gave a degree of liveliness to the gloomy scene. The blazonry of the huge escutcheon met and returned the rays with as brilliant a reflection as that lugubrious object was capable of, and the whole apartment looked with a fantastic gaiety, strangely mingled with the gloomy ideas which its ornaments were calculated to impress upon the imagination."

A dungeon in Douglas Castle, which is characteristically "dangerous":—

"The doors of the stronghold being undone, displayed a dungeon such as in those days held victims hopeless of escape, but in which the ingenious knave of modern times would scarcely have deigned to remain many hours. The huge rings by which the fetters were

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soldered together, and attached to the human body, were, when examined minutely, found to be clenched together by riveting so very thin, that when rubbed with corrosive acid, or patiently ground with a bit of sandstone, the hold of the fetters upon each other might be easily forced asunder, and the purpose of them entirely frustrated. The locks also, large, and apparently very strong, were so coarsely made, that an artist of small ingenuity could easily contrive to get the better of their fastenings upon the same principle. The daylight found its way to the subterranean dungeon only at noon, and through a passage which was purposely made tortuous, so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while it presented no obstacle to wind or ruin. The doctrine that a prisoner was to be esteemed innocent until he should be found guilty by his peers, was not understood in those days of brute force, and he was only accommodated with a lump or other alleviation of his misery, if his demeanour was quiet, and he appeared disposed to give his jailer no trouble by attempting to make his escape. Such a cell of confinement was that of Bertram, whose moderation of temper and patience had nevertheless procured for him such mitigations of his fate as the warder could grant."

Spirit of Discovery.

Steam Biscuits.

Our readers will recollect that we some time ago gave an account of the new process of making biscuits by steam, which was then introduced at the victualling-yard, Portsmouth. Since that period the manufactory has been continued and improved, and we have now on our table a specimen-biscuit of last week's batch. It presents us with the latest improvement, which though very obvious and simple, is one of much utility, consisting merely in the form of the biscuit, which is hexagonal instead of the usual round shape. It will immediately appear how much more suitable this is for stowage than the round biscuit, how much better it will pack for keeping, and how much less room it will occupy. Thousands of hexagons, cut by the machine with mathematical precision, can be placed both laterally and in perpendicular layers without losing an inch; while in the round there was almost as much of waste space as of solid package. The importance of the change on shipboard is of great advantage, and "as round as a biscuit" will soon be an antiquarian saying.—*Literary Gazette.*

Manufacture of Cheese from Potatoes.

Cheese, as it is said, of extremely fine quality, is manufactured from potatoes, in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner:—After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and after becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grate or mortar. To 5lb. of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added a pound of sour milk, and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, where the superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large pots or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older those cheeses are, the more their quality improves. Three kinds of them are made. The first, which is the most common, is made according to the proportions above indicated; the second, with four parts of potatoes, and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes, and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well closed vessels.—*From the French.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

PERSIAN STANDARD.

DURING a battle that lasted three days between Saade and Rustam, the standard of the Persian monarchy was captured, which caused on the one side an excess of grief—the other an excess of joy—one party feeling their glory had departed, the other a sure presage to future victory. On examining the precious relic, it was found to be the leathern apron of a blacksmith, who in ancient times had arisen the deliverer of Persia; but this badge of heroic poverty was disguised and almost concealed by a profusion of precious gems.

SWAINE.

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"TE DEUM."

THE beautiful *Te Deum* of Giovanni Adelfo Hasse, surnamed Il Sassonis, a native of Bergedorf, near Hamburgh, born 1699, had the following singular origin:—He had been commissioned by King Augustus III. to compose a new *Te Deum*, but having been for some time very ill, he was not disposed to study, and was unable to please himself. Meantime, the day it was to be delivered was near at hand; almost despairing of success, he took a walk, on a fine Sunday morning, in the Royal Park. A lusty peasant from Gruna, who was going to take the sacrament at a neighbouring church, overtook him near the palace, addressed him cordially, and kept close to him, notwithstanding the cool answers he received. Vexed at being thus interrupted in his meditations, he was about to turn into a side path, when suddenly a ray of invention was kindled in his soul, and the leading idea of the *Te Deum* flashed across his mind. Not to lose it, he impetuously desired the peasant to stand still, ran into the gardener's lodge for a piece of chalk, and was about to draw a stave across the broad shoulders of the peasant, when the latter, already amazed at the command to stand still, grew quite angry at the chalk marks on his Sunday coat, and supposing Hasse to be mad, ran full speed towards the city, followed by Hasse chalk in hand; who luckily caught him, and begged him for heaven's sake to stop, wrote his leading theme upon the black coat, and drove its owner before him, (humming the notes as he went along) to the park gate, where he obtained pen, ink, and paper, and copied the whole. With this treasure Hasse hastened home, and the principal parts of the *Te Deum* were completed. On the following day he went to Gruna, carrying a present of a dozen of wine for the obliging peasant whose black coat had been of such essential service to him. W. G. C.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

As a party of seamen were walking up Point-street Portsmouth, rather elated with liquor, a bull which had escaped from the King's slaughter-house, came running towards the jolly tars with his tail erect in the air, when all the men jumped out of his way except one, and he being an immense sturdy fellow, stood in the street directly in the way of the bull, and hailed him in the following words:—"Bull, ahoy! Bull, ahoy! I cry. Drop your peak, and put your helm a starboard, or you'll run aboard of me?" The bull, continuing his course, came in contact with Jack and capsized him; but Jack not being intimidated, sprung from the ground, and shaking his clothes, very good-naturedly observed to the bull, "Oh, you lubberly beast, I told you how it would be."

AT the defeat of Brenneville in 1118, an English soldier seized the bridle of the horse whereon rode Louis VI., exclaiming, "the king is taken." "The king is never taken," said Louis coolly, "not even at a game of chess," and immediately struck the Englishman dead at his feet. SWAINE.

ONE night during the performance of "The Mysteries of the Castle," Reynolds, expressing his surprise at the thinness of the house, said, "I suppose it is owing to the war." "No," replied Morton, "it is owing to the *piece*."

PALISSOT once said to Madame Corancez, "Since I have read Racine, I have given up the idea of writing tragedies. I shall now write a comedy." "Then you have not read Molière," replied the lady.

A loquacious blockhead after babbling some time to Sheridan, said, "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention." "No, no," replied Sheridan, "I have not been listening."

"DID you not tell me this morass was hard at the bottom," said a young horseman to a countryman, when his horse had sunk up to the saddle girth. "Ees I did, but you are not half way to the bottom yet," said the fellow.

AT a meeting of the Commissioners of the Watch, &c. at Bristol, one of the extra watchmen was brought before them on a charge of having been asleep on duty. One of the commissioners on being told this was his second offence, exclaimed, "So, sir, I understand you are a *lethargic!*" The man, after a pause, replied with some warmth, "No, sir, I am not, I am a *protestant*."

ANNUALS FOR 1832.

WITH the present Number, the SECOND SUPPLEMENT of the SPIRIT of the ANNUALS for 1832: With Comic Cuts.

No. 517—The First Supplement, with a large Engraving of Brussels.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 524.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2d.

WHICH WAY DID THE FOX GO?

FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1832.

THE REAR ADMIRAL.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.

Hood's Comic Annual.

Looking over these pages of delicious fooling, we almost say with one of Charles Mathews's laughter-loving fat folks, "that fellow (Hood) will be the death of us." He is ever shooting folly as it flies, though we fear our citizens will think he has this year made rather free with their *manors:* however, they have been public game since the times of the Charleses.

By the courtesy of the proprietor we are enabled to give the reader two of Mr. Hood's Cuts, with our Extracts:

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LETTER FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEAVED your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roomatiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the dixenary, and kno verry well what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Remembrances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtims Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now become quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazelmere copses down to Broxley wood; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and no painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obleegd to discourse, and is now turned into a conversasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captiousness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper than Flints. The last hare I kild was 2 long ears ago, and the Last fezzant, But theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats.

"The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting—you kno

Wat is Hits is History;
But what is mist is mystery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wanking sticks—there a cappital defence agin cappital offences, as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him, or boath togethir. I wish farmer Gale had carried one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckly he had nothin on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had been stopd the weak afore. In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out where I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to flote and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fishd theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long. As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it; and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite. Our Wist club is going off, Some of the members go on so; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle, and the other like Vineger. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think they'le Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints; and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, which they cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in; Sum is al for reform, and sum is al for none at al, and the only think they agre in is, that the land Lord shant bring in no Bil. There is besides grate discushins as to the new game laws, sum entertaning douts when sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parlament will inable them to shute anny game."

The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with out rekoning the byes; our best man at Wickit is Captin Batty—he often gets four notches running; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr. Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads ere boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd,—and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak, for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of waking that I can See, is to pervent folkes Sleeping, and as for there jumping and throwing up there Heals, I see no Plea-

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ear in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they wouden't be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.

* * * * * * *

Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was verry good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is verry shamful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afeard'e old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottany.

Pleas to Remembes me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me,

From your Humbel servant,
ANDREW AXELTREE.

P.S. I forgot to menshun the subskripshon Stag hounds kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum cappital runs dooring the season. As you write for the sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather fioo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus and hunts with Pompey, his black servant after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.

Almost equal to the Stoke Pogis Riots of last year are the following, (an admirable squib, by the way, at some "Papers" printed, which ought from their worthlessness to be called "Waste Papers.")

THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.

(THE Pugsley's are a cockney family, who retire from a shoe shop in Barbican to the *otium* of the Fens in Lincolnshire. Here are some of the epistles, from all branches of the family.)

"*From Master Richard Pugsley, to Master Robert Rogers, at Number* 132, *Barbican.*

"DEAR BOB,—Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

"There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

"If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off. Don't forget some birdlime, Bob—and some fish-hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some Mayflies,—and a powder horn,—and a landing net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and a bullet mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

"Your old friend and schoolfellow,
"RICHARD PUGSLEY."

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" From Miss Dorothy Pugsley to Miss Jemima Moggridge, at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.

" My Dear Miss Jemima,—Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials, more severe than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay somewhere, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery? Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father, who is still in town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind, —have half-poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullases, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

" Among other things we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullases and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper: but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time. * * *

" The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of everything we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

"Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,

" Dorothy Pugsley."

* * * *

" From Mrs. Pugsley to Mrs. Rogers.

" Madam, — Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in *The Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that, not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gypsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam,

" Your humble Servant,

" Belinda Pugsley."

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Extract of a letter from Pugsley, senior.

"Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and Family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment—and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds —and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say—'The Stock to be taken as it stands;' and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

"R. Pugsley, Sen.

"P.S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items."

We have quoted a column of the poetry in the Number accompanying the present; so, we conclude with the following *jeu d'esprit*, by which the reader may learn to write blank verse in rhyme:

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

"Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch.—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the small Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs, fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep, sleep, creep!
But frighten'd by Policeman B, 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads, leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls,
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize, size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;—
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Anns banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribands flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows woes!"

The Cuts, large and small, are fun and humour throughout. To describe them would be to foretaste and spoil them. Yet they are not mere fun: only turn to the faces in the Cut "Which way did the Fox go?" and you will be puzzled to say which face has the most provoking fun—the perturbed inquirer or his many scenting informants. Surely this is the book of anti-cholera.

The Forget-me-not.

This is, as usual, one of the most pleasing of the Annuals. It contains sixty-three pieces: the prose are of the best order; the verse not being of a striking character; indeed, some of the versifiers ought scarcely to have 'scaped whipping. Among the prose stories, that of "the White Lynx of the Long Knives" is foremost in merit as in place in the volume. Its scene is in North America; and the narrative abounds with vivid descriptions of the sublime: the aurora borealis, for example, is beautifully sketched at the opening of the tale. There are the usual contributors to this work: the Modern Pythagorean, Dr. Bowring, Delta, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mr. Hood, Mr. R. Thomson, and Mr. Galt; Misses Landon, Mitford, and Mrs. Hofland; and we must not forget a touching portrait —La Mère des Soldats—by Mrs. Lee, lately Mrs. Bowdich. Our extract is from a Secret Adventure in High Life, by Mr. R. Thompson, and is of the good old days of brocade and point lace. We may term it

A MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.*

Every body who knows any thing about high life in the last century must

* Tibbs, a beau of the period, is the narrator.

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remember that, until the erection of the Pantheon, in 1772, the most fashionable masquerades, assemblies, and concerts in London, were held under the direction of Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, at Carlisle House, in Soho-square. In the close of that year she became a bankrupt, and her house and furniture were for a long time advertised for sale; but the enterprising arch-priestess of fashion, "the Empress of the Vast Regions of Taste," as she was frequently called, contrived to delay her fall, and was supported in her station, though with diminished splendour, until the end of 1776.

* * * * *

"Ay, here," began Tibbs, drawing out a pair of tarnished and broken metal green spectacles, which I strongly suspect came out of the identical bargain bought by Moses Primrose, "this was the door of the old great Tea-room, where the horns and clarionets that my wife and the countess were so prodigiously fond of, used to play; but smite me if it don't look like a Jew's tabernacle now, or Solomon's temple at Sudric fair! And up these stairs was the ball-room for country dances; and down those, 'i' the cellarage,' as *Shikspur* says, was the endless Cotillon-gallery, where we used to dance till the sun put the candles out. It was all very well, as I said before, while we of a certain rank countenanced these places; but now, my dear, the Pantheon's beat them all to sticks; Festino, Cassino, Coterie, and old mother Cornelys' into the bargain. Not but what, as you said, or were going to say, the masquerades here were sometimes immensely fine, and consumedly humorous. I remember once laughing all the rest of the week at a frolic here, where I, and eight or nine more choice spirits—high-bred wags all of us, and of the Inner Temple—played one of the Quorum, a beadle, a night-constable, four watchmen and some of their charge. It was the finest thing you ever saw, for the Honourable Festus Wagsby, the late learned Judge Wagsby, you know, touched off old Fielding so divinely in his examination, that the whole masquerade was in screams of rapture.

"I see that you're an age too young to remember Lady Grogram—and, indeed, I knew her myself only when she was quite upon the fade; but even then she was positively a walking bale of gold tissue, and brocade, and diamonds—an absolute Queen of Sheba—and every body's mark who was looking out for a long purse. But then, my dear, upon my gentility, she was a starched melancholy old dowager, as lank and as yellow as an old wax flambeau, though poor Harry Smart used to say she ought to have been brown with so much toasting. However, brown or yellow went for absolutely nothing with her, for, smite me, if the old witch wasn't vain enough to think she danced like Vestris, and looked best as a sylph in white and silver! when all the time you would have thought it was an elephant's tooth dressed up! *Mais n'importe*, as M. le Comte said to me this morning, every season she subscribed to Mrs. Cornelys' here; and, as no countess could pay better or dress richer, there was no turning her quite out of our pale—though sometimes we contrived to cut her out of our most select parties, as the *Coterie*, the *Scavoire vivre* nights, and so forth; but usually we pitied her, and let her go on fishing for a coronet, and making herself absurd. You've heard of the Thursday night's club at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall—a famous high set, I promise you, all of them your real rank and quality, and the wittiest dogs in town, and my very dear friends, too—but that's a secret. On the 26th of February—ay, I think it was the 26th—I like to be accurate in these matters—but I know it was on a Monday, early in 1770—they gave a masquerade at Mrs. Cornelys', and I'll assure you that it was the most brilliant thing ever known in this country, for there was no buying or transferring of tickets, and 'twas thought that the king and queen would certainly be there. It was decided by us who managed, that Lady Grogram should be left out; but she almost moved heaven and earth to get a ticket; and at last she did through one or other of your poor devil quality, for I'll swear she got it with a golden hook—though that's a secret. Well, when Mrs. Tibbs, and those dear wicked creatures the other lady-managers, found it out, there was nothing to be done but to get as much fun out of the old girl as possible, and so they contrived to send her a letter, as if it came from Mrs. Cornelys' major-domo, desiring her to come as Hebe, and hinting that it was the wish of a certain noble Jove that she should be his cup-bearer: and, strike me sensible! if she didn't swallow it like a whale, and come flying in, as if she were going to dance a saraband, all gauze and gossamer, bewigged and bewinged like a doll-goddess in a puppet-show, and a hundred thousand baubles stuck about her head. My witty friend, the Honourable Tom Trant, said that she looked like a roll of parchment co-

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vered with a cobweb, and asked if she were not the Dowager Hebe. I promise you it made a prodigious laugh at the time, for he said, in a loud whisper, that if Mr. Jove must have his cup-bearer at his tail, she ought to have sent her great-granddaughter, and not come out in the night-air to rake and catch cold at her age.

"But the worst of it all was, that my dear friend, the Duke of Dunmow, came that night as Jupiter; and she found him out, to the immense dismay of the duchess, who was Juno, and was ready to expire with fright at the woman's horrid figure and assurance. And Lord! my dear, what a scene there was then! for, d'ye see me, up came Hebe with her nectar-bowl, and asked him to drink; upon which Lord Flitch, the duke's eldest son, who was Momus, told her she had better drink it herself, and go home to bed. Then she asked his grace to sit by her side at supper, as he had promised, for it was then about one o'clock and they were going into the Rotunda-room, but at first the duke only stared at her for a mad woman. Then, as I said before, she began to make quite a scene of it; and, between you and I—but let it go no farther, it's a profound secret—the duchess, though she *was* my dear friend, would be a little jealous or so, now and then, and she began to bridle, and—but that you know was classical; as that grave and pious divine the Reverend Dr. Burdock, his grace's chaplain, who has served in the *Fleet*, and was also at the masquerade in the character of Dr. Stripe, a schoolmaster, whispered me jocosely enough—'Tibbs, my boy,' says he, 'this is Juno with a vengeance—

Upon her wrinkled front and eyebrow bent
Sit stedfast Care and lowering Discontent—

as old Homer finely says, the Duchess is *Odd I see.*'—'And will be *Ill I add*,' answered I, quite *degagè*, 'if we don't get rid of the old harridan, and part them.' Well, by this time, my dear, there was a prodigious crowd about us of the cattle so common at a masquerade—friars and flower-girls, preachers and punchinellos, queens, quakers, and quack-doctors; and as for any manners they had, we might as well have been in St. Giles's: for, when your real quality *are* vulgar, may I be smothered if I don't think they're a match for the lowest of them. However, says his grace, with his usual air of dignity, 'Hark ye, woman,' says he, 'smite me, but I think you're either mad, or have been drinking too deeply of your dram-cup.' Whereupon she replied, 'As for that, my lord duke, belike I'm no more in liquor than yourself, and what's more than that, here's your own direction in black and white, telling me how I was to come, which I suppose you won't go to deny;' and so, would you credit it? out she drew the letter, and showed every body what a fool she had been. 'Poor soul!' said the duke, 'this never came from me; but the devil trounce me, if thou art not greatly abused!' 'So I think, my lord graceless,' said she, 'when the quality have no more manners; but I'd have you to know that I was never used so before since my name was Grogram; and whereas you talk of trouncing, I wish I could get somebody to do it to purpose, they should be well paid for their trouble;' and then she pulled off her mask in a fury, and began to fan herself with it in high dudgeon. All the crowd laughed immensely, but the whole rout was in amaze—my lord himself began to turn all manner of colours, the duchess stalked away indignantly, and Lady Grogram fainted. She fell very luckily into the arms of Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce, a great brawny Irishman, who had long been laying hot siege to her purse, though his only fortune was his knighthood, an ocean of debts, a swingeing sword, a pair of chairman's legs, and a consumedly impudent face of his own.—Well, my dear, this accident was the very thing for Sir Tomkyn, who was always ready for a bottle or a duel, to show his devotion and valour; and so, supporting her with one arm, he outs with his rapier, and says, 'Aisy, my jewel, aisy now, you've gotten your wish any way, for it's myself that will be proud to trounce any of this good-looking company you like to pick out, and ask no pay for it neither, but one of your own bright beautiful smiles. So if any lady or gentleman here has anything either to declare or deny about you that you don't like, myself is the boy for a small tilting-match with them, behind Montague House, before we go home to breakfast, and sleep out the rest of the night; for, by the devil's best parlour poker, I'm your own to the last drop of my blood!'

"Sir Tomkyn's ready interference and bold speech were the very making of his suit, for he led off Lady Grogram in triumph, sat by her during supper, danced with her till the last cock-crow, and then saw her safe to her carriage, an accepted suitor, almost roaring mad with two hours' hard courtship and three bottles of bad claret.

"To finish the story as it deserves,

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I ought to tell you how Lady Grogram and Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce were soon after married by special license: in which I think Dr. Burdock showed his pre-eminence in the noble science of wheedling, since he contrived to make all parties friends, and even to perform the ceremony. It's very true, though, that the duchess was not easily brought into trim again, as honest Jernigan Truss, the duke's own confidential valet, privately told me—so that you'll perceive this is a profound secret. The duke and she parted with rather high words that night, for he was weary and she was unreasonable; but by the morning both were wiser; and when his grace waked, he called three times to his man, in a loud, serious voice, 'Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters:' meaning that he intended to get up. It led to a prodigiously high joke, though, for my lady's own maid, Fanny Finears or Fineairs, I'm not sure which, was listening for what she could hear, and away she runs to the duchess, and tells her for the love of goodness to come quick if she would save the duke from hanging himself in despair. In bursts her grace to my lord's dressing-room, and in three minutes more all was done and over. The duchess, however, never went to Carlisle House with any pleasure again; and we soon after left it quite, and patronised the Pantheon."

The Plates are of higher finish than usual. Among the finest are—the Triumph of Mordecai, after Martin, by E. Finden; Don Juan and Haidee, exquisitely engraved by W. Finden; Uncle Toby and the Widow, after Richter, by C. Rolls; Mariana, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Graves; one of Mr. Wood's Cottage Girls in a Thunderstorm, by W. Finden; then are—an Indian Scene, Mayence, and two pictures of homely interest.

In saying farewell and prosper to the "Forget-me-not" of this year, we are happy to leave it at the head of the flock.

The Comic Offering.

Edited by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

THIS is a tasteful volume of lady wit and humour, ushered in with the appropriate lines from Milton:

> Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful jollity;
> Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides.

It is further described as the "Ladies Melange of Literary Mirth," thus promising additional delight, notwithstanding as a fair writer expresses it, "the difficulty of being comic to order." There are 70 Engravings, and about 40 Articles in verse and prose. The former are really *Cuts*—as "Pity the sorrows of a poor *young* man;" but the fair Editoress is impartial, for further on we have "an old *Cat*," really one of the feline tribe in cap and shawl; and a "*delicious* bit of scandal" between two Tabithas in high-backed chairs before a screen, for no picture of scandal is complete without the latter. The lady in "cross purposes" too is excellent: her arms are like two sticks. The Cut of schoolboys burning rods is humorously enough termed "Breaking up and burning *thrashing machines*." We have not space to particularize more of the subjects, but we must add that in design and engraving they are free from coarseness, if not entirely from far-fetched humour.

(In full blow)

—though not by Fellows of the Horticultural Society—accompanying

THE RHODUM SYDUS.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

"What's in a name? a rose by any other name
would smell as sweet!"

In Bath there formerly prevail'd a taste
On flow'rs with learned names large sums to waste;
And (tho' no florist) every person tried
With queer-named novelties to be supplied.

Miss B. a visit to a gard'ner paid,
Who scarce and costly plants for sale displayed:
And soon a little flower attracts her view,
As being *rather* pretty, and *quite* new.
"That is a novel flower," Miss B. exclaimed,
"I'll buy it, if 'tis not *too simply named!*"

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"That is the *Rhodum Sydus*," said the man.—
"Send it to me directly if you can!"
Exclaimed Miss B. then home direct she hies:
Her morning visiters, with jealous eyes,
Look at the Rhodum Sydus in full bloom,
Envy her luck, and sulky leave the room!

Some to the gard'ner fly—"Good sir, provide us
With plants, in blossom, of the Rhodum Sydus"
Others in triumph cry, "None can abide us,
Because we've purchased plants of Rhodum Sydus"
While some in tears exclaim, "Do not deride us,
But we cannot procure a Rhodum Sydus."

At length a Botanist, who felt some shame
That he had never heard this wond'rous name,
Went to the gard'ner saying "Let me see
What plant this Rhodum Sydus, famed, maybe."

The man in triumph straight a blossom brought,
But by the Botanist at length he's caught,
Who said "With me your tricks will not succeed.
Your grand exotic is—a *road-side weed!*"

The gard'ner, in deception thus detected,
Said, humbly, "Sir, 'tis just as you've suspected!
Each day, in vain, the ladies hither came
Asking for something *new*, with *lengthy name;*
I found that plant along the road beside us,
And hence I christened it a *Road-um Side-us!*"

The Cut beneath occurs in the Letter of a French Governess.

Scraping an acquaintance.

But we must wind up the Cuts with

A Watchman.

We add a prose extract from the lady badinage:

THE SPINSTER'S LAST HOPE

By Mrs. Walker.

MUCH has been written, more, perhaps, than ever was felt, upon the frustration and annihilation of our first hopes. Many a goodly sonnet, with its proper quantity of lines and syllables, and *minus only*, nature, feeling, and imagery, has been thrust before the public eye, to record that life's vernal spring is not perennial, and to announce the new and interesting fact, that human existence has not changed its character since the period when it was denounced by Job as being of "few days and full of trouble." One would have imagined, that these words, stamped as they are in

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the volume of eternal truth, would have availed as a beacon to guide man, and woman too, from the dark abyss of disappointment. Yet every day's experience shows of some unfortunate victim of excited expectations, blazoning forth his sorrows to the world, "in all the pomp and majesty of woe," and challenging its sympathy as loudly as if there were any novelty or distinctiveness in grief, and as if every heart that is warmed into life, numbered not the greater amount of its pulsations, by the dial of despair! But no more of this—I am a professed enemy to querulousness, and a consistent and decided opponent to sentimentality of all kinds—and maintain the possibility of living cheerfully and contentedly, even after one's *last* hope has been laid low. Such is my case; and it behoves me to introduce it, in its details.

Reader, are you of the "Beau sexe," and are you married? If so, you must remember well the throbs and anxieties, the alternations of hope and fear, during the progress of the courtship which led you to the altar. But was not the preponderating fear throughout, that some untoward accident should defeat your views, and throw you back upon society without the support of that protection which you sought to achieve, by much amiability, a little finesse, it may be, and diligent dressing? Think, then, of *her* state, who has six times been verging into the character of a wife, and at the age of forty-five, remains to sign herself a spinster! Youth is proverbially the season of enjoyment, and so I found it – eighteen years, and 20,000*l.*—fashion, vivacity, and personability—I hope the word neither compromises my truth nor my vanity—brought me plenty of admirers, and one unexceptionable offer. It was accepted; the ring was bought; the carriage ordered; the settlement adjusted; and I within a few days of white favours and St. George's church, when a brain fever—but I will not commit sentimentalism—and this passage of my life opens such avenues to it, that I would fain rush over it. Enough—my first love died: and I lived to receive, at twenty-one, my second offer, and chronicle, also, my second disappointment! My second adorer was one who, had he been like Cassio in the play, an "arithmetician," would have divided the palm of celebrity with the American boy of calculating fame. Every act and deed was regulated with the nicest exactness, and with the sole view of adding to his fortune, subtracting from his anxieties, or dividing his cares. He lived in calculations. From the period of his making his toilet in the morning, when he balanced for half an hour, the advantages of wearing a claret or olive surtout, till twelve at night, which found him in his legislative capacity in St. Stephen's Chapel, calculating on the propriety of voting with or against the minister.

Fatal to my hopes was this ruling passion. It was at a country ball, I was tried by this mental measurement, and found wanting. It was there he proved, that having neither the beauty of Miss L., the fortune of Miss W., nor the influence of Miss M., the sum total might, after putting him in possession of a wife, leave him with a diminution of happiness and freedom. He, therefore, declared off, with all the quiet *nonchalance* possible. And the depression of the agricultural interest forming something like an excuse to my father, for the *non*-ratification of his engagement, he made his regrets and his *congé* to me, with the most serious of bows, and the deepest of sighs.

Twenty-three—found me—with my hand, small and snowy as it confessedly was, unsought for. I had gone to the expense of advertising myself, by having my portrait painted for Somerset House, and my name fully described in the catalogue. I rode through the park during the season, at the most orthodox hours, and on an unexceptionable horse. I had attended the opera as regularly as the prompter; still it would not do; when fate suddenly achieved the desired good—an offer! I was on a visit at my uncle's—one of my cousins was given to music—I took the hint, and warbled *at* him steadily and untiringly. A new song came out—it suited my voice, and I sang it with effect—the reward was an offer to make me Mrs. Algernon Tracy. But evanescent was my triumph! The York music meeting came, and Miss —, the celebrated *prima donna* came too. She sang my song, and without music—it was resistless—my cousin ceased his plaudits only to seek the fair vocalist, and play the inconstant to me. A few weeks after saw him married to my rival, and myself tearing the identical song into the smallest possible atoms.

Thirty—Alas! I thought, am I then really to be an old maid? I let down my hair, and it was luxuriant, without the fostering aid of *macassar*. It told—a gentlemanly, but very bald man, asked my love, and unquestionably would have secured it, and my hand, too, had I not discovered in time, that he paid his devotions at a gambling house more

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punctually than to me; and that having already dispersed 30,000*l.* through the agency of "*Rouge et Noir*, he was ready and willing to send my 20,000*l.* in pursuit after it. I thought the mission somewhat contingent as to its results, and declined his offer.

Thirty to thirty-five—I was now in a feverish state of anxiety as to the progress of the years, and began studiously to avoid all allusion to birth-days; smiled with peculiar complacency upon every person who called me 'Miss' at first sight; adopted all the mutabilities of fashion; accepted invitations to country seats, in good hunting counties; discoursed with the *Squirearchy* upon dogs and horses; and having, to show my courage, and gratify the wish of one particular individual, consented to mount a horse who never would do aught but gallop (I never could do aught but trot gently); got a severe fall, and a contused head. As an indemnity for my obedience to his request, the owner of the steed began to talk of his bruised heart, and to ask me to heal it at the village church hard by. I consented—and here the destroyer of my prospects was a housekeeper- one of those middle-aged gentlewomen who exercise, in the *menage* of single men, such omnipotent mastery over their purses and persons. She knew her empire would terminate with the commencement of my reign, and persuaded Mr. Darnley that he would go to ruin, and she to the canal, if he turned his old and faithful domestic away;—*did* tears and hysterics for one whole week, and appeared, at the beginning of the next, as the mistress of Darnley Hall!

Thirty-five to forty—is a fearful age for spinsters—offers come "like angel's visits, few and far between." To me they never came at all; and I have now to narrate the climax of my fears, and the death of my hopes, which took place in the October of 1830. In an evil hour I accompanied some friends to Paris, who had given me sundry hints as to the preference the Frenchmen had for English wives. Arrived in the metropolis, many of the Parisians, with a laudable desire to give pleasure, inquired of me when I should be twenty-five! One whose mustachios were particularly well arranged, and whose decorations were abundant, and upon whom I had begun to look with strong interest, asked me one day to accompany him to the English Ambassador's chapel; and whilst surveying the altar, insinuated his desire to confer upon me there the title of *Madame*. He obtained my promise; and the next day obtained, alas! also from me, an order upon Lafitte, which put him in possession of the whole of my property! He quitted Paris with the avowed intent of laying out some thousands of my *francs* in the purchase of a chateau in Normandy. For any thing I know to the contrary, he may have done so; but this I know, that I have never seen him or my money since. I lost my follies with my fortune; I recrossed the channel, and obtained a situation as humble companion in Lady D.'s family. And here I am, cheerful and happy; though every chance of changing my name has vanished for ever! And "the spinster's last hope" has failed her.

Had Miss Sheridan been a member of the celebrated Society of the Stocking, we think her colour would not have been *blue*.

This cheerful book is well printed, and in tastefully embossed binding.

The Keepsake.

HERE is the golden galley, with its crimson flying, and beautiful Engravings at its head and front. See how proudly this guinea Cleopatra sails down the Cydnus of the publishers, though Paternoster *Row* is comparatively a poor muddy stream. Count her noble freight of Contributors, or call the Court Newsman—see Lords Ashtown, Dover, Holland, Mahon, Morpeth, Mulgrave, Porchester, John Russell; the Countesses of Blessington and Morley; and Lady E. Stuart Wortley, who has written some of the sweetest poetry in the volume. The best prose pieces are, however, by the plebeian contributors—they have beat this aristocracy of letters, high as really are some of the noble names in literary distinction. There is the usual muster of romance and fashion, and false sentiment—lines written here and there on the continent, and probably to be found also in some of the inn albums. There is a Frankenstein Dream; a touching story by Mr. St. John; a tale of the time of Henry VII., by Mrs. Charles Gore; an interesting story by J. S. Knowles; the New King, a piece of political spite, in execrable taste, by Hook—(where was the eye of the editor?)—a modern Crichton, by Mr. Lister, the novelist, who thinks that "intellect may have had its 'march,' but it has been a march upon the level:" it would be sad uphill-work to prove it this;—a Diary of Mr. S. of Charlcote Park, without a word of Shakspeare; a Party of Pleasure on the Tamar cle-

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verly described in verse by the Countess of Morley, in which occur these lines to the sun :—

That thou, the sky's great potentate,
Should'st scowl on ministers of state,
Appears such strange behaviour!
One would have thought the brightest beam
That from thy summer's smile could gleam
Had shone to show them favour!

The Editor, in a note, tells us "a Secretary of State was one of the party:" he must have been an ex-Secretary.—Archdeacon Spencer has contributed a paper "On the Life and Writings of Lord Byron," which Mr. Murray will *not* prefix to his first complete edition of the Noble Poet's Works. Lord Mulgrave has a "Bridemaid" story, written for a copy of the well-known picture; and L. E. L. the following exquisite lines:—

AN EARLY PASSAGE IN SIR JOHN PERROT'S LIFE.

BY L. E. L.

There is a very curious and rare biography extant of this accomplished knight and courtier, and it was placed in my hands by Mr. Crofton Croker, who thought that I should find a variety of subjects for poetical illustration in Sir John Perrot's adventurous and romantic career. The present incident he especially marked as very characteristic of the picturesque tone of the age. To Mr. Croker I beg to inscribe the ballad, and trust the rest of its readers will partake in his sympathy for the memories of our ancestors.

The evening tide is on the turn; so calm the waters flow,
There seems to be one heav'n above, another heav'n below;
The blue skies broken by white clouds, the river by white foam,
The stars reflect themselves, and seem to have another home.

A shade upon the elements, 'tis of a gallant bark,
Her stately sides fling on the waves an outline dim and dark;
The difference this by things of earth, and things of heav'n made,
The things of heav'n are traced in light, and those of earth in shade.

Wrapt in his cloak a noble knight stept to and fro that deck,
Revolving all those gentler thoughts the busier day-hours check.
A thousand sad sweet influences in truth and beauty lie,
Within the quiet atmosphere of a lone starry sky.

A shower of glittering sparkles fell from off the dashing oar,
As a little boat shot rapidly from an old oak on shore:
His eye and pulse grew quick, the knight's, his heart kept no true time
In its unsteady beating, with the light oars' measured chime.

"Thou hast loiter'd—so, in sooth, should I—thine errand be thy plea;
And now what of my lady bright, what guerdon sent she me?
Or sat she lonely in her bower, or lovely in the hall?
How look'd she when she took my gift? sir page, now tell me all."—

"I found her with a pallid cheek, and with a drooping head,
I left her, and the summer rose wears not a gladder red;
And she murmur'd something like the tones a lute has in its chords,
So very sweet the whisper was, I have forgot the words"

"A health to thee, my lady love, a health in Spanish wine,
To-night I'll pledge no other health, I'll name no name but thine."
The young page hid his laugh, then dropp'd in reverence on his knee—
"In sooth, good master, that I think to-night may scarcely be.

"While kneeling at your lady's feet another dame past by,
The lion in her haughty step, the eagle in her eye.
'And doth the good knight barter gems? God's truth, we'll do the same.'
A pleasant meaning lit the smile, that to her proud eyes came.

"She took the fairest of the gems upon her glittering hand,
With her own fingers fasten'd it upon a silken band,
And held it to the lamp, then said, 'Like this stone's spotless flame,
So tell your master that I hold his high and knightly fame.'"

Low on his bended knee, the knight received that precious stone,
And bold and proud the spirit now that in his dark eyes shone:—
"Up from your sleep, my mariners, for ere the break of day,
And even now the stars are pale, I must be miles away."—

The spray fell from the oars in showers, as in some fairy hall
They say in melting diamonds the charmed fountains fall;
And though as set the weary stars, the darker grew the night,
Yet far behind the vessel left a track of silver light.

They saw again that self-same shore which they that morn had pass'd,
On which they'd look'd as those who know such look may be the last:—
Then out he spoke, the helmsman old: "I marvel we should go
Just like a lady's messenger on the same path to and fro."—

"And 'tis to see a lady's face this homeward task we ply,
I wot the proudest of us all were proud to catch her eye.
A royal gift our queen hath sent, and it were sore disgrace
If that I first put on her gem and not before her face."—

On the terrace by the river side there stood a gallant band,
The very flower of knight and dame were there of English land.
The morning wind toss'd ostrich plume, and stirr'd the silken train,
The morning light from gold and gem was mirror'd back again.

There walk'd the Queen Elizabeth, you knew her from the rest
More by the royal step and eye than by the royal vest;
There flash'd, though now the step was staid, the falcon eye was still,
The fiery blood of Lancaster, the haughty Tudor's will.

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A lady by the balustrade, a little way apart,
Leaned languidly indulging in that solitude of heart
Which is Love's empire, tenanted by visions of his own—
Such solitude is soon disturb'd, such visions soon are flown:—

Love's pleasant time is with her now, for she hath hope and faith,
Which think not what the lover doth, but what the lover saith;
Upon her hand there is a ring, within her heart a vow:—
No voice is whispering at her side—what doth she blush for now?

A noble galley valiantly comes on before the wind,
Her sails are dyed by the red sky she's leaving fast behind;
None other mark'd the ship that swept so eagerly along;
The lady knew the flag, and when hath lover's eye been wrong?

The lonely lady watch'd, meantime went on the converse gay,
It was as if the spirits caught the freshness of the day:
"Good omen such a morn as this," her grace of England said
"What progress down our noble Thames hath Sir John Perrot made?

Then spoke Sir Walter Raleigh, with a soft and silv'ry smile,
And an earnest gaze that seem'd to catch the queen's least look the while:
"Methinks that every wind in heav'n will crowd his sails to fill,
For goeth he not forth to do his gracious sovereign's will?"—

With that the bark came bounding up, then staid her in her flight,
And right beneath the terrace she moor'd her in their sight.
"Now, by my troth," exclaim'd the queen, "it is our captain's bark:
What brings the loiterer back again?"—her eye and brow grew dark.

"Fair queen," replied a voice below, "I pay a vow of mine,
And never yet was voyage delay'd by worship at a shrine."—
He took the jewel in his hand, and beat him on his knee,
Then flung the scarf around his neck where all the gem might see.

His white plumes swept the very deck, yet once he glanced above,
The courtesy was for the queen, the glance was for his love.
"Now fare thee well," then said the queen, "for thou art a true knight;"—
But even as she spoke the ship was flitting from the sight.

Woe to the Spaniards and their gold amid the Indian seas,
When roll'd the thunder of that deck upon the southern breeze;
For bravely Sir John Perrot bore our flag across the main,
And England's bells for victory rang when he came home again.

Our next extract is—

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KEEPSAKE.

THE same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer,* induces me to add the particulars of a singular incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising.—Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye; but the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing† in the Highlands, comprehending an entensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock; and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another. In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to

* "The Death of the Laird's Jock," published in the "Keepsake" for 1829.—ED.

† A pastoral farm.

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look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species, coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable, but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down, as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untamable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk; but in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found, lying on the carcass of the deer; and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue almost of any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

Lord John Russell, even amidst all the turmoil of office, has contributed—

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

(Not in 1831.)

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten-row;
In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh bliss!— the *Molly — a tempore fandi*:
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun.

But the best prose paper (though too long for our present purpose) is, "The Baby, an auto-biographical sketch," by Mr. Jerdan, narrating the life of an infant from its birth to its baptism—a delicate subject to handle, but really nursed up very happily in this instance, just in the swaddling, gossamer, gossiping style, that spreads a net for a reader. It is a nice little bit of nature that delights us, as a coral and bells would a child.

The Plates are almost beyond praise, though Nineveh is not a novelty with Mr. Martin or the public; and virulent

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as Mr. Smirke's old ladies appear in *Scan. Mag.*, the engraver need not have made them so scratchy.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not;

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

We have already said, this most delightful of the Children's Annuals contains the right *living* interest; a merit scarcely intelligible to one who has not seen the book itself. What we mean by the "living interest," is the inquiring spirit of the times—the pantings after knowledge which we are happy to witness, day by day, in children and young persons. Let us take the first paper in illustration—"The Spider;" by Dr. Walsh. This is in the form of a Dialogue with a young person, and extends but to ten pages; yet we find every point of the natural history and economy of the insect touched with judgment. There is the antipathy to the spider—its predatory habits—the fable of Arachne—its web, "like a three-cornered silk handkerchief"—gossamer—its aerial voyages, like "Mr. Green in his balloon"—spinning the web from "papulæ on little projections"—spider cotton and silk—warlike habits of spiders, "like their neighbours of the human race"—the spider of Brazil, from Dr. Walsh's own observation in that country;—the whole concluding with this admirable lesson: "Nothing that has life, perhaps, is more hated and persecuted, by the thoughtless, than the spider; and yet it is a most ingenious artist, endowed with industry, skill, and sagacity, in no small degree. What an all-wise and powerful God, then, must the Creator be, who has endowed the thing appearing to us to be the meanest and basest of his creatures, with qualities that would give value to a human being, his noblest work." In similarly good taste is "The First Paper-maker," and extracts from Letters written during a tour on the Continent, touching upon Mount Cenis, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, the Grotto del Cani, Vesuvius, and Pompeii. Next are, "the Anecdotes of Birds," by Mrs. Hall; two or three School Sketches, and appropriate poetical pieces. But, above all we admire the *natural history* features of this little book: it encourages a kindly feeling among children for animals—a design, by the way, which Mrs. Trimmer ably executed in her charming History of the Tame Robins, written upwards of forty years since. Oh, Flapsy and Pecksey, how much innocence have we outlived since we read of your little doings! Our quotation from the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* is an ingenious paper by Mrs. Hall, a sort of little Purley Diversion—

THE "NOT" FAMILY.

(A letter to Miss Mary Cunningham.)

My dear Mary,

I remember to have heard how amused, and, I am happy to add, how improved you were, by a "Chapter on Misses," published in one of the early volumes of my little annual. It was written by a very excellent lady,* who, I am grieved to say, is dead; one to whom I, as well as thousand of others, owe a deep debt of gratitude, for her books afforded me a great deal of instruction when I was a little girl—quite as little, and, I do believe, more *wild*, than you. I am now about to introduce you to a family, not as interesting, perhaps, but quite as varied, as "the Misses."

The eldest of them is known but too intimately to many young folks of my acquaintance. Were I to draw a picture of this disagreeable person, I would pencil a dark, sulky-visaged boy, with overhanging brows, firmly-compressed lips, and forbidding aspect, ill dressed, and ill looking. His name is Will Not. Master Will is, believe me, a very dangerous companion; he is so fond of his own way that he scorns advice, and pays no attention whatever to the counsel of those who are better informed. I shall never forget the distress he inflicted upon his mamma one day, when a most kind and benevolent man, Mr. Lovechild, attempted to teach him that pretty hymn of Dr. Watts's commencing—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Instead of being grateful to the excellent gentleman, he pouted and flouted, knit his great eyebrows, clenched his teeth, and—would you, Mary, believe it possible?—refused to utter a single word. I am a great enemy to flogging; but if boys affect to possess no more intellect than brutes, they must expect to be treated as brutes, and I should scarcely grudge Will Not a sound whipping. This obstinacy renders him, as you may suppose, ignorant and contemptible, while his manners are rude and abrupt in the extreme. He is sadly despised by sensible people, and shunned by all who value the kindly feelings of social life. I trust that you, my dear, have never formed, and never can form, acquaintance with so unamiable a character.

Nor should I wish you to know his

* Mrs. Barbauld.

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sister either, though she is of a very different temper and disposition from her obstinate brother. A trembling, pale, delicate creature, full of fears and absurdities, anxious to do well, and yet getting into all sorts of awkward predicaments from her excessive timidity. If she is directed to place a China vase on a shelf, she is sure to let it fall; if her parents wish her to try a new piece of music, or to copy a drawing, she always makes some provoking observation as to her inability, that must annoy those who are much better able to judge of her capacity than she can possibly be. Indeed, although there can be no doubt that her brother WILL NOT is the worst of the family, I have been often as much vexed with the nervous indecision of Miss CAN NOT, as with Master Will's obstinacy.

You have often heard, my dear Mary, that to be useful is better than to be clever, though to be both is best. Now CAN NOT, unless good education perfectly changes her habits, will never be either useful or clever. The other night her cousin's cap caught fire, and, instead of throwing on her head the vase of water that stood upon the work-box, or, better still, snatching off the table-cover and smothering the flames with it, she stood still and screamed! Her poor cousin, consequently, was dreadfully burnt. And then CAN NOT said "she was very sorry;" but sorrow is perfectly useless, unless when it tends to improvement. And I regret to say that, as yet, she has not taken the necessary means to strengthen her character.

Another tormenting brat is Master DID NOT. I would fain hope that he is afflicted with a defective memory;—I say hope, because then allowances might be made for his inattention; but I am convinced in my own mind that his *forgetfulnesses* (as he calls them) are premeditated. Be this as it may, he is a very imp, with undefined features, and inexpressive eyes; sluggish and awkward in his gait, and negligent in his dress; not of so overbearing a disposition as his elder brother, yet equally difficult to manage. I once knew a poor family starved to death by his carelessness. His mother had absolutely committed the charge of both food and money for their relief to this ungracious boy; yet his habitual negligence prevented his attending to her directions. It was hoped that this misfortune would have cured him of his bad habits, but I fear they have become too strongly rooted; DID NOT continues careless and negligent as ever.

Displeased, my dear Mary, as I have reason to be, with these three persons, I feel very differently towards their cousin, whom I recommend to your attention as a careful, amiable young lady, one who never offends by her flippancy, or injures by ill-natured observation. Her picture has been often painted, her finger resting on her sweet and silent lips, and her mild, dove-like eyes beaming with simplicity and truth. She walks with a sedate step, and is universally admitted into the best society, because every one is convinced that she is a lover of peace and a hater of scandal. Some giddy persons accuse her of being over-particular, and too silent in company; but opinions of the thoughtless are of no value, and I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my especial favourite, Miss SAID NOT; who, with her sister MAY NOT, are greatly esteemed by all amiable people.

MAY NOT is a profound reasoner, and worthy of trust in all things. She never suffers impulse to act in opposition to reason, and even her parents frequently apply for and value her opinion. Her principles are fixed, and her deeds worthy of imitation. I could say a great deal more in her praise; but, as I desire that you closely cultivate her friendship, you will soon discover what a valuable acquisition you have made. At first, you may think her somewhat austere, and fancy that her dignified countenance bears the expression of severity; but the more you know, the more you will love her, and her counsel will prevent your getting into many of the scrapes to which young ladies under, ay, and *over*, the age of twelve are liable.

Farewell, for the present, then, my dear young friend. You have hitherto been, and I trust will continue to be, a happy little girl. How can you be otherwise, with such kind, good parents, who do all that is best and wisest for you? My space and your patience are nearly exhausted, yet I must in conclusion assure you of the affection and friendship of A. M. H.

The Plates are eight in number; and in the Anecdotes of Birds there are interspersed 16 picturesque vignettes.

No. 517 contains the first portion of the "SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1833."

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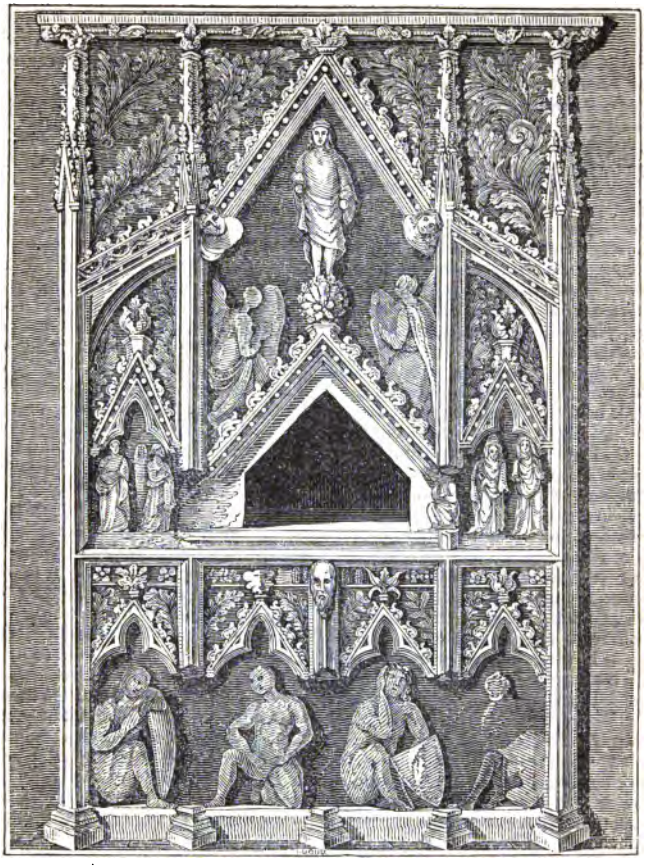
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 525.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1831. [PRICE 2*d*.



HOLY SEPULCHRE, AT HECKINGTON.

The bruiser of the serpent's head, the woman's promised seed,
The second in the trinity, the food our souls to feed,
The vine the light, the door the way, the shepherd of us all,
Whose manhood join'd to deity, did ransom us from thrall;—
That was and is, and evermore will be the same to his;—
That sleeps to none that wakes to him, that turns our curse to bliss,
Whom yet unseen the patriarchs saw, the prophets had foretold,
The apostles preach'd, the saints ador'd, and martyrs do behold.
The same (Augustus emperor) in Palestine was born,
Amongst his own,—and yet his own did curse their bliss in scorn. WARNER.

HERE is a crumbling relic of the veneration of ages that have long since passed away—a tribute that seems to say—

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Its present adoption for our pages is not seasonable to a day, since the subject relates to the consummation of that labour of divine love, whose commencement we are now upon the eve of celebrating. The Engraving will, nevertheless, be a piece of pleasing antiquarianism for our readers on the joyous morrow, while it may lead them into a

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train of mind congenial with the character of the day.

This Sepulchre stood, at the period of the above representation, the summer of 1789, in the church of Heckington, in the county of Lincoln, between Sleaford and Boston. It was called the HOLY SEPULCHRE, or SEPULCHRE of OUR LORD, and was typical of Joseph's "own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock," in which Christ was deposited until his resurrection. Such Sepulchres were placed on the north side of our cathedral and parochial churches to be used in commemoration of that important event on the day on which it took place, or Easter Day, when the Crucifix and Pix, which had been deposited in a solemn manner on Good Friday, the anniversary of the Crucifixion, were taken out by the priest, pronouncing this text: "*Surrexit, non est hic.*"*

The Sepulchre is hollowed in the centre of the North wall of the chancel about breast high from the floor, is two feet eight inches in the clear from East to West, and twenty inches from North to South. At the South West angle is a cavity eight inches square, whether formed by accident, decay, or design, is not clear. The front over the opening without is divided into six compartments, in two stories or divisions, with pediments and purfled finials. Under the centre pediment is the figure of Christ rising from the tomb, and at his feet on the sides of the pediment below him two angels looking up and worshipping him. Under a pediment under a flying buttress at his right hand is a woman holding something in her hand, perhaps Mary Magdalen bringing the precious spices to have embalmed his body; and under the left hand pediment and flying buttress another woman representing those who accompanied her. With her is an angel; and two more angels crouching support the pediment over which our Lord rises. The cornice above is charged with grotesque figures blowing single and double flutes. Under four pediments below, divided from the upper by a fillet or fascia, perhaps representing the ledge of the tomb, are four soldiers the guards or keepers of the Sepulchre, in the posture alluded to by Scripture: "for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men."

The soldiers are all that remains of the holy sepulchre on the North side of the choir of Lincoln cathedral, east of the tomb of bishop Remigius, where the superstructure has given place to what is called the tomb of some bishop who succeeded bishop Remigius founder of that church and see in the close of the eleventh century. The three figures there are represented in mail and surcot, sitting and reclining their heads and arms on blank shields.

This is the only instance which the writer recollects in a cathedral church. Others in parochial churches enumerated by Mr. Blomefield, are in the parish of Hurst Monceaux, Sussex, where Thomas Fienis lord Dacre, by will dated Sept. 1, 1531, bequeathed his body to be buried on the North side of the high altar, appointing that a tomb should be made for placing there the *sepulchre of our Lord*.† Sir Henry Colet wills to be buried at Stepney, at the *holy sepulchre*, before St. Dunstan, and his monument is to be seen at this day on the north side of the chancel of the said church.‡ In the first instance it should seem as if the sepulchre was then *first made*, or at least altered, by the setting up of lord Dacre's tomb, and perhaps made a part of it. Sir Nicholas Latimer of Buckland Abbas, Dorset, who died 1505, orders his body to be laid in that church in the place where the sepulchre of our Lord *used* to be placed near the high altar;§ by which it should seem that the one sepulchre gave place to the other.

It may now be interesting to note a few particulars of other Sepulchres, and the ceremonies performed there.

There are remains of the Holy Sepulchre in the churches of Gosberton, Heckington, Lincoln, &c. stately and sumptuous. The solemn office called *Tenebræ*, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in Easter week; the church darkened by veils, and on the third day after solemn mass, with a sudden and very loud chorus of voices and instruments removed, to represent the rending of the veil. Our Lord appeared as rising, and guards lying about the sepulchre: all exquisitely carved in high relief in granite or touch painted and gilt. ‖

On the north wall of the chancel at Holcombe Burnell, Devonshire, near the

* He has risen—is not here.

† Dugdale, Bar. II. 244.

‡ Knight's Life of Colet, Miscell. No. xix. p. 462.—There are no traces of the holy sepulchre at Stepney, and I suppose the monument of Sir Henry Colet is the large slab with double ledges and a number of scrolls, but no effigy, and all now brassless, lying on the north side of the chancel floor. On a monument of that age in Slaugham Church, Sussex, are the brass figures of a knight and his family kneeling to the holy sepulchre.

§ Hutchins's Dorset, i 259.

‖ Minutes of the Spalding Society, 1747.—It stands a common *churchyard* in a will, 1480, of a parishioner of Hawsted, c. Suffolk.—Q. holy sepul*tre* or sepul*ture*.

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altar, is a curious piece of imagery in alto relievo, representing the resurrection of our Saviour, and the terror of the Roman soldiers who guarded the Sepulchre. In the wall is an opening through which the people in the North aisle of the nave might see the elevation of the host.*

Weever † says, the Knights Templars had a representation of Christ's sepulchre in their chapel in Holborne, with verses, brought from Jerusalem. This may have been only a model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, such as have been frequently brought from thence in later times. In the church of St. Nicholas at Troyes, was a Holy Sepulchre on the plan of that at Jerusalem.

Among the corruptions in the office of the holy communion, and the many ridiculous pieces of pageantry used in it, Bishop Burnet‡ reckons "the laying the host in the sepulchre they made for Christ on Good Friday."

In the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Helen's, Abingdon, printed in Archæologia, I. 11., with Professor Ward's observations, are the following items, under the years 1558, 1559 :—

	s.	d.
Payde for makyng the sepulture	10	0
For peynting the same sepulture	3	0
For stones and other charges about it	4	6
To the sexton for meat and drink, and watchyng the sepulture according to custom		22
	19	4
And 1555,		
To the sextin for watching the sepulture two nights		8

On which the learned professor has the following observations :—

"It has been customary in Popish countries upon Good Friday, to erect a small building to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. In this they put the host, and set a person to watch it both that night and the next. And the morning following very early, the host being taken out, Christ is said to be risen. This we find was done here in 1557, and the two following—the last of which was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Du Fresne has given us a particular account of this ceremony as performed at Rouen, in France, where three persons, in female habits, used to go to the sepulchre, where two others were placed, representing angels, who told them Christ was risen. The building mentioned in these extracts must be but very slight, since the whole expense amounted to no more than 17*s.* 6*d.*"

Fuller § says—"I could suspect some ceremony on Easter-eve, in imitation of the soldiers' watching Christ's grave; but am loth to charge that age with more superstition than it was clearly guilty of."

In the churchwarden's account of Kingston-on-Thames, 21 Henry VIII., is a charge for brede and ale for the watchers of the sepulture.‖

In the St. Mary-hill (London) accounts is, "a stayned cloth which *went about the sepulcre*."

By a charge there of one shilling for two carpenters mendying the sepulchre, a day and more, it should seem the sepulchre was fixed, and served as long as it would hold together.

John of Gaunt, among other furniture left to his wife Catherine, mentions, "*drap enbroudes pur la sepulcre.*"¶

Great wax tapers were generally burning before the holy sepulchre. John Whethamsted, Abbot of St. Alban's, appointed twelve wax lights for that purpose, and gave money for them for ever.**

The Prior of Norwich was obliged to pay 10*s.* a year, to find a wax taper burning at our Lord's sepulchre, one of which was in those days in every church, generally in the north wall of the chancel. Great pomp and pageantry were used at the sepulchre at Easter, on which day the crucifix and the pix were taken out of the place where they were in solemn manner deposited on Good Friday by the priest, on the saying *Surrexit non est hic.* ††

A taper of one pound weight was bequeathed to burn before the sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, at Easter, in Whitlingham Church.‡‡

There were lights burning before the holy sepulchre in the following churches in Norwich :—St. Stephen's, St. Peter's in Mancroft, St. Gregory, St. Giles, St. Laurence, St. James, St. Michael in Coslany, St. Michael at Pleas, St. George of Colegate. Others in the churches of Rushworth; Heydon, Scothowe, Watlington, Aylmerton, Ling, Harpley, Gressenhall, East Lexham, Swanton Morley, Wissingset, South Burgh—all in Norfolk; and in that of Childrey, Berks.

In the south wall of the chancel at Heckington, opposite to the Sepulchre

* Polwhele's Devon, ii. 82.
† Theatre of Brabant, ii 118.
‡ History of the Reformation, ii. 64.
§ History of Waltham, p. 14.
‖ Lyson's Environs of London, i. p. 231.
¶ Royal and Noble Wills. pp. 154—155.
** Otterbourne, i. 113. Edit. Hearne, Appen.
†† Blomefield, ii p. 516. ‡‡ Ibid. p. 664.

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are three beautiful lofty stalls with purfled pediments and finials, and in the spandrils the figures of St. Margaret and the dragon; St. Catharine holding her wheel; the Deity and Virgin; all crowned: and two men in curled hair, one kneeling, the other sitting, looking up to the pattern of a tower or steeple coming down from heaven; over which is a monk or religious, holding a bowl and something with a handle in it.

The church was dedicated to St. Andrew, and belonged to the rich abbey of Bardeney, the oldest in the county of Lincoln. Whoever has had an opportunity of observing the magnificent churches erected in every part of the county, whether in the fens or the uplands, will not be surprised that such an opulent society bestowed so much labour and cost to make the church of Heckington what it is. If from the patent of 18 Edward III. cited by Bishop Tanner,* "Pro ecclesiis de Hale and Hekington," we suppose this church then first given to this monastery we shall see in its architecture and ornaments the style of the times. But as this is among the churches enumerated in foundation or restoration charter of Gilbert de Gant,† at the Conquest, we may rather conjecture that some advantage was given to it by this writ of Edward III.

RUINS ON THE HILLS.

(For the Mirror.)

Lo! there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
And holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud—
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,—
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.
BYRON.

How fearfully magnificent
Yon fallen castles seem!
Reflected in the river's tide,
They vindicate their former pride,
And charm the spirit like a dream.

Yet, could a harp, with strings of fire,
Recall the flood that poured
Around their stately tow'rs of old,
What legends might that harp unfold
Of chiefs who battled sword to sword.

What scenes of many a starless night
Have mark'd these plains beneath,
When the war-trumpet thrill'd the air,
And bands that *none* could conquer there,
Were humbled to the dust by Death.

And on a moonlight summer night,
How sweet it must have been
To rest within the whispering bow'r,
And hear the lute enchant the hour,
Or mark the lunar queen!

But now the ivy mantles o'er
Those castles like a cloud;
And midnight winds, with voice profound,
Lament, like viewless lips around,
The award that blooms upon the proud.

Departed are the dazzling dreams
That ruled the heart with magic sway;
But like the mind which rear'd on high
Those tow'rs—they seem to greet the sky,
And frown majestic in decay.

Deal. G. R. C.

* Not. Mon. p. 249. † Mon. Angl. i. p. 142.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CHRISTMAS.

THE following account of Christmas-day in Baltimore is given by Mr. J. Pickering, in his narrative of six years' residence and travel in North America:—

"Instead of ringing of bells, &c., as in England (there are but few bells here to ring), it was ushered in by firing of guns, squibs, and crackers all last night, and continues with intervals through the day. The moment I arose this morning, I was presented with a glass of 'egg-mog,' as they termed it—a compound of rum, eggs, milk, and sugar—also with ginger-cake, and a cake with raisins in it, which is their 'Christmas-cake:' all for merry-making and 'parties.' I was pressed to one in the evening with the captain and his wife—a number of fine females and their beaux present. The time was spent with a variety of plays, singing songs, playing on the piano, eating cake, drinking toddy, peach brandy, &c.: quite a sociable party, the female part easy and apparently unaffected; broke up early by the request of our host, the next day being Sunday. Americans use very little or no ceremony, except the introduction by shaking hands, &c.; each leaves table at meal-time as soon as he has done eating, and they are generally quick; no bidding good-night, or other ceremony, on going to bed." W. G. C.

CHRISTMAS PLUM-BROTH.

"I DINED," says Brand, "at the Chaplain's table at St. James's on Christmas-day, 1806, and partook of the first thing served and eaten on that festival, at that table—*i. e.* a tureen full of rich, luscious, plum-porridge. I do not know that the custom is any where else retained."

This custom was kept up during the reign of George III., and a portion of the porridge was sent to the different officers of his majesty's household. The following is a list of the ingredients which entered into the composition:—

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Leg of Veal.....	40 lbs.
6 Shins of Beef	
50 Four-penny Loaves	
Double-refined Sugar ...	60 lbs.
150 Lemons and Oranges	
Sack.....	1 doz.
Old Hock.....	1 doz.
Sherry	1 doz.
Raisins.....	40 lbs.
Currants	40 lbs.
Prunes.....	30 lbs.
Cochineal	2 oz.
Nutmegs	1 oz.
Cinnamon.....	½ oz.
Cloves	½ oz.

In the palace this luscious composition was called plum-broth. W. G. C.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN MEXICO.

"On the first day of the year," says Mr. Hardy, "a certain number of highly-adorned damsels dance in a circle round a pole of about twelve feet high. To the top of the pole are fastened as many long strips, of different colours, as there are ladies, each of whom holds one of them in her hand. Half the number of females dance to the right, the other half to the left, passing each other right and left alternately, so that in a certain number of revolutions the pole is completely covered with a variegated platting, which most ingeniously conceals the wood, and presents a particularly pretty appearance. The party walks to the tune of a song composed in honour of the occasion. The poet considers the seasons of the year as dancing with great harmony and regularity, and he represents them as contracting and expanding their influence. Thus, when the pole is entirely encircled with the plat-work, the dancers are then confined within so narrow a circle, that their charms can scarcely be seen; and the seasons are therefore said to be wound-up. But as the damsels proceed to undance the platting, the circle widens, their beauty and graceful figures delight the beholders, and the seasons are said to expand, and extend their influence over the whole globe." W. G. C.

TRADITIONARY SCRAPS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

The Thag of Wales may perhaps be the same as the Piskey of Cornwall: it has been observed that the traditions of these two nations correspond with those of Brittany, which is very probable, as they used one language. The Forest of Ancennis is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the haunt of fairies, and as the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. In the former district many curious traditions yet linger, though the French Revolution seemed calculated to wipe out not only superstitions, but belief of almost every kind. It is probable that in Vendee, and other provinces in the West and South of France, where great attention is paid to religion, that the peasantry cling to the superstitions of their fathers. Many of the chateaux there have probably traditions as interesting, connected with them, as those mentioned by the authors of the *Sketch Book*, or the *Lady of the Lake*. The harlequin who is represented on the theatrical boards, was a knight of France, who fought under the banners of Charles Martel, against the Saracens, but afterwards lived on plunder. Normandy is said to have been the chief scene of his apparition after death, as it was perhaps of his crimes, when alive. His punishment was to roam over the earth by night. In the mountainous country between Lyons and Geneva, the inhabitants regard with suspicion, those accused of having "an evil eye." The midnight scream of the owl, near the chamber of the sick, is heard with fear in many countries; and in England as well as France, the howl of a dog, near the cottage of a dying person, is considered as a foreboding of evil. It is related in Bretagne, that "Charles the Sixth, while passing at the head of his army, through a forest between Mans and Le Fleche, in the daytime, was stopped by a tall man, black and hideous, who came from among the trees, and seizing his horse's bridle, told Charles that he was betrayed. It was in the month of August, and the heats were insupportable; a page who carried the king's lance, having fallen asleep on his horse, let it fall on a helmet which another bore before him. The noise which this caused, the sight of the lance, and the words of the phantom all recurring to the king's imagination, produced an instant fit of madness. The king drew his sword, and slew many of his attendants." This is supposed to have been a device of the Duke of Burgundy. The illness of the king, though he partially recovered for a time, continued to his death. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man, like those of all isolated places, are said to be peculiarly superstitious; as far as this credulity is connected with religion, it can scarcely have an evil influence on the mind.

It is true, though the fact is difficult

to be accounted for, that throughout great part of Wales there are desolate houses, now uninhabited, still standing among the mountains, which the inhabitants assert to have been the houses of the Irish. They are constructed, without mortar, of loose stones, and have no roof at present. There are a great number of such ruins in Gloucestershire. The Peights Houses in Scotland, are perhaps of the same description; they sometimes have cellars, and are not uncommon. They probably derive their name from the Picts.

Most of the traditions of Scotland have been immortalized by the pen of that ardent admirer of his country, and the olden times, Sir Walter Scott, who has also collected many of the German and English. The tales of Robin Hood and his merry men, the archers of Sherwood Forest will be remembered as long as the English language shall be spoken. It is singular that Johnson believed that he could write a ballad about Robin Hood, in the same manner as he considered the poems of Ossian had been written by Macpherson, which the people of England would believe to have been a poem familiar to them; so well known is the history of that celebrated outlaw, whose story is received not with the less pleasure, because he robbed the rich but spared the poor. It is said that a Flemish knight dreamed of the death of William Rufus, the night before he was killed, and advised the king not to hunt, though in vain. The death of that monarch was looked on as a judgment, to punish the harshness with which he destroyed a great many villages to make room for the New Forest. Some remains of the cart which carried his dead body from the fatal spot, are in the possession of the descendants of the person who conveyed him. It has been said, perhaps without truth, that Charles the First was admonished in the same manner, as well as Henry the Fourth of France, before his assassination. When Charles, in company with Lord Falkland, opened a Virgil in the museum, at Oxford, that he might divine his fate, the verses which occurred to him were peculiarly unfortunate. It is curious that the newspapers lately mentioned that a murder had been discovered by a dream, without any comment. The story in the Vale of White Horse, Oxfordshire, is, that under one of the heaps of stones, there lives an invisible blacksmith, who is willing to shoe the traveller's horse; his local name was Wayland Smith. At Grosmont, in Monmouthshire, a bridge and other works are said to have been made by a being called John of Kent. The people also have a fear of ghosts near Ragland Castle.

There is a long tale connected with an old building called Cook's Folly, near Clifton, Gloucestershire: it had been prophesied that the heir of the estate should never live to be of age. The words of the prophecy, which is a long one, began with these lines:—

"Twenty years shall Avon tide
In bands of glistening ice be tied.
Twenty years shall woods of Leigh
Wave their branches mercily."

To avoid this fate, he was shut up in this solitary building. He had almost completed the long wished for age, and the last evening had arrived; at night, however, from among the fagots which were conveyed into his room for his wood fire, a snake escaped and caused his death. These local traditions can only be learnt near the spot where they are supposed to have happened; such readers as are acquainted with interesting tales connected with their neighbourhood, will doubtless be glad to give their information to the public.

Littlecot House, the mansion to which the midwife was carried blindfold, at night, as related by Sir Walter Scott, is in Wiltshire, not far from the Bath road. The family to whom the house belonged were, I believe, the Darells; and there is in the neighbourhood a stile, called Darell's stile. It afterwards belonged to the Pophams, one of whom is well known as an eminent lawyer. It is not improbable that among many of the old manor houses and mansions of former days, there will generally be found at least one room, called the haunted room, in which it will require some courage to pass a night. There are very frequently houses uninhabited, from a belief that they are haunted, especially in the country. Some information respecting the manners, and, I believe, the traditions of Bretagne, have been given by Miss Plumtree.

On the mountains of Lochaber, in Scotland, on both sides of a deep valley, there occur three lines running along, high, and corresponding; these are called the roads of some ancient king, but it has been supposed may have been formed by a lake which occupied the different heights.

There is a story in Herefordshire, that about two centuries ago, two great stones in a field, were removed at night to a great distance, by some unknown means. E.

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Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Extracts from the Annual Report of the Directors for 1831.

(For the Mirror.)

It will be very satisfactory to learn that the British Institution has received the high sanction and approbation of his Majesty; who, in condescending to become its patron, has expressed his full sense of the benefit and utility of the establishment in promoting the cultivation of the Fine Arts throughout the united kingdom.

In the Report of the Directors of the last year, they stated their full conviction that the display of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence would afford very general satisfaction: in this expectation they have not been disappointed.

The profits arising from the exhibition of these works, amounting to £3,000., have been presented to his family, according to the intention of his late Majesty, and under the sanction of his present Majesty. The relatives of Sir Thomas Lawrence have expressed to the Directors their grateful sense of the liberality of the Members of the British Institution on this occasion.

The pictures painted by modern artists which have been disposed of during the exhibition of the present year have exceeded those of last year, both in number and value: there have been sold 110 pictures to the amount of £5,318.

The funds belonging to the Institution amount to £8,800., 3 per cent. consols. G. W. N.

Spirit of the Annuals.

BABY! AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

(Collected and Edited by W. Jerdan.)

"Death sends Truth before it as its messenger." *Romance and Reality*—by L. E. L.

Every reader of common sagacity will readily perceive at once how the following auto-biography was communicated; and therefore I will not, as is too much the fashion among authors by profession, trouble them with unnecessary explanation. Suffice it to say, that the authenticity of the narrative is unquestionable; for I had it out of the individual's own mouth, and I have not altered one syllable. Sceptical persons might doubt the existence of those precocious talents which enabled Baby at the early age of twenty-four hours to deliver the painful relation of all its experience and sufferings in this world; but when it is recollected that the human mind often exhibits wonderful phenomena amid the bright glances which precede death, it will be acknowledged that the present memoir is the result of one of these half mundane, half celestial illuminations of the spirit.

"My first perception of life," said *Baby*, "or at least the first particular which I consider it fitting to record—for I am not like a German biographer, who would go farther back, to the very beginning of things—was my being handed from the rough grasp of a man into the arms of a filthy old woman. I cannot describe to you the disgust I felt at the hag. Her countenance was most forbidding, her eyes inflamed, her nose reddened towards the point, and her breath abominably infected with the odours of a transparent fluid called gin. I did not know on inhaling the scent of this offensive compound what it was; but the wretch was determined that I should not long remain in ignorance of its effects either in a gaseous or a liquid form. It was evident from my entrance into the world that this monster entertained a design against against my life; and though I resisted with all the energy of a free-born and independent infant, the contest was too unequal, and I finally sunk beneath her machinations and those of my other cruel persecutors.

"The moment I perceived that her intentions were fatal, I set up a squall which you might have heard, in the stillness of the night, quite across the square; but it was utterly disregarded, or rather made the subject of mockery. 'There's a stout boy,' cried the demon, 'I'll warrant ye, that will expand the bones of his head for him.' My poor head indeed was the immediate object of her attack; for taking another gulp of gin from a glass, and spouting some of the fiery fluid into her hand, she instantly deluged my skull with it, and rubbed with all her might. Oh, the dreadful torture which I endured! The burning substance penetrated through the fontinelle, or mole of the head, to my very brain, and scorched it into agony. I writhed and screamed in vain; and, the paroxysm of madness over, uttered a low and piteous moaning which might have melted the heart of a fiend. But mercy was never meant for me. Conscious of my inherent rights and dignity as a British man child, and resolved to support both at the expense of my fortune and existence, oppression and tyranny were soon leagued against me,

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and I was crushed by the foul combination.

"Not yet a quarter of an hour old, the barbarous usage I had undergone was but a prelude to the whole iniquitous course which was systematically pursued against me by all but one being, who, from her affection to me, was exposed to almost equally relentless persecution. My poor mamma, she alone showed any sympathy for Baby; but she was too powerless to afford me efficient succour in aid of my own brave exertions.

"Finding that the application of the gin, though it turned my brain, did not absolutely destroy me, the old woman, whom they called Nurse (Curse would have been a juster title), endeavoured to kill me in another way. There was a large brown pan in the middle of the apartment filled with tepid water, and into this the murderess plunged me headlong. She thought she could drown me, but again my activity and presence of mind prevailed, and I saved myself from a watery grave by the vigour with which I kicked, and the force with which I squalled. Astonished by my courageous conduct, and baffled in her vile scheme, the tigress was compelled to desist; but if she could not accomplish the murder, she could gratify her hellish spite, which she did by taking an opportunity to scrape me from head to foot more in the manner of a dead pig than a living boy. I was much hurt by this process; my excoriated skin smarted all over, and I could do nothing but cry and howl as if my lungs were bursting. To this natural appeal no attention whatever was paid by my unnatural enemies.

"The next attempt upon me was of a different, but hardly less infamous character. You are aware how they used to treat their mummies in Egypt in the olden times. From this I presume the hint was taken for the new torment practised upon me. Laying me in her lap, the malignant old woman took a long roll of linen and began to swathe me up as if indeed I were a defunct Egyptian, never intended to stir or breathe more on this earth. Round and round did she whirl me; and I never experienced such a sensation of giddiness before as that which now overcame me. I could frame an idea what it was to be tumbled about; but to be tossed and gyred in this violent manner was too much to be borne. I was, however, reduced to passive endurance by being so tightly bound; and so worn out by the conflict I had inflexibly maintained, that I seemed almost reckless of what was done to me.

"I fancied at last they were going to execute me without the formality of judge or jury; for they put an ugly cap upon my head, and brought a band under my chin and across my throat to strangle me, drawing the ligature even to suffocation. I cannot tell how I escaped, but I did escape this the third attempt upon my life within the first thirty minutes of its duration.

"A very few moments' repose being now allowed me, I began to reflect upon my hapless condition. Here was I without a friend in the world who could help me, with a bold and uncompromising spirit it is true, but comparatively weak and defenceless; here was I naked and exposed to the most diabolical malice of foes, who had obviously entered into a conspiracy to make away with me by some means or other. What could I do? to whom could I appeal? there was no one to take my part. But I will not anticipate events: they crowded fast enough into my miserable span, as you shall now hear without being troubled with any reflections upon them.

"Having walked into the world about midnight, I looked at the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, and found that I had been more than two hours in this busy life; but circumstances had crowded so rapidly into that space, and I had been made so utterly miserable by the stirring scenes in which I acted so important a part, that I felt no appetite whatever. On the contrary, I seemed to entertain a loathing for food; my indignation may therefore be conceived when I observed the odious female, to whom I have so often already had occasion to allude, preparing some diet, and evidently for me. I knew it by the scowl upon her countenance, as she took up a bottle and poured some of its contents into a silver teaspoon; —my presentiment was almost instantly realised. Seizing me quickly unawares, I had barely a moment to extend my jaws in the act of bawling for assistance when the gag or spoon was thrust into my mouth, and the whole of its nauseous freight forced down my throat. Scream I could not—a sort of gurgling noise was all that could be heard: I sank back, and thus tasted the first of bitterness which my youthful stomach was doomed to receive.

"I have intimated that, like other geniuses, I was born with literary tastes and a taste for the fine arts. I am sure, had my life been prolonged, I should have turned a celebrated author as well as painter: as it has been decreed, I can only claim the fame of being 'THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.' But there was

something curious in the coincidence that my earliest acquaintance with literature and painting should be so vastly disagreeable as to consist of my reading *Ol. Ricini* on the bottle whence I had been poisoned, and swallowing that oil which might have been the medium of a nobler production than it was now destined to produce. Mingled with the tints of a Titian, it might have created an immortal Venus. But I will not pursue the contrast.

"A sense of sickness took possession of me. I asked myself, Is this the food of human beings? Is it for the enjoyment of such delicacies as this that gourmandism and sensuality fill so prodigious an extent in the existence of men? If it be so, how I pity them! Ah! were their palates as pure as mine, how would they abhor such indulgences! I am ashamed to own it, but as this is a biography of truth (and I believe the only one ever written), I must confess, *a la Rousseau*, that I internally exclaimed with an oath, 'It is d——d bad.' The recording angel, I trust, considering my provocation, would deal mercifully with this offence.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Notes of a Reader.

TOMB-MONEY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TILL very lately a large portion of the emoluments of the minor canons, organist, and lay-clerks, was derived from what was denominated *tomb-money*, or monies received for showing the church, the monuments, &c. This is now added to the funds of the Chapter, and an allowance has been made in lieu thereof, but certainly not of equal value; for it appears, in a reply made by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to an order of the House of Commons for a return of their receipts "arising from the exhibition of the monuments," that these for five years were as follow:—1821, 648*l.* 11*s.* 1*l*d.—1822, 2,317*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*—1823, 1,664*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*—1824, 1,529*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*—1825, 1,535*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* The year 1821 was that of the coronation, when the church was shut up several months, and the receipts were diminished accordingly. If, then, we average the other four years, we shall find the amount to be 1,761*l.*, which sum, if justly divided, would, we should imagine, give much more to each individual who was entitled to participate in such unhallowed profits than he now receives in consequence of the commutation.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made in the House of Commons to get rid of this odious tax on the public—this demand for the privilege of seeing that which they have amply paid for, and which is, both in justice and equity, public property—this vulgar admission-money to view what are meant to excite emulation, to inspire with noble sentiments, to engender a love of country and a devotion to its interests!—for such are the designs of the nation when its treasures are bestowed on monuments in honour of the mighty dead. But hell is said to be paved with good intentions; and what avail the best, the most exalted motives, if they are suffered to be thwarted by a self-governed body, who can show no legal right to levy so abominable a tax—a tax as reproachful to the country which patiently submits to it, as disgraceful to those who enrich themselves by its proceeds?*

Why are not the statutes and revenues of this church at once laid before Parliament? If the Dean and Chapter are legally and equitably entitled to divide among themselves nearly the whole of such revenues, they will not be deprived of their rights without some compensation. If they hold in defiance of justice, and can only plead usage as an apology for usurpation, it is high time that an abuse so injurious to the real interests of the church should, without delay, be effectually corrected.—*Harmonicon.*

A DISCORD.

THE Dilettante of *The Harmonicon* notes the following in his *Diary*.

One of the performers at the late Coronation has sent the subjoined letter to *The Times*, which was inserted, but no answer has yet been given from any quarter.

"SIR,

"I should feel happy to know, through the medium of your widely-extended journal, on what account the payment of the gentlemen of the musical department is delayed, who assisted at his Majesty's Coronation. I am perfectly aware that the money was voted by Parliament previous to the ceremony taking place, otherwise I should not be surprised at the delay.

I remain yours, &c.

"MUSICUS."

* The *Monthly Magazine* for October last sarcastically and well observes, speaking of the hardship of making the public pay for a view of their own property—that they have an undoubted right to see "the great men of England in their monuments, *without being perpetually reminded of the little ones.*"

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I believe the true explanation of the matter to be this:—All the performers engaged in that solemnity, who did not belong to the three choirs, and therefore did not appear in surplices, had a scarlet coat, laced with gold, and a pair of magnificent epaulettes, provided them, to match with the King's state band. The property in the said smart coats afterwards became a subject of dispute, the question being whether they were given, or only lent for the day. The Lords of the Treasury decided that they were only a loan, and that, until they were duly returned into the royal stores, the parties detaining them should not be paid for their day's labour. Now, the lace and epaulettes will, it is said, burn for six or seven guineas, to say nothing of the value of the superfine scarlet cloth; and as the sum claimed is, by previous agreement, but four guineas, it is not likely that his Majesty's wardrobe will have the honour to treasure up the apparel in dispute.

LAST HONOURS TO KOSCIUSZKO.

Towards the close of life, unable to endure the spectacle of degradation which his conquered country exhibited, and baffled in the generous expectations which its artful conqueror had at one time bade him cherish, Kosciuszko, after emancipating the serfs on his estates in Poland, retired to Soleure, where the amiable society of long cherished friends cheered and softened the last hours of a life devoted to great and virtuous deeds. Though absent from the land of his birth, the enthusiastic attachment of his fellow-countrymen defied the chilling influence of separation; and there was not a college or a corporation among them which did not continue to celebrate his natal day with banquets or other festivities. The tidings of his decease* spread sorrow and desolation over the whole face of Poland, and the senate of the republic of Cracow immediately issued circulars to the public authorities, fixing the fourteenth of the November following as the day of national mourning, on which the last honours were to be rendered to his memory. Warsaw and Cracow took the lead in displaying their grateful feeling on this solemn occasion; but Poland felt that she had yet another sacred duty to perform; her hero's remains were mouldering under a stranger sky; she called upon the Emperor Alexander to obtain their removal from Soleure; with his sanction the young Prince Jablonowski was deputed on this noble mission, and the body, attended by the father and son, in whose society Kosciuszko had calmly spent the remnant of his virtuous days, was borne to the church of St. Florian, without the walls of Cracow, whither it had been accompanied for the last three miles by the great officers of state.

The solemn procession, which conveyed it thence on the ensuing morning, was finely characteristic of the occasion. Warriors of distinguished rank, who were grey in their country's service, bore the sacred relics on their shoulders: next followed Kosciuszko's sable charger, caparisoned in black; two maidens, with wreaths of oak leaves and branches of cypress in their hands, walked by his side; then came the general staff, the senate, burgesses, clergy, and populace. When this array reached the Wavel, a hill once honoured by the residence of the magnificent Jagellon and other Polish monarchs, a funeral oration was delivered by Count Wodziki; he had scarcely closed his lips, when a Masovian peasant came forward, and addressing Gen. Grabowski, one of Kosciuszko's companions in arms, related the following occurrence in a tone of deep emotion. "At the battle of Raclawice, when fighting by the side of three of my brothers, there were two guns which committed indescribable havoc on a column of Poles, and repeatedly drove them back. On a sudden I saw two Cracovian countrymen, fired by the example of their leader, rush upon the cannon and cover the mouths with their bodies. No war-cry could have kindled such a glow amongst us as their heroic devotion: we flew to the rescue of our gallant comrades, and the enemy's artillery was instantly in our possession; we turned it upon him, and he took to flight." †

The procession now moved towards the cathedral, in the centre of which a splendid catafalk had been erected, and beneath this shrine the coffin was deposited. Its only adornments were Sobieski's sword and a branch of laurel. Paintings, executed by Stakowicz, were disposed around the sarcophagus; one represented Washington investing the hero with the order of Cincinnatus; another depicted the citizens of Cracow

* This took place on the 15th of October, 1817; and he passed so gently out of this scene of pain and trial, that it has been justly said of such a death by an eminent writer—"The grave is the light-shedding footstep of an angel, which descends to seek and bear us away to a better world."

† The narrator should have added, that the two heroes escaped with their lives, and that Kosciuszko presented them with officers' commissions on the field of battle.

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swearing fidelity to him; in a third, he was portrayed as calmly contemplating a tempestuous ocean; and a fourth recalled the fatal conflict of Maciciowice, where, covered with wounds, and falling from his horse, he was heard to exclaim, "*Finis Poloniæ!*"* Woronicz, the bishop, discharged the last offices over the body, and Lancouski, a prelate in high estimation for his poetical talents, addressed the assembly with a brief but heart-rending eloquence, which brought tears into every eye. During the ceremony, the young Countesses, Angelica and Caroline Wodzicka, made a collection at the door for behoof of the house of Refuge at Cracow; thus calling in Charity herself to render homage to the departed great.

The ceremony was terminated by depositing his remains in the same vault which incloses our ancient kings. Its majestic arches extend under the whole floor of the cathedral; but to the right, opposite to the principal entrance gate, is a subterraneous chapel, built by Stanislaus Augustus, in the year 1788, where he had fondly hoped to find his last resting-place. It is divided into several compartments by pillars of the Ionic order; and at present contains three sarcophagi; those of John Sobieski, Joseph Poniatowski, and Thaddæus Kosciuszko. In life, these three patriots sought their country's weal by devious paths; in death, they still are severed, and slumber in three distinct mausolea. That of Kosciuszko bears no other symbol than his immortal name.

But his country has paid a yet more imperishable tribute to her favourite son. The senate of Cracow decreed, that a lofty mound should be raised on the heights of Bronislawa, (*i.e.* "the Champion of Fame, an appellation which it has borne from the remotest times,) and this monument owes its existence to the willing zeal of every class and age; the magistrate and citizen, nobleman and peasant, young and old, rich and poor, have been its artificers. For three whole years (from the 16th Oct. 1820 to the 16th of the same month in 1823) did they toil with unabating ardour until the hill of Kosciuszko (the *Mogila Kosciuszki*) was reared three hundred feet above its base, and outshone the two adjoining monuments of St. Kracus and Queen Wanda. A serpentine footpath leads the visiter to its summit, from which he has a fine prospect of the beautiful banks of the Vistula and the ancient city of the Polish kings. The surplus of the subscriptions, which in every quarter betokened the fervour of national gratitude, has been employed in erecting dwellings for four peasants, who fought under Kosciuszko's standard, and devote their labours to the preservation of a memorial worthy of the leader whom they were called to obey and learned to adore.—*United Service Journal.*

* This fact is historically correct. The battle was gained by the Russians on the 10th October, 1794; and Kosciuszko's captivity sealed the downfal of Polish independence. He never again trod his native soil.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

POMPEII.

THIS volume, the thirteenth of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, is one of the most attractive books that we have for a long time taken up. Its object is to describe the public edifices of Pompeii, so far as they have yet been disinterred; another volume will be devoted to the houses and private habits of their tenants. All that has hitherto been published of this very interesting discovery is in expensive books, in books of travels, or in fragments communicated to periodical works, and much of this information is mixed up with the affectation of antiquarianism, and the coxcombry of what is miscalled classical learning. The present work seeks to strip off these difigurements, and to give the reader a popular yet minute description of the famed city—the history of its overwhelming by Vesuvius—its destruction and re-discovery—its walls, gates, public roads, streets, baths, theatres, and amphitheatres, and thus far the task appears to be executed with extreme care.

The book is of the most quotable kind: our first extract is from the introductory chapter—

Herculaneum and Pompeii.

"It was matter of no ordinary interest when it was known that a buried Roman city had been discovered; a city overwhelmed and sealed up in the height of its prosperity, and preserved from the ravages of the barbarian conquerors of Italy, and the sacrilegious alterations and pillagings of modern hands. But the hopes which might reasonably have been formed upon the discovery of Herculaneum, at the beginning of the last century, were frustrated in great measure by the depth and hardness of the volcanic products under which that city was buried. The process of clearing it

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was necessarily one of excavation, not of denudation; and to avoid the labour of raising the quarried matter to the surface, from a depth of 70 or 80 feet, former excavations have been filled up with the rubbish of new excavations, and now the theatre is the only building open to inspection, and that an unsatisfactory and imperfect inspection by torch-light. Museums have been profusely enriched with various articles of use or luxury discovered at Herculaneum, which might serve to illustrate the Latin authors, and throw light upon the private life of Italy; but no comprehensive view could be obtained, and consequently no new idea formed of the disposition and appearance of a Roman city. Fortunately, the disappointment was repaired by the discovery of Pompeii, a companion city overwhelmed in the great eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, together with Herculaneum, and destined to be the partner of its disinterment as well as its burial. There was, however, this difference in their fate—that, owing to its greater distance from the volcano, the former was not then, and never has been, reached by the streams of lava which have successively flowed over Herculaneum, and elevated the surface of the earth from 70 to 100 feet. Pompeii was buried by a shower of ashes, pumice, and stones, forming a bed of variable depth, but seldom exceeding 12 or 14 feet, loose and friable in texture, and therefore easily removed, so as completely to uncover and expose the subjacent buildings.

"The upper stories of the houses, which appear to have consisted chiefly of wood, were either burnt by the red-hot stones, ejected from Vesuvius, or broken down by the weight of matter collected on their roofs and floors. With this exception, we see a flourishing city in the very state in which it existed nearly eighteen centuries ago: the buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use; articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them. 'I noticed,' says M. Simond, 'a striking memorial of this mighty interruption in the Forum, opposite to the temple of Jupiter. A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all round; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track — but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after a lapse of 1,800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness."

Again, after quoting the two letters of Pliny the younger, describing the catastrophe which overwhelmed Pompeii, the editor says—

"Pompeii was not destroyed by an inundation of lava; its elevated position sheltered it from that fate: it was buried under that shower of stones and cinders of which Pliny speaks. Much of this matter appears to have been deposited in a liquid state; which is easily explained, for the vast volumes of steam sent up by the volcano descended in torrents of rain, which united with the ashes suspended in the air, or washed them, after they had fallen, into places where they could not well have penetrated in a dry state. Among other proofs of this, the skeleton of a woman was found in a cellar, enclosed within a mould of volcanic paste, which received and has retained a perfect impression of her form. In the great eruption of 1779, minutely described by Sir William Hamilton, Ottaiano, a small town situated at the foot of Somma, most narrowly escaped similar destruction. The phenomena then observed may be presumed to correspond closely with those which occurred at Pompeii.

"'On the night of the 8th of August, when the noise increased, and the fire began to appear above the mountain of Somma, many of the inhabitants of this town flew to the churches, and others were preparing to quit the town, when a sudden violent report was heard, soon after which they found themselves involved in a thick cloud of smoke and minute ashes; a horrid clashing was heard in the air, and presently fell a deluge of stones and large scoriæ, some of which scoriæ were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and must have weighed more than one hundred pounds before they were broken by their fall, as some of the fragments of them which I

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picked up in the streets, still weighed upwards of sixty pounds. When these large vitrified masses either struck against one another in the air, or fell on the ground, they broke into many pieces, and covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to everything that was combustible. In an instant the town and country about it was on fire in many parts; for in the vineyards there were several straw huts, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, all of which were burnt. A great magazine of wood in the heart of the town was all in a blaze; and had there been much wind, the flames must have spread universally, and all the inhabitants would infallibly have been burnt in their houses, for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some who attempted it with pillows, tables, chairs; the tops of wine-casks, &c. on their heads, were either knocked down, or soon driven back to their close quarters, under arches or in the cellars of their houses. Many were wounded, but only two persons have died of the wounds they received from this dreadful volcanic shower: to add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightning was whisking about the black cloud that surrounded them, and the sulphureous heat and smell would scarcely allow them to draw their breath. In this miserable and alarming situation they remained about twenty-five minutes, when the volcanic storm ceased all at once.'* It is evident that if the eruption had continued for a brief space longer, Ottaiano must have perished like Pompeii.

"This last named city, however, was not buried to its present depth by a single eruption. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, (Simond counted eight of them,) and the lowest has evidently been moved, while the others are untouched; a plain proof that some interval elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants returned to seek after their most costly property. That so few articles of intrinsic value have been found, is attributed, with much probability, to this cause.†

"For 1,676 years, Pompeii remained buried under ashes. The first indications of ruins were observed in 1689, but the excavations did not commence till 1755. It is, however, singular that it was not discovered sooner, for Dominico Fontana, having been employed in the year 1592 to bring the waters of the Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata, cut a subterraneous canal across the site of Pompeii, and often met in his course with the basements of buildings. The excavations, to which the attention of Europe is constantly directed, have produced, and continue to produce the most interesting results. Unfortunately some of the most important monuments are rapidly perishing; and being already half destroyed by the burning cinders, shaken by earthquakes, and built originally of the worst materials, oppose but a feeble resistance to the destructive agency of damp and frost."

In the chapter describing the roads and streets, we find an interesting coincidence:

"The roads usually were raised some height above the ground which they traversed, and proceeded in as straight a line as possible, running over hill and valley with a sovereign contempt for all the principles of Engineering. They consisted of three distinct layers of materials; the lowest, stones, mixed with cement, (*statumen;*) ‡ the middle, gravel or small stones, (*rudera;*) § to prepare a level and unyielding surface to receive the upper and most important structure, which consisted of large masses accurately fitted together. It is curious to observe that after many ages of imperfect paving we have returned to the same plan. The new pavement of Cheapside and Holborn is based in the same way upon broken granite, instead of loose earth which is constantly working through the interstices, and vitiating the solid bearing which the stones should possess. A further security against its working into holes is given by dressing each stone accurately to the same breadth, and into the form of a wedge, like the voussoirs of an arch, so that each tier of stones spans the street like a bridge. This is an improvement on the Roman system: they depended for the solidity of their construction on the size of their blocks, which were irregularly shaped, although carefully and firmly fitted. These roads especially in the neighbourhood of cities, had, on both sides, raised footways (*margines,*) protected by curb-stones, which defined the extent of the central

* Campi phlegræi, supplement, p. 19.

† Some buildings now completely excavated bear marks of having been previously searched by the ancients. In such places, all valuable effects and materials have been carried away, as, for instance, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, a building adjoining the Forum, and the furniture of the Basilica.

‡ Statumen, that which supports anything. Vitruvius uses it for the coating of a floor.

§ Rudera, rubble, rough stone, or broken pottery.

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part (*agger*) for carriages. The latter was barrelled, that no water might lie upon it."

It is not too much to presume that our new paving plan has been actually borrowed from a close inspection of the Pompeii plan.

This volume is enriched with steel plates and 139 cuts, many of them of great spirit, and all of captivating interest. The coincidences between several of the forms of ancient architectural embellishments and those now in common use will best illustrate the utility of a book of antiquities made popular, as in the volume before us. A small cut of the ornamented echinus moulding in the closing page—usually carved to represent an egg within a shell—has given rise to what carvers call the egg and tongue moulding, now common on pier and chimney glasses, and even on shop fronts. We remember too a fine employment of this embellishment in the dress circle front of Drury Lane Theatre, previous to the alterations of last year.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ENGLISH PRISONERS IN FRANCE.

We extract the following graphic pages from a Narrative of an *Imprisonment in France during the Reign of Terror*. It affords a pretty picture of naval tactics in the days of French Republicanism :—

Whilst on board L'Insurgent, we had a fair opportunity of seeing the operation of the favourite principles of French republicanism on the temper and behaviour of the common people. *Liberty* and *equality* were words of perpetual recurrence among them ; and the practical application of these famous terms was a constant illustration of the sense they affixed to them—to the no small mortification and annoyance of their superior officers. The very cooks and *swab-wringers* would stand and dispute the orders, and question the authority, of the boatswain ; nor could he prevail on them to obey his orders, till he bluntly consented that chance and the suffrage of the people conferred the superiority which he exercised over them ! and, consequently, that they had a greater right—if they thought fit to assert it—to command the boatswain, than the boatswain to command them ! If he still dared to dictate in the tone of superiority, they would scornfully turn their back upon him, and bid him wring the swabs *himself*, for *liberty* and *equality* were now the allowed right of every Frenchman ! If the sails were to be trimmed during the time of their meals, unless it appeared reasonable to the majority, the boatswain might pipe his call till he was breathless, and was obliged to endure their chiding.—"What made him in such a hurry ? Let him wait till they had finished their meal." Even on the quarter-deck, nothing was more common than to see groups of foremast-men sitting in circles for hours together at their favourite game of cards, whilst their superior officers, and even the captain himself, were obliged to *thread the needle* amongst them in walking the deck ; and if they expressed dissatisfaction at the inconvenience they suffered, they might expect to hear a growl of indignation.—"Was it the intention of their commanders to abridge them of their *liberty* and *equality* ?" • •

On the ninth day after our capture, we were taken into Brest. Melancholy were my reflections as we sailed past the fortifications, on either hand, on our entrance into one of the noblest harbours in Europe ; contrasted with which dejection, the gaiety and hilarity of the French crew tended but to make my condition appear more disconsolate and wretched. Seen from the shore, our frigate must have appeared a beautiful object ; gliding majestically along with a fair wind, the chief part of our sails set, all our colours flying, and, as we passed some of the principal forts, the shrouds and yard-arms manned as closely as possible, returning the salutations from the shore with joyous greetings, and singing with the utmost enthusiasm their national song—

"Aux enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivée," &c.

We soon came in sight of the French grand fleet, under the command of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, lying at anchor over the magnificent expanse of water which forms the harbour of Brest.—Nothing could exceed in grandeur the sight which presented itself to us as we passed along successively from one line-of-battle-ship to another, till we had seen the whole extent and magnitude of the largest navy which the French could ever boast. In the afternoon we came to an anchor, and spent the night on board, mournfully anticipating the undefined hardships which awaited us in a French prison, and of which to-morrow was to afford us a specimen. After breakfast the following morning, the boatswain's call gave the shrill announcement that all the prisoners of war were to be immediately mustered

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upon deck, each man bringing along with him his luggage, in readiness for debarkation. Affecting was the sight, as the officers and men of the ships which had been taken during the cruise were marshalled into their respective groups. Just before we descended into the boats prepared to take us on shore, a formal offer was made, in the name of the Republic, to any of the officers or men who chose to exchange the prospect of a prison for the service of the French navy, with the promise of equal wages and equal fare with their own men. As soon as the proposal was understood by the English prisoners, a burst of indignation and a fearless volley of execrations were poured forth upon those who made the offer; and it was with extreme difficulty that some of the men could be restrained from a furious assault in return. One traitorous wretch alone listened to the proposal, and he was a Dutchman; but it was at the hazard of his life. Had he not been instantly rescued by a body of armed men, he would doubtless have been torn in pieces, to such a pitch of exasperation and rage were all the rest of the prisoners roused. This subject, as we left the side of the frigate, and were on our way towards the shore, furnished the topic on which each took occasion to express his wrath, whilst ever and anon they vociferated their execrations on the dastardly coward and traitor they had left behind, as long as they thought their voice could be heard. Scarcely was the tumult occasioned by this occurrence subsided, when we drew near to the shore.

We were now sufficiently discernible by the inhabitants of Brest, who crowded towards the place of debarkation to witness the spectacle of our landing. At scarcely any period of my captivity do I recollect being sensible of more poignant distress than at this moment. The quay on which we were to land was most formidable in appearance with military array, and overhung with multitudes of curious spectators, making whatever remarks they thought proper, as public attention was directed now to this prisoner, and then to another; whilst little else than banter and ridicule, or malignant and ferocious dispositions, were indicated by the countenances, gestures, and clamour of those into whose power the fortune of war had thrown us. Two lines of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were drawn up to receive us as we landed; and under their escort we were conducted over several drawbridges and military fortifications of great ingenuity and strength, till at length we were introduced into the town. The place selected for our first halt was in the midst of a large square in the open air. Hither, after awhile, our luggage was brought, and piled up in the midst, surrounded with a strong guard of soldiers, to keep off the multitude, who, by this time, were come from all parts to gratify their curiosity. In this condition we were kept till late in the afternoon, without any refreshment from the time we left L'Insurgent—except a piece of bread, perchance, were now and then thrown amongst us by some looker-on, who had a heart to compassionate our wretched plight. Whilst we were thus exposed, a gazing-stock to the inhabitants, a circumstance occurred which promised no small alleviation of the distress in which my father and I were involved. A gentleman of respectable appearance and polite manners obtained leave of the commanding-officer to associate himself with the prisoners; after awhile, he shook hands with my father, and, to my utter amazement, immediately embraced him with all the ardour of the dearest friendship, exclaiming, in a tone of the utmost sorrow and distress, "O my dear broder, my dear broder! Vat bring you here? It makes me ver great trouble for you, my dear broder! Vat you sall vant in the prizon vere you go, me feel de pleseur great to carry you! Tell me all tings you vant for all times; and all vat dis contrie produce will be at your tres service!" It was a long while before he loosed his embrace; and when he left us, it was with the assurance that as soon as we should be settled at the prison destined for our reception, at a short distance in the country, he would be our frequent visiter, and render our captivity as tolerable as it was in his power. No sooner had he taken his leave, than my father and I were congratulated on all sides by our less fortunate companions in tribulation, at this unexpected salutation, and the large hopes with which it had inspired us. It was a considerable time before my father had leisure to explain to me an occurrence which seemed so utterly unaccountable. Was this stranger a near relation of whom my father had never before informed me? or of whom he himself had never heard before? or did they recognise in each other early companionship in distant parts of the globe? No; the whole mystery of this affair lay in the discovery which each had made to the other, of the word and the sign of a FREEMASON! Convinced

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by this overpowering evidence of the great utility and importance of the institution of freemasonry, I from that moment resolved, that as soon as I should be within reach of a lodge, I would offer myself as a candidate.—Judge, however, what were our disappointment and mortification at never afterwards hearing a word of our invaluable friend—our "*beloved brother!*" Towards the evening, orders were given to commence the march to our new habitation; but, to our vexation and distress, no carriages were in readiness to take our luggage with us. We remonstrated, we entreated that it might accompany us; but all in vain. We were assured, on the honour of the French Republic, that it should be sent after us in the course of the evening. Resistance was useless. At the word of command, under a strong escort of soldiers, we were constrained to leave our luggage in the middle of the square, exposed to chance, or the designs of villany. At the beat of the drum we set forward through the streets, amidst the hootings and imprecations of the rabble, as though we had been felons of the most atrocious kind, and no longer entitled to the claims of humanity.

After a march of three or four miles, we reached the prison of Pontenezin, situated not far from the sea-coast. It was a double row of building, of a ground floor, surrounded by a wall: intended only as a temporary abode, till a convenient opportunity should occur of removing us further into the interior of the country. On our arrival, we were not a little comforted to find three or four hundred prisoners, chiefly English, already inmates of our new habitation. The recognition of each other as British subjects, even in these deplorable circumstances, inspired us with a transport of joy, little less than as though we had met each other on our native shore. Three cheers from within, before we entered the gates, were answered by three cheers on the outside, to the no small annoyance of the French soldiers; who learned from this specimen, that no injuries which tyrants can inflict have power to enslave or control a British *spirit*.

What a refreshment to our sight were the countenances of a crowd of our own countrymen!—what music to our ears was even our own language, when unexpectedly heard from hundreds of British voices, where our imagination had anticipated only a dreary gloom and silence! The moment we had entered, and the gates of our prison were closed upon us, we for a time forgot the miseries of captivity in the cordial congratulations which ensued, as one and another recognised a relative or a friend among their new associates; or as information was mutually given or received, in answer to endless inquiries respecting the land of our birth, or the dear connexions from whom cruel war had severed us, perhaps for ever! In addition to the allowance of provisions which were served out to us that night, whatever rations of wine—which was at that time allowed daily to the prisoners—had been stored up by any of them for rare and special occasions, were brought out and set before their countrymen. Through the whole of that night nothing but hilarity and joy were witnessed. The relation of each other's adventures, among the numerous groups of friends and parties, into which the company had distributed themselves, together with the occasional "jocund song and merry dance"—for even music was not wanting to the festive scene—must have conveyed the idea to any looker-on, not versed in our story, that we were celebrating a triumph, and dividing the spoil, rather than men partners in misfortune.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A LAST FAREWELL.

When the Prince of Orange in 1568, retired to Germany, apprehending the danger that followed, he entreated Count Egmont to accompany him who refused. "Farewell," said he, taking leave of the Prince of Orange, "Prince without an estate." "Farewell," replied he, "Count without a head." The Prince's pithy remark was soon verified, for a few weeks afterwards, the Count being on an excursion, was taken prisoner and executed. SWAINE.

In 1590 Prince Maurice of Nassau took Breda by the following stratagem. A boat was loaded with turf, under which 70 men were concealed, the Spaniards themselves assisting to bring in the boat. Matthew Helt, a lieutenant of the 70, not being able to suppress a cough, begged his comrades to kill him, lest the enterprise should be frustrated by so inconvenient a companion.—SWAINE.

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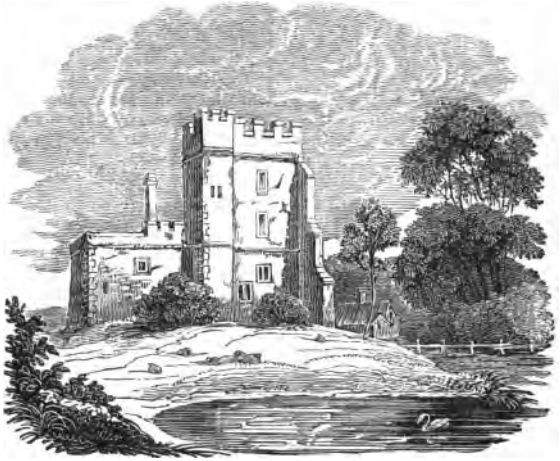
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 526.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1831. [Price 2*d*.



POPE'S STUDY, AT STANTON HARCOURT.

In this romantic retreat, Pope translated part of the Iliad of Homer. The place needs no other association to endear it to our readers; but it has likewise the recommendation of considerable antiquity.

The village of Stanton Harcourt is situate about eight miles from Oxford. The manor was in the possession of the Harcourt family for upwards of six centuries. It was granted by Adeliza, the second queen of Henry I. to her kinswoman, Milicent, wife of Richard de Camvil, whose daughter, Isabel, married Robert de Harcourt. This ancient family chiefly resided here till the latter part of the seventeenth century, and some curious fragments of a mansion constructed by them at a very early period are, or were lately, in existence. This mansion was in the true old English style: the kitchen was on a construction of which we had only one more example remaining in England; the kitchen formerly appertaining to the Abbey of Glastonbury. The principal apartments stood between the kitchen and the domestic chapel. One of these was called the Queen's Chamber, from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, who was entertained with much splendour in this mansion.

The domestic chapel, with a chamber over part of it, and a tower containing three apartments, one above the other, is seen in the Engraving. The lower part has a flat wooden ceiling, composed of squares, with red and yellow mouldings. The painted ground is blue, with gilded stars in the middle of each compartment. This tower is thought to have been erected in the reign of Edward IV. The upper room retains the name of *Pope's Study*. In this deserted mansion the poet passed a part of two summers, while engaged in his translation of Homer. His noble friends, the proprietors of the domain, resided, meantime, at a neighbouring seat, termed Cockthorp. There Gay was their visiter; and he was nearly the only person who presumed to break occasionally on the great translator's retirement. On a pane of red stained glass, in one of the casements of this retirement, Pope placed the following inscription:

In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope
Finished here
The fifth volume of Homer.

This pane of glass is now preserved at Nuneham Courtenay, as an interesting relic of genius.*

* We abridge these particulars from an account written by the late Earl of Harcourt, and printed for private circulation only. Pope describes the place in a letter written from Stanton to the Duke of Buckingham: "which account," says Lord Harcourt, "is incorrect in nearly every particular, as may be seen by an existing plan."

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TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

(For the Mirror.)

Ye Winds! that sing the dirge
Of the dead that sleep around,
As ye pass the gloomy heath,
And the crested waves beneath,
Ye proclaim a tale of death
In your sound;—

Ye recall from buried years
The phantom forms of those
Who obeyed the trumpet loud,
And beheld the battle cloud,
With its dark and crimson shroud,
O'er them close.

They fell as heroes fall,
Contending with the foe;
And o'er their tombs ye sweep
Like a spirit's murmur deep,
When the moonbeam lights the steep
With its glow.

Ye mountain Winds! I hear
Your voices in the pine,—
They haunt my thoughtful heart,
As, silent and apart,
It excludes delusive art
From its shrine.

In summer's gorgeous calm,
Ye kiss the queenly rose,
When the verdant fields and trees
Are musical with bees,
And bluely gleam the seas
In repose.

And when the stormy waves
Unroll their surf at night,
And lurid clouds are driven
Across the starless heaven,
The lofty rocks are riven
By your might.

In scenes of calm or storm,
O be it yours to bear
A dirge o'er every grave
Where tufted roses wave
In honour of the brave
Sleeping there.

Deal. G. R. C.

JEALOUSY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

"Quando il fanciullo Amore."

When the rosy God of Love
From slumber in the Paphian grove
Awoke, and found his torch was lying
In pale and feeble splendour, dying,
With startling haste he cried aloud,
Summoning his amorous crowd;—
Then came Sighs, and Smiles, and Tears,
Flattery, and Hopes and Fears,
With Anger and his mate—Disdain,
Who kindled soon the torch again.
At last it chanced one day to fade,
When Jealousy the call obey'd.
In furious haste she rudely came,
And fiercely blew the trembling flame,
That scarce a *Zephyr's* breath requir'd;
But *thus* assail'd—the light expir'd!—E. L. J.

TITIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

Resplendent Titian, from thy magic hand,
Gleam the rich pictures which adorn thy land:
Those glowing forms, those dark and lovely eyes
Which only sparkle 'neath Italian skies.
Those holy saints which deck the convents' hall,
The haughty Doges on the palace wall,
The pilgrim and the templars steel clad knight,
With helm and morion glancing in the fight.
The turbaned Turk, the pale and swarthy Jew,
All these like life thy splendid pencil drew!
The pride of Venice to her wealthy wave
A rich romance, thy fame and genius gave:
Still in her corridors thy canvass shines;
There thy soft Venus like a queen reclines.
Pensive Madonnas and sweet Magdalenes,
Bright moonlight sailings and gay festive scenes,
The azure Sunrise, and grey tinted Eve,
Like an impassioned fairy, didst thou weave.
And radiant gems of deep and golden dyes,
Betray the ruby tints of Paradise.

M. F. G.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

(For the Mirror.)

Fount of the Chapel with ages grey,
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.
HEMANS.

Old Fount! thy waters murmur yet
Beneath the sunny tree;
The violets with thy rills are wet,
And softly laved by thee.

The skies are rich with clouds above,
And stainless is the rose,
As when the symbol of the Dove
Seem'd watching thy repose.

Thou hast unto the pilgrim's heart
A dream of heaven conveyed,
When, deeply silent and apart,
Before thy shrine he prayed.

And when the sunset trembled o'er
Thy wave at day's decline,
The winds came wafted from the shore,
Instinct with sounds divine.

But all the stars that grace the hush
Of night, when skies are blue,
Will ne'er again behold thee gush
O'er flow'rs of sunny hue.

No, sacred Fount! the ivy clings
Unto thy ruin'd wall,
And birds that roam on glancing wings
Lament around thy fall.

No more the warrior's helm is laid
Upon thy marble shrine;
And where the weary pilgrim prayed,
Thy rills have ceased to shine.

But beautiful is thy decay,
Forsaken as thou art,
And many a thought it might convey
Unbidden to the heart.

Although thy chapel's holy gloom
Will haunt the eye no more,
Yet summer skies above thee bloom,
As in the days of yore,—

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So thus, when earthly gauds are fled,
And kindred spirits riven,
What hopes can bind us to the dead
But those inspired by heaven?
Deal. G. R. C.

Spirit of the Annuals.

BABY.

(Concluded from page 457.)

"Fatigue had now completely exhausted me, and sleep began to steal over my faculties. A yawn was the sign of this soporific condition; and will it be credited that the wretched nurse would not even permit this natural symptom? She who had violently forced my mouth open for her own cruel purpose, would not suffer me to open it myself, but the moment she saw me seeking this relief, she clapped her finger and thumb under my lower jaw, which she pushed upwards till I thought it would have cracked again.

"Inured to suffering, sleep at length closed my weary eye-lids, and I slumbered free from sorrows for awhile. But it was the mere insensibility of tired nature—not a sweet and refreshing repose. Ignorant people, and especially poets, talk of balmy sleep being like an infant's.—Bah! they must have forgotten their infancy—the swaddling which precludes free respiration—the other incumbrances of babyhood. For my share I had a horrid dream. I fancied I was put away from the world again, and I could, but I will not, a tale unfold.

"I woke but to fresh troubles, to new and unheard-of inflictions, of which it is almost impossible to state whether the utter nastiness or the barbarity were the most shameful. Like a criminal from the rack condemned to undergo farther ordeals, no sooner did the nurse notice that I was taking a survey of the chamber than she immediately darted upon her prey. From a small skillet or pan she spooned forth a thickish unpleasant substance, whether called pap or gruel I never could learn, for I heard both names applied indiscriminately: and first—oh, beast!—drawing the mess through an ordeal of mouth never to be forgotten, she poked the revolting spoonful almost into my throat. Reject it I could not; down it went. In flavour certainly not so abominable as my breakfast of castor oil, this my second meal was rendered no less obnoxious by the process of its administration or service. Surely in this instance, whoever sent the meat, the devil inspired the cook.

"The consequence might easily have been foreseen, but it was very hard that, from no excess of my own, I was attacked with cholera—the fashionable name for what my grandmamma in ultra-refinement termed a stomach complaint. But whether called by a learned Greek, a fashionable, or a vulgar name, I was compelled to endure what I had been compelled to incur. I was no volunteer glutton or drunkard; superior to man, I had not made the ill of which I had so much cause to complain.

"Had it not been for the continuance of my malady, I might have fancied that the world was not a perpetual hell. For several hours I was not meddled with. A great piece of flannel was wrapped round my head and shoulders, and I was smothered in the bed, which had something of warmth more consonant to my constitutional habits than the cold of a winter night to which I had been so much exposed.

"A weary period having elapsed, I was removed from my nest. The fire yet burned cheerfully, but the candle had grown to an immense wick with a top like the dome of St. Paul's, and a light dim and flickering. Nurse sat by the fire-side in a great arm-chair, smelling more than ever of the beverage which was as the breath of her nostrils; that breath, by the by, was ever and anon tuned to a deep but by no means musical diapason. Lying on her knee during one of these naps, I gazed around with that degree of curiosity which new situations commonly excite, for I naturally wished to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow-creatures. The view impressed me with no idea of comfort. Phials with labels about their necks, pipkins, napkins, basins, clothes, chairs, and tables at all sorts of angles, &c. &c. &c., seemed so untidy that I could well understand why it was called a sick-room: it was enough to make any body sick.

"As morning approached, two or three maids began to peep in. They giggled, walked on tiptoe, and appeared as highly elated as if each had borne a son of her own. They drank with the nurse, and carried off some tea and sugar to make breakfast. One or two of them looked at me and observed that I was a nasty looking animal. After which they laughed and took a glass, whispering, as far as I could gather, a great deal of impertinent nonsense.

"Carrying me in her arms, the nurse about this time went towards the window, and quietly withdrawing the curtain, lest my mamma should observe

how malignantly she was treating me, exposed me to the full glare of morning. The flash of pain was excessive: instinct shut up my eyes, or I should have been blinded for life. But this was only one of the slightest of the miseries heaped upon me.

"Soon after, my first acquaintance on earth returned, under pretence of inquiring about my health. The villain in my own hearing, approved of all that had been done to me, and spoke of repeating the same kind of usage if I presumed to dispute their authority. While he was talking another man came in, who I soon gathered was another ruthless enemy of mine. Indeed I saw now that he was the origin of all my distress—the instigator of my persecution; and like a coward bribed others to commit the crime he had not courage to perpetrate with his own hands. I tried hard to divine what new plot was hatching against me, but could not make it out. I only observed this fellow slip the bribe into the open fingers of the other, who, though called doctor, which is derived from learning, looked smilingly like a murderer, evidently promised acquiescence, and walked away, grinning most diabolically as he conveyed the gold to his pocket.

"The noise, I presume, waked my poor mamma, for she uttered a low noise, and moved slightly on her pillow. Alas! it was but to provoke outrage: the second savage strode up to the bed, and putting his face close to her's, gave her a smack; which, though partially concealed, was perfectly audible to my ear. How I longed for a giant's strength to punish the miscreant! but I was condemned to a similar fate. The suffering saint was so accustomed to ill-treatment, that she only smiled faintly and waved her pale hand; when the assassin quitted his prey and advanced towards me. My rage and hatred were inconceivable; I think I could have repelled him had he assailed me alone, but one of his infamous associates was still left to help him: she held me towards him, and he served me exactly as he had served my martyr of a mother. Till then I knew not the pang she had borne with such patient resignation: of all the pains I had yet encountered it was the most poignant and severe. His chin was armed all over with sharp spears and short but cutting knives; and these, by a dexterous motion, such as only long practice could have taught the tormentor, he contrived to stab into every pore of his victim's face. I screeched aloud, and I saw the tear come into mamma's eyes; but the others, as before, only made a scoff of my agony. 'He is a charming boy, and your very picture! he is indeed his papa's own!" said the nurse (as confounded a lie as ever was uttered! and, besides, my countenance was so distorted that I was like nothing human); and then papa chuckled out a horse laugh, and taking his purse, without the least affectation of secresy, bribed and rewarded his other vile companion.

"A few words passed between them; and again inflicting the torture upon his unhappy and unresisting wife, the flinty-hearted tyrant withdrew.

"I had hitherto preserved considerable resolution under the indignities and dangers of my situation; but the last occurrence depressed me exceedingly. I clearly perceived that the only living creature attached to me by sympathy was exposed to the worst of injuries on that account: I saw that she was broken-spirited and uncomplaining, though decidedly unable to undergo, as I had done, the continued attacks of our adversaries: as a proof of this I may state that she took a cup of the oil, which the nurse presented to her, without even kicking or squalling. My soul died within me, and the shock of my feelings, I have no doubt, hastened my own dissolution.

"Well, the day wore on: several women called in for a few minutes, and all seemed of a mind that I ought to be made away with. One advised a second spoonful of oil as the means; another something named Daffy's Elixir; a third a drop or two of gin—on which the nurse swallowed a bumper aside, to show, as it were, how it might be taken without flinching. Among the rest was a very old female, whom they styled grand-mamma, because she was dressed in a stately guise: this hideous person disguised herself by putting two round glasses over her eyes, and then came close to me. Oh, the insufferable beldam! a powder, of the most pungent and acrid nature, which she had concealed about her nose till near enough to shake it over my innocent organs, was so cunningly applied that I was not even aware of the insidious act till in the midst of fondling the whole catastrophe overwhelmed me. I endeavoured to ease myself by sneezing; upon which the company burst into a titter:—my curse be upon them for their inhumanity.

"By degrees we were left again to night and solitude; but my nerves had been so lacerated, and my constitution so impaired, that it soon became too

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evident the machinations of the conspirators were likely to terminate to their contentment. Lest it should be too slow, one of them was again sent for—my first worthy friend—and he ordered more poisons to be forced down my throat. In nothing was I left to nature; my very limbs were encumbered as if they had dreaded that being born a *sans culottes*, a *sans culottes* I should die: the inconveniency of this I will not describe. I was born to ill-luck in every thing—to good-luck in nothing.

"Flayed, drowned, insulted, incapacitated, smothered, abused, tortured, poisoned, is it to be wondered at that I resigned myself quietly to the prospect of a release? My poor mamma was unhappy, and cried; and the last of the conspirators appeared upon the stage. He was a ferocious looking fellow, with a red face and twinkling eyes; and I suppose he was brought at the late hour from a masquerade, as he was dressed in a domino. I fancy he had taken off his mask, but I will not positively assert aught of which I am not sure. Be that as it may, he took a little book from his pocket, and mumbled a few sentences (it would have gratified the literary taste with which I was born had he uttered them distinctly); he then dipped his fingers into some water and contemptuously threw it in my face. Previous to this, however, there was a dispute among the actors of my tragedy. Mamma said softly, 'Let it be William Frederick Augustus Gustavus: I so love a beautiful name, and one of which he may be proud hereafter.' But my ruthless papa replied, 'No, it must be Peter Nathaniel, or uncle Peter may be offended, and old Nat Carmudgeon, who has promised to stand godfather, forget him in his will.' 'Peter Nathaniel' accordingly exclaimed the black ruffian when he dashed the water over my piteous countenance.

"It was of less consequence, for the curtain was now about to fall: I felt too weak to resent this last contumely and submitted to be placed on the bed of my sorrowing parent. She gently laid me on her bosom, and the sight was so affecting that the bearded barbarian, papa, seemed to be moved by it. He dropped some consolatory words, and said if any thing could restore me that loved bosom would. I was sorry to be obliged to agree with the murderer in any one opinion, though I felt I was fast departing; but in truth this soft and yielding breast was delightful whereon to rest my fevered cheek: I raised my little hand towards it—I threw the latest glance of my closing eye upon it—I drew one draught of nature from its fountain—I uttered one short sigh—I had for one moment tasted an earthly heaven, and for an everlasting heaven I winged my flight."

With this beautiful sentence BABY concluded his auto-biography, to which I have only two particulars to add, which I did not introduce into the narration for fear they might interrupt its simple pathos and elegant connexion. When I heard BABY state in the course of it, oftener than once, that he was a genius and born with a natural taste for literature, I thought it right to ask him for a definition of man—a definition which Plato, and a considerable number of philosophers since Plato, have failed to reach. To this he replied, with wonderful promptitude—

"MAN IS A WRITING ANIMAL."

Astounded by this immortal answer, I could scarcely breathe out—"Oh, young but mighty sage! can I perform aught to pepetuate my veneration for the memory of so extraordinary a being?" To which BABY sweetly rejoined, with the humility of a child, "Engrave this distich upon my monument:

"Since I have been so quickly done for,
I marvel what I was begun for!!!"

Keepsake.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

By T. K. Hervey.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvests of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was sin:
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!

Alike o'er each, alike o'er all,
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave—
Each, herald-like proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead;
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head.

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words:
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age:
And tales, to which each graven stone
Is but the title page.

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crush'd his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quench'd his fire;

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The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute:
And all the trumpets of the earth
To the soldier's ear are mute.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed
Where death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb.

The moonlight sits, with her sad, sweet smile,
O'er the headless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast;
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore:
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore.

* * * * * *

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years'—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark;
But, like those sleepers, I shall yet
Go up into that ark!

Friendship's Offering.

Retrospective Gleanings.

STRIKING IN THE KING'S COURT.

(From Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia.)

The King's Court, or House, where the King resideth, is accounted a place so sacred, that if any man presume to strike another within the Palace, where the King's Royal Person resideth, and by such a stroke only draw blood, his right hand shall be striken off, and he be committed to perpetual imprisonment, and fined. By the ancient laws of England, only striking in the King's Court was punished with death, and loss of goods.

To make the deeper impression and terror into men's minds, for striking in the King's Court, it hath been ordered, that the punishment should be executed with great solemnity and ceremony, as follows:—

The Sergeant of the King's Woodyard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, staple, and cords, to fasten the hand thereto; the Yeoman of the Scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, wherein the searing irons, brought by the Chief Farrier, are to be ready for the Chief Surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water, brought by the Groom of the Saucery. The Chief Officers of the Cellar and Pantry are also to be ready—one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal after the hand is cut off, and the stump seared. The Sergeant of the Ewery is to bring linen, to wind about and wrap the arm. The Yeoman of the Poultry, a cock to lay to it; the Yeoman of the Chandry, seared cloths; the Master Cook, a sharp dresser knife, which at the place of execution is to be held upright by the Sergeant of the Larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereto, &c. After all, shall be imprisoned during life, and fined, and ransomed at the King's Will.

ORIGIN OF THE JENNY, &c.

Originally, all the cotton yarn manufactured in this country, was spun by hand, upon that well-known instrument called a one thread wheel. The first successful attempt that was made to spin cotton by machinery, was by a person of the name of Hargreaves, in 1767, who was a weaver, at Stanhill, near Blackburn, in Lancashire. He resided near the print-ground, the first and infant establishment of the late Sir Robert Peel. An anecdote is still recorded in the neighbourhood, which ascribes to accident the parent of so many useful discoveries.

A number of young people were one day assembled at play in Hargreaves house, during the time allotted for dinner, and the wheel at which he, or some of his family were spinning, was by accident overturned. The thread still remained in the hand of the spinner, and as the arms and periphery of the wheel were prevented by the framing from any contact with the floor, the velocity it had acquired still gave motion to the spindle, which continued to revolve as before. Hargreaves surveyed this with mingled curiosity and attention. He expressed his surprise in exclamations, and continued again and again to turn round the wheel as it lay on the floor, with an interest which was at the time mistaken for mere indolence. He had before attempted to spin with two or three spindles affixed to the ordinary wheel, holding the several threads between the fingers of his left hand, but the horizontal position of the spindles rendered this attempt ineffectual; it is not therefore improbable (says his biographer) that he derived from this circumstance, the first idea of that machine which paved the way for subsequent improvement. The jenny which Hargreaves invented was in its original form a rude machine, being obliged to work in secret. Popular prejudice was soon excited against him, and the threats of his neighbours obliged him to conceal his machine for some time after it

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supplied the woof or weft for his own looms. It was discovered that he had made a *spinning machine*, and he was driven from his home, and his house destroyed. He removed to Nottingham, and after having assisted various persons in the construction of machinery, &c. he died in poverty. Even at Nottingham, if our information be correct, (say his biographers) a serious affray took place on the first erection of the new machine, in which Hargreaves was severely wounded, and a young woman who had accompanied him from Lancashire and had been accustomed to the management of his first jenny, nearly lost her life.

The *wheel* or *fly shuttle*, was invented about one hundred years ago, by Mr. John Kay, who, owing to the persecution he suffered on this account, removed to France, where he died.

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.

BROWNRIGG, an Englishman, who wrote a book on the means of preventing the plague, says that quarantine was first established by the Venetians in the year 1487.

Le Bret, in his *History of the Republic of Venice*, tells us that the grand council in 1348, chose three prudent persons whom they ordered to investigate the best means for preserving health, and to lay the result of their inquiry before the council.

The plague which broke out afterwards in 1478, rendered it necessary that some permanent means should be adopted, and on that account a peculiar magistracy of three noblemen was instituted in 1485. As these were not able to stop the progress of the disease, the painful office was imposed upon them, in 1504, of imprisoning people against whom complaints might be lodged, and even of putting them to death; and in 1585, it was declared that from the determination of these judges there should be no appeal. Their principal business was the inspection of the lazarettos, erected in certain places at some distance from the city, and in which it was required that all persons and merchandize coming from suspected parts should continue a stated time fixed by the law. The captain of every ship was also obliged to show them the bill of health which he had brought along with him.

It is supposed that the space of forty days being chosen, originated from some superstitious notions with regard to Lent.—*Beckmann.*

COCKNEY.

DR. JOHNSON says, "the origin of this word is much controverted. The French use an expression, *pais de cocaigne*, for a country of dainties."

Paris est pour un riche un païs de cocaigne.
BOILEAU.

"Of this word they are not able to settle the original. It appears, whatever was its first ground, to be very ancient, being mentioned in an old Norman-no Saxon poem."

Ray, in his Proverbs, tells us—"This nick-name is more than four hundred years old; for when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to his naturally strong castle of Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhythm, therein vaunting it for impregnable—

Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Wareney,
I would not care for the King of Cockney:—

Meaning thereby King Henry II., then quietly possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him;—though afterwards he so humbled this *Hugh*, that he was fain with large sums of money, and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being rased to the ground. I meet with a double fence of this word Cockney: 1st—one *coacksed* and *cocquered*, made a wanton or nestle-cock, delicately bred and brought up, so as when grown up to be able to endure no hardship; 2nd—one utterly ignorant of country affairs of husbandry and housewivery, as then practised. The original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of a *cock*, but called it *neighing*, is commonly known."

N.B. Perhaps some enlightened *Cockney* may cast an extra gleam of *light* on this *dark* subject, and redeem his fellow-race from ignorance.

P. T. W.

HOLLY

Is supposed to be corrupted from *holy* as Dr. Turner, our earliest writer on plants, calls it *holy* and *holy-tree*; which appellation was given it most probably from its being used in holy places. In Germany it is named *Christdorn*; in Denmark, *Christhorn*; and in Sweden, *Christtorn*, whence it appears to be considered a holy plant in those countries.

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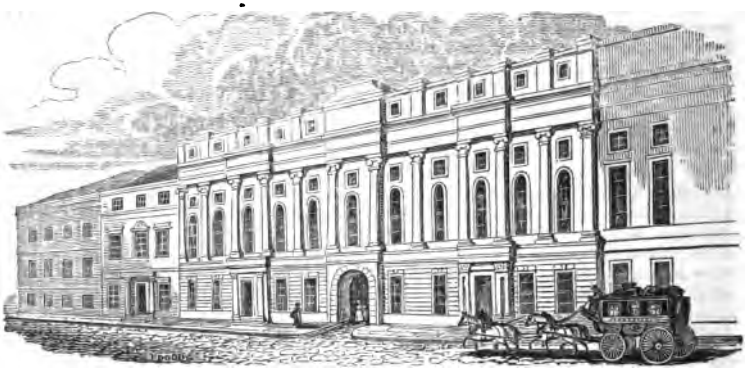

LIVERPOOL: NORTH JOHN STREET.

(To the Editor.)

THERE are few provincial towns that can exhibit finer specimens of improvement than Liverpool: and as it may with truth, be said of England, that "her merchants are princes" so, in this town it may be remarked that their counting-houses are palaces. The range of building, of which the above forms a part, is composed entirely of offices, having spacious warehouses at the back; and extends from Dale Street to the site of the Old Dock, on which the New Custom House is now erecting. The basement is of stone, as are the fluted pillars; the remainder of the erection is brick, cemented. John Street, (now divided into North and South) is one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the town: a few years ago it was a narrow lane, along which two carts could not pass abreast; and from its closeness, and the old buildings with which it was encumbered, was dangerous to foot passengers. It is now equal in width to some of the finest streets of the metropolis, and when entirely finished, will not suffer by a comparison with them. This is but one of the many improvements which the public spirit of the Corporation has effected, and which bid fair to render Liverpool second to no city in the kingdom.

J. G. B. P.

St. Andrew-st. Liverpool.

POLAND.

WEEP for the mighty dead,
They who for Poland bled,
Cold is their dewy bed,—
Weep for the brave!
Low lies her nobles' pride,
Slain by their comrades' side,
Stemming the battle tide—
Oh! weep for the brave! E.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

(By a Contributor to Blackwood's Magazine.)

WE opine this work to be from the author of *Atherton, Rank and Talent,* &c. It is throughout a long train of trial, and altogether such a picture of human nature as we had rather read in books than witness in the world. Nevertheless, it is not overdrawn; and if there be any fault, "the only fault is with mankind." The very word "usurer" prepares the reader for black-work, and a pretty display of the "old gentlemanly vice." The story is strongly tinged with this evil spirit; but the wickedness of the usurer only makes us the more admire the noble disinterestedness of the "daughter," and lends a charm to her loveliness beyond the graphic skill of mere words. The character of the heroine is one of great moral beauty: she rejects splendid offers in marriage, when made with a view to her inheritance of her father's wealth, and seeks to atone for his criminal love of money by anxiety to bestow her hand and fortune upon a comparatively humble lover—a clerk in the Secretary of State's offices. Here the mysterious trouble begins: bad men are busy to destroy the character, if not the existence, of the husband. A romance of real life ensues—in Italy, that land of dark design—the plot thickens with pandering and bad passion; and the reader is thus led through three volumes of highly adventurous interest to not an unlooked for conclusion.

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The plot of the story, it will be inferred, is not purely novel, since the merit of the book is chiefly in the ingenuity with which its outline is filled in. The characters are powerfully drawn, and exhibit the author's *forte* to considerable advantage—we mean his mode of getting at the under currents of men's motives by deep searches into their rule of action. Take, for example, the following sketch of Erpingham, the usurer, and his daughter Margaret, from the early portion of the work :—

"It was not unusual for Mr. Erpingham to go from home at any hour of the day or night, and he never let it be known whither he was gone. His usurious transactions required much privacy, and frequently the most unreasonable hours. Margaret also knew that whenever he made his visits westward, or received his visits from those of the west, midnight was most generally selected for the purpose. It was, therefore, in her mind that her father's absence on this occasion was not so much for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the rioters, as for some pecuniary transaction with one of that class, which, in these matters, makes a great point of the utmost secresy. To ascertain, therefore, whether this visit was with her father's concurrence or not, Margaret, on his return home, immediately mentioned to him what had occurred.—Mr. Erpingham listened very attentively to the narrative; but he was not one from whose countenance anything might be learned; neither eye nor lip ever with him moved involuntarily, and the connexion between his heart and his countenance, had it ever existed, had been by craft and commerce entirely cut off. 'I know nothing of the person whom you have described; but if he has any interest in seeing you or me again, he will find his way here.' So said the usurer; and that was all the notice he took of the communication.—It is a great annoyance to an individual who takes an interest in every thing to have to do with one who takes an interest in nothing. This was the kind of annoyance to which Margaret Erpingham was continually subject. Her father having only one object in view, and not regarding that with any visible passion, seemed to pass through the world without emotion. But his avarice was a passion of such profundity that it was calm by its very depth, and it swallowed up and concealed all other passion. He loved his daughter according to the best of his ability, and endeavoured to express that love; but, in truth, so deeply did he love himself, that he knew not how to express his love for another; and having so long found it policy to conceal passion, he could give no energy to the language through which he sought to convey the sentiments of regard or affection. And there had been in all the conduct of Margaret Erpingham such an affectionate accuracy and beautiful propriety, that she had never given him cause for any expression or feeling of anger; and perhaps it may with truth be said, that the young lady suffered more from this placidity than she would have done from an occasional and transient violence; for she had the mortification of knowing that this imperturbability of her father arose not from a moral sentiment of self-government, but from the engrossing selfishness of one unconquerable vice."

Then the death-bed of the usurer :—

"On the following day, according to her promise, Margaret presented herself at her father's house, and found him still living, but manifestly sinking rapidly. He was in his bed, but restless. His mind, the nurse said, had been sadly wandering; but all the talk on which he had been exerting his feeble remnant of the power of speech was concerning money. Upon his bed and upon the pillows of his bed there lay his books—the only books in which he felt any interest, or to which he had ever paid the slightest attention. There were also several bags of gold coin, which he gathered close up to himself ever and anon pressing them with his long attenuated fingers, as if to be sure that he possessed them. Now and then he would try to lift one up, in order to look at it more closely, placing it between his eye and the light, and it would fall from his feeble grasp,—and then he would utter a slight hysteric shriek, and he would feel about for it with a trembling hand, and be in an agony till he had grasped it again. So melancholy a sight as this produced on the mind of his afflicted daughter a sensation of almost horror. It was a scene too hard for tears. As Margaret approached the bed, Mr. Erpingham looked earnestly at her, and said—'Who is that?'

"'It is I, sir, your daughter Margaret, come to crave your forgiveness and your blessing.'

"'I will not forgive you—I will not bless you—you shall have none of my money. All these bags are mine. Keep away—keep away—don't touch them—you are too near.'

"'I wish only, sir,' replied Margaret,

'to hear you say that you forgive me, and that you will give me your blessing.'

"'No, no—you do not want to have words—forgiveness and blessing are only words—you do not want them. You want my money. If I forgive you and bless you I must give you money, which I will not do. No—no--no.'

"Margaret, in an agony and tearless grief, knelt down near the bed-side, and prayed aloud. Her father looked, or rather endeavoured to look, sternly and forbiddingly at her; but his sight failed him, and he heard her voice, but saw her not. He was restless and angry for awhile, and then he resumed his amusement of grasping and endeavouring to count the bags that were about him on his pillow. He again grew impatient, and called Margaret by name. Then she rose from her kneeling position and went close to the bed-side, and took her father by the hand and said—'I am delighted, sir, to hear you call me by name: you will speak kindly to me.'

"When the usurer felt the pressure of his daughter's hand, and perceived that she was very near to him, he suddenly snatched his hand away from her grasp, and said, 'Go—go—you want to rob me.'

"'I came, sir,' replied the daughter, 'at your call.'

"'And I called you,' said he, 'that you might cease the annoyance of your prayers.'

"'Oh, sir, my heart bleeds to hear you speak thus. How long will you resist the impressions of humanity and good feeling? The world is departing from you.'

"'Yes, I feel it is,' said the usurer; 'but I will cleave to it till the very last. I will not part with my money. It is all mine—mine—mine own.'

"'Surely,' said Margaret, lowly and faintly, in a kind of soliloquy, 'his senses fail him. This cannot be the language of intention and reason.'

"'But it is,' said he hastily, 'it is the language of reason, I know what I say. I have never been deceived by words through the course of my life. I will not be deceived by words now that I am drawing nigh unto death.'

"Tears came at length to the relief of the afflicted daughter, and she withdrew from the bed-side and sat at a little distance, watching the ebb of life. Her prayers were now silent, but not the less fervent for their silence. The minutes passed painfully, and Margaret sat absorbed in thought—in momentary expectation that the pulse of life would stand still. Scarcely did she dare to speak, or even breathe.

"For more than two hours the afflicted daughter sat watching the hard breathings and convulsive emotions of her dying father. There was now no hope of any relenting, or of any expression of kindness, for the faculties were going. Consciousness was passing away, and the world was receding. Margaret looked so earnestly and so intently, that her own faculty of observation was benumbed; and though her eyes were directed to her father, they were as though they looked only on vacancy. From this reverie she was awakened by a slight exclamation from the nurse, who hastily cried out—'He's gone!' Margaret started up and rushed towards the bed. Life was extinct. The hands were clenched, grasping the bags of gold; and his death was as his life had been—in the midst of unenjoyed wealth."

There are in these volumes a few such portraits of domestico-historic character as we recognised with pleasure in *Atherton*. The time is that of "the riots of 80," as old folks call it: the work opens with "the night of Wednesday, June 7, 1780—a night of horror and dismay to the city of London, such as it has not witnessed before or since;" and vividly describes the attack of one of Lord George Gordon's mobs upon the usurer's house. An interview with George the Third in Kew Gardens is also narrated in the second volume; and there are many other touches of this nature, which, like properties in a play, assist the individuality of the interest.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY FIRST DUEL.

"Snug lying here in the Abbey."—*The Rivals.*

THERE are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, of war, or ambition, are to the last hour of existence as forcibly impressed on the tablet of memory, as at the moment when they were first inscribed there by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has been a thousand times remarked—all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analysing, we shall find are but the consciousness of

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our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman, in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit, and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces, could wing a musquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humour, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818, it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States corvette Ontario, and the British frigate Hyperion, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima, to so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen, that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noon-tide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a Café, in one of the Brazilian outports, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the Café, I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking Minheiros, who were drinking and listening to a love-lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment, by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers, who were going home, invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers — one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of Salvator so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled, in that drawling, nasal tone that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the Don Quixote, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a segar, and listened attentively to the beautiful modinha sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that told the pangs of unrequited love—

> "Despois que Martillo partio,
> Partio comelle o prazer—
> Amor que pode nao qua valer
> Na ha remedio senao morer."

that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom; when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been levelled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honourable alternative. "When a man openly insults you," says my Lord Chesterfield, "knock him down." If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *à la lettre*, I did something which, among *honourable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day.—"Gentlemen," said I, "willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early

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hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws against duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of."

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangaree, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politeness of manner:—"I cannot conceal from myself," were his words, "that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will myself most willingly do you that office: for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate, as that of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honourable quarrel."

The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendour of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful—not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trousers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never forget: it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome, and fixed his large black eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very beau ideal of a duellist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in a negative. "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implictly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this segar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their segars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces."—"As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say, therefore, twelve paces, instead of sixteen, *and the firing down.*"—"Twelve paces," I repeated to myself; "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then," he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both

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fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim —he reeled, and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, Sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said with a look of reproach to my companion— "B——n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that, at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by chance fire over you, that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol — the result," he added, with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too," he added, "allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might" (this was said very coolly) "have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay."

On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver, in fact—my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected since on the high-toned generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country or friendship. That my friend was a duellist, his conduct on the ground warrants me in supposing. I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R—. —*Monthly Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

EUGENE ARAM.

LITTLE did the murderer, Aram, think that after a lapse of eighty years, his criminal career would be sung in the form of "A Dream," and become the subject of a novel in three ample volumes. Yet, Mr. Hood has performed the one with a depth and gracefulness of poetic feeling which raise his talents far above the mere *jeux* of the hour, and the points of comic humour with which he garnishes our Christmas table: while Mr. Bulwer, his own *Pelham*, has left the coteries of high life to chronicle and embellish with flashes of saturnine wit, — the details of Eugene's deed of blood.

Mr. Hood's "Dream" will be remembered by our readers as appearing in the *Gem* for 1829, whence it was transferred to our 12th volume, p. 318. Here we have the poem reprinted and illustrated with beautiful designs by W. Harvey, engraved on wood by Branston and Wright. We have not room to particularize all of them: the Vignette, Eugene lying on a bank, and a vision of a hand bearing a bag of money, and pointing to a bloody knife, is terrifically picturesque; Eugene, "remote from all, a melancholy man," poring over a large volume beneath a tree, and schoolboys at cricket, in the distance, is a touching contrast of care and thoughtless childhood; the murder by moonlight:

> "Two sudden blows with a ragged stick
> And one with a heavy stone,"

—the atrocious features of Eugene, who is just hurling a huge stone at his victim,— is of equal force; casting the body in a stream, is another; the next subject, the bare corse from which a mighty wind had swept the leaves,—is perhaps the finest of all: nothing can exceed the delicacy and effect of the foliage in the wind. In short, whether we consider this half-crown pamphlet as a group of exquisite engravings, or as the means of preserving Mr. Hood's poem in an elegant form, we must thank the spirited publisher for its production.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

FIVE parts of the *Biblical Series* of the Family Cabinet Atlas are now before us, and fully sustain the high reputation of the Modern Series. Its clearness and accuracy are really exquisite.

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HAS attained its completion in the sixth volume, which contains sermons by Secker, Huntingford, Blomfield, Maltby, Pott, Morehead, Milman, D'Oyly, Mant, Heber, and Porteus. We are, however, happy to see announced a Companion to the present work, to commence with a

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Life of Christ, by Dr. Dibdin, the editor of the present Series. The excellent tendency of such works in families need not be here enforced.

THE CHAMELEON,

From whose pages we transcribed the story of Jean Prevost in our No. 522, is a Scottish Annual, of as many hued character as its name imports. It consists of tales and poetical pieces of all shades and dimensions: there are leaves from history, and historical incidents worked up with great ingenuity—sketches of broad humour—songs and sonnets—snatches of philosophy and the elements of thought—dramatic and colloquial scenes—extending upwards of 300 pages—and altogether forming, in its way, a very clever book. Moreover, the publisher, a worthy Glaswegian, is, we understand the author of the whole volume: he is in himself a host, and his production nearly equals the best of our Annuals, in which all the great names of literature are enlisted. A pretty frontispiece of Rolandseck and Frauenworth denotes that romance is not omitted in the *soft shades* of the volume.

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC

For the ensuing year is about the cheapest half-crown's worth of information within our recollection. It will be valuable to all classes, the learned as well as the unlearned; to the former upon the principle that "great contemporaries whet each other." It is a kind of Annual Register of Useful Knowledge, and the articles have a cyclopædiac character, with the advantage of their being *up to the time*. Among the papers in this *Companion*, which have long been wanted in so accessible a form, are—A Chronological Account of the connexion between England and India; A Chronological List of Authors, with the name of their principal work; A Chapter explaining the nature and operation of the funds (really valuable); and a valuable paper, entitled the Statistics of America. There are likewise Astronomical Papers, Parliamentary Abstracts, and a descriptive outline of public improvements during the year, with its chronology. In the description of New London Bridge, which is copiously drawn up, it appears that the Corporation in changing the site of the new bridge from that of the old one, with the new approaches added 456,000*l.* to the estimate; "but in consequence of the nature of the approaches, others had afterwards to be submitted, which increased the actual expenditure to nearly 2,000,000*l.*" In speaking of the recent report of the insecurity of the new bridge, the writer observes "it is to be feared the false economy which caused the piles of the cofferdam formed round the piers to be drawn, and not sawn off, leaving the ends in the ground, has shaken the ground round the piers. This may, eventually, cause much mischief to the piers."

MEMS. FROM A GARDENING TOUR IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND,

By the Editor of the Gardeners' Magazine.

For the sake of such of our readers as know little of the history of Scotland, we may state that, in former times, the heads of clans had a power of life and death over their vassals; and tried all actions, criminal as well as civil, that took place within their territories. Death, in the lowlands, was carried into execution by hanging the delinquent on a tree destined for the purpose, which generally grew close to the baronial residence, and was called the *dool tree*. In the highlands, where trees were less common, a deep pit or well was often used for the same purpose; the individual to be hanged going down a ladder into the well, and fixing the rope round his neck himself; the ladder being withdrawn, he was then pulled half way up by the executioner, and left suspended. These times appear to us horrible; but, considering the then state of civilization, we question if more suffering, relatively to their capacity for enjoyment, was then endured by the people, than is now suffered by the comparatively refined natives of Great Britain, and especially in England, from the prejudices, ignorance, and tyranny of individuals who sometimes find their way into the local or unpaid magistracy. The abuse of the poor-laws, and consequent distress of the labouring classes, may be clearly traced to this source. But these and other evils are gradually passing away. Posterity will look on the hereditary judges of the dark ages, and the rural justices and hereditary legislators of the present time, as necessary steps in the progress of society from barbarism to that high and equal civilization which will be ultimately produced by high, equal, and universal education.

By many, this prospective view of society will be thought chimerical; but, by turning to the *Quarterly Journal of Education* (vol. ii., p. 251—259, 8vo., 1831), it will be seen that it already, in

a great measure, exists; and has done so for a century in the state of New England, in North America.

Scottish Character.

As far as we have hitherto advanced in Scotland, man certainly appears sufficiently different from his fellows in the central counties of England, and even in Lancashire, to be considered as a distinct sub-variety: using the word variety in its scientific sense, as indicative of peculiarity of habit induced by accidental circumstances. Speaking of the body, the habit of both sexes, among the lower classes of the Scotch, of passing the years of infancy bare-legged and bare-footed, seems to have communicated a degree of activity of character not found among the same class in any of the lowland counties of England; nor even, as it appears to us, in Derbyshire, or the hilly districts of Cumberland or Westmoreland. The imperfection of the Scotch dwellings, and the necessity which the Scotch people are under, from infancy, of having recourse to expedients, must have an effect in calling forth their inventive powers; but, while this is favourable to ingenuity and perseverance, it must be confessed to be unfavourable to the progress of cleanliness and habits of neatness, which are, unquestionably, not so prevalent among the poorest class in Scotland as they are among the poorest class in England. These circumstances, the uncertainty of the climate, and their school education, probably give to the Scotch that sagacity which is generally allowed to be one of the national characteristics. Their attachment to their parents, said to be another characteristic, is in part a remainder of the principle of clanship, and in part the result of the mutual dependence of parents and children upon each other, which necessarily takes place in an agricultural country, and one without poor-rates. Where commerce, manufactures, and high wages have been introduced, children, in consequence of being early forced to earn money, soon become independent of their parents, and filial affection is often found to give way. This tendency is not to be counteracted by recurring to the agricultural state, but by moral and intellectual education; by which, it may be said, the head is called in to assist the heart; and that which originated in feelings of self-preservation, is continued through a sense of justice and duty.

SERVANTS IN AMERICA.

We quote the following from a recent letter from North America:—"In mentioning the term 'master,' which is obsolete here, I may remark that I never knew a native American who wore livery, nor would extra wages induce them to put it on. I have frequently made the inquiry, but always found that those in liveries were foreigners. Neither are there in America any steerage passengers in the packet-boats. There is one cabin for the ladies and another for the gentlemen, in which all, whether master or servant, mix on a footing of perfect equality. It is the same as to stage-coaches, which have only one fare; and neither the coachman nor any of the servants at the inns receives a farthing from the passengers or customers. All that takes place between man and man in this country is on the principle of equitable exchange: there is considered to be no obligation on either side."

A WINTER DINNER.

The table is all alive with hot animal food. A steam of rich distilled perfumes reaches the roof, at the lowest measurement seven feet high. A savoury vapour! The feast takes all its name and most of its nature from—beef and greens. The one corned, the other crisp—the two combined—the glory of Martinmas. The beef consists almost entirely of lean fat—rather than of fat lean—and the same may be said of that bacon. See! how the beef cuts longways, with the bone—if it be not indeed a sort of sappy gristle. Along the edges of each plate, as it falls over from the knife-edge among the gravy-greens, your mouth waters at the fringe of fat, and you look for "the mustard." Of such beef and greens, there are four trenchers—each like a tea-tray; and yet you hope that here is a *corps-du-reserve* in the kitchen. Saw you ever any where else, except before a barn-door, where flail or fanners were at work, such a muster of how-towdies? And how rich the rarer roasted among the frequent boiled! As we are Christians—that is an incredible goose—yet still that Turkey is not put out of countenance—and "as what seems his head the likeness of a kingly crown has on," he must be no less than the bubbly. Black and brown grouse are not eatable—till they have *packed;* and these have been shot on the snow out of a cottage window, by a man in his shirt taking vizzy with the "lang gun" by starry moonlight. Yea—pies. Some fruit—and some flesh—that

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veal—and this aipples. Cod's-head and shoulders, twenty miles from the sea, is at all times a luxury—and often has that monster lain like a ship at anchor, off the Dogger-bank—supposed by some to have been a small whale. Potatoes always look well in the crumbling candour of that heaped-up mealiness, like a raised pyramid. As for mashed turnips, for our life, when each is excellent of its kind, we might not decide whether the palm should be awarded to the white or the yellow; but perhaps on your plate, with the butter-mixed bloodiness of steak, cutlet, or mere slice of rump, to a nicety underdone, both are best—a most sympathetic mixture, in which the peculiar taste of each is intensely elicited, while a new flavour, or absolute *tertium quid*, is impressed upon the palate, which, for the nonce, is not only invigorated, but refined.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles
SHAKSPEARE.

ORIGIN OF RAW HEAD AND BLOODY-BONES, ELFS AND GOBLINS.

BUTLER in his *Hudibras* says, "The author of a Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus (Introduction, page 33) speaking of that barbarous custom among the heathens, of sacrificing their children," relates "It came to pass with some of them, that they made nothing to bake and stew their children, without pepper and salt; and to invite such of their Gods as they best liked to the entertainment. This gave rise to the natural apprehensions all our little ones have of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*. And, I must needs tell you, I should not have liked it myself; but should have took to my heels at the first sound of the *stew-pan*; and, besides that, have had a mortal aversion to *minc'd meat* ever after."

Dr. Heylin, in his "*Cosmography*," says, "That some are of opinion, that the fiction of *Elfs* and *Goblins*, whereby we used to frighten young children, was derived from *Guelphs* and *Gibbelines*. These were two opposite factions in Italy, that engaged against each other, in the thirteenth century, one in behalf of the Emperor, and the other in behalf of the Pope." But Dr. Johnson says "It appears that *elfe* is Welsh, and much older than those factions. *Eilff Uishon*, are *phantoms of the night*, and the Germans likewise have long had spirits among them named *Goboldi*, from which *gobeline* might be derived."

BONAPARTE in one of his campaigns and very shortly after his marriage with Josephine, was met by a deputation from a town which he was on the point of entering. The Municipal orator after eulogizing, most profusely, the martial and republican glory of "*le Citoyen General*," was gallantly extending his compliments to "*la Citoyenne Generale*," when Bonaparte hastily interrupted him by saying "Stop, stop, my friend; you are under a mistake; my wife does not hold even the rank of a *corporal* in my army."

QUEER SPECIMENS OF HONOUR.

SIR Roger L'Estrange tells us of a French woman, that stood up for the honour of her family. Her coat (she said) was quartered with the arms of France, which was so far true, that she had the *Fleur de Lis* stamped (we must not say branded) upon her shoulder. He also tells us, of a Spaniard, that was wonderfully upon the huff about his extraction, and would needs prove himself of such a family, by the spelling of his name. A cavalier in the company with whom he had the controversy, very civilly yielded him the point,—"For (says he) I have examined the records of the House of Correction, and I find your grandfather was whipped there by that name." A third of a gentleman thief under sentence of death, for a robbery upon the highway, who petitioned for the right-hand in the cart, to the place of execution. And of a *gentleman cobbler*, who charged his son at his death to maintain the *honour* of his family.

Farquhar in his comedy of the "Recruiting Officer," makes Sergeant Kite say, respecting the *Bed of Honour*, "That it is a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed of Ware. Ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another."—(See notes to Hudibras.) P. T. W.

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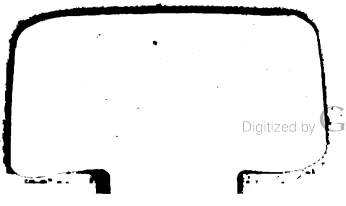
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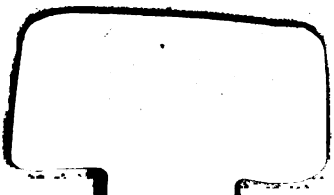
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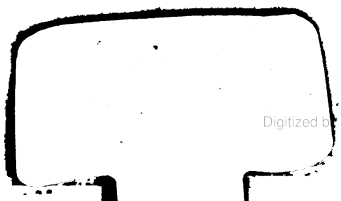
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